THE LAST parte of the Mirour for Magistrates, wherein may be seene by examples passed in this Realme, with

howe greuous plagues, vices are punished in gseat Princes and Magistrates, and howe frayle and vnstable worldly prosperitie is founde, where Fortune seemeth moste highly to fauour.

Newly corrected and amended.

Fœlix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.

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Cum Priuilegio.


BIBLIOTHECA·BODLEIANA

Loue and liue.

TO ALL THE NOBI-

litie, and all other in office, God graunte wisedome and all thinges nedefull for the preseruation of their Estates. Amen.

PLato among many of his notable sentences concerning the gouernement of a common weale hath this: well is that realme gouerned, in which the ambiticus, desire not to beare office. Whereby you may perceiue (right honourable) what offices are, where they be duely executed: not gainfull spoyles for the greedy to hunt for, but painefull toyles for the heavy to be charged with. You may perceiue also by this sentence, there is nothing more necessary in a common weale, then that Magistrates be diligent and trusty in their charges.

¶ And sure in whatsoeuer realme such prouision is made, that officers be forced to do their duties: there is it as harde a matter to get an officer, as it is in other places to repulse & shift of, those that with flattery, bribes, and other shiftes, sue & praie for offices. For the ambitious (that is to saye moylers for power or gayne) seeke not for offices to helpe other, for whiche cause officers are ordained: but with the vndoing of other, to enrich themselues. And therfore bar them once of this bayte, & force them to do their duties, then will they greue more to be rid from their charges, than they did at ꝑ first to come by thē: For they seeke onely their priuate profite. And therfore, where

the ambitious seeke no office: there no doubt, offices are duly ministred. And wher offices are duely ministred, it cannot be chosen, but the people are good, where of must nedes followe a good common weale. For if the magistrates be good, the people cannot be ill. Thus the goodnes or badnes of any Realme lieth in the goodnes or badnes of the Rulers. And therfore not without great cause do the holy Appostles so earnestly charg vs to pray for the Magistrates: For in dede the wealth & quiet of euery common weale, the disorder also and miseries of the same, come specially thorough them. I neede not go eyther to the Romaines or Greekes for the prose hereof, neither yet to ꝑ Iewes, or other nations: whose common weales haue alway florished whyle their magistrates were good, and decayed and ran to ruyne, when vicious men had the gouernement.

Our countrey stories (if we reade and marke them) wil showe vs exãples enow, would God we had not seene mo than enow. I purpose not to stand here vpon the particulers, because they be in parte setforth in the tragedies folowing. Yet by the way this I note (wishing all other to doe the like) namely, that as good gouernours haue neuer lacked their deserued praises: so haue not the bad escaped infamy, besides such plagues as are horrible to heare of. For God (the ordeiner of offices) although he suffer them for punishement of the people to be often occupied of such, as are rather spoylers and Iudasses, than toylers or Iustices (whom the scriptures cal Hypocrites) yet suffereth he them not to scape vnpunished, because they dishonour him. For it is Gods own office, yea his chief office which they beare and abuse. For as Iustice is the chief vertue, so is the ministration thereof, the chiefest office: and therfore hath God establyshed it with the chiefest name, honouring and calling Kinges and all officers vnder them by his owne name: Gods. Ye be al Gods, as many as haue in your charge any ministration of iustice. What a foule shame were it for any nowe to take vppon them the name and office of God, and in their doings to shewe them

them selues deuils: God cannot of Iustice, but plague suche shamlesse presumption and hipocrisie, and that with shamful death, diseases, or infamie. Howe he hath plagued euell rulers from time to time, in other nations, you may see gathered in Bochas booke intituled The fal of Princes, trãslated into English by Lydgate a Monke of ꝑ Abbey of Bury in Suff. How he hath delt with some of our countremen your auncestours, for sundry vices not yet left, this booke named, A Mirour for Magistrates, can shewe: which therefore I humbly offer vnto your honours, beseching you to accept it fauourably. For here, as in a mirror or lokinge glasse, you shal see if any vice be foũd how the like hath bene punished in other heretofore, whereby admonished, I trust it will be a good occasion to moue men to the soner amendment. This is the chiefe end why this booke is setforth, which God graunt it may attain. The worke was begon & part of it printed in queen Maries time, but stayd by such as then were chief in office, neuertheles, through the meanes of the right honorable Henry Lord Stafford, the first part was licenced, and imprinted the first yeare of the raigne of this our moste noble & vertuous Queene, & dedicated to your honours with this preface. Since which time, although I wanted such helpe as before, yet the said good Lorde Stafford hath not ceased to call vpon me, to publishe so much therof as I had gottẽ at other mens handes, so that thorough his Lordships earnest meanes, I haue nowe also setforth another part, conteininge as much as I could obtaine at ꝑ handes of my frendes. Which in the name of all the authours, I humbly dedicate vnto your honours, instantly wishing, that it may so like and delite your myndes, that your chearfull receiuing therof, may encourage worthy wittes to enterprise and perfourme the rest. Which as soone as I may procure, I entende thorough Gods leaue, and your fauourable allowaunce, to publishe with all expedicion. In the meane whyle my Lorde and Gods, (for so I maye call you) I moste humbly beseech youre honours fauourably to ac-

cept this rude worke, and diligently to reade and consider it. And although you shal finde in it, that some haue for their vertue bin enuied and brought vnto misery: yet cease not youe to be vertuous, but do your office to the vttermost. Embrace vertue and suppresse the contrary, both in your selues and other, so shall God whose officers you are, eyther so maintaine youe that no malice shall preuaile, or if it do, it shall be for your good, & to your eternall glorye both here and in heauen which I beseech God you maye both seeke and attaine.

Amen.

Yours most humble

VV. B.

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A BRIEFE MEMO-
riall of sondrie vnfortunate Englishmen.

VVilliam Baldwin to the Reader.

WHEN the Printer had purposed with him self to Print Lidgates translation of Bochas, of the fall of Princes, and had made privye thereto, many both honourable & worshipfull: he was counsayled by diuers of them to procure to haue the storye continued from where as Bochas left, vnto this present time, chiefly of such as Fortune had dalyed with herein this Iland: which might be as a Myrrour for mē of all estates and degrees aswell Nobles as other to behold the slipperye deceytes of the wauering Lady, and ỳ due reward of all kinde of vices. Which aduise lyked him so well, that he required mee to take paynes therin: but because it was a matter passing my wit and skill, & more thankles than gainful to meddle in, I refused vtterlye to vndertake it, except I might haue the helpe of such, as in wit were apt, in learninge allowed, and in iudgemente and estimation able to wield and furnishe so waightye an enterprise, thinking so to shift my hāds. But he earneste & diligente in his affaynes, procured Athlas to

vnder his shoulder: for shortly after diuers learned men (whose many giftes neede few prayses) cõsented to take vpon them part of ỹ trauaile. And whẽ certaine of them to the nomber of 7. were through a general assent at an appointed time and place, gathered together to deuise therevpon, I resorted vnto them, bearing with me ỹ booke of Bochas, trãslated by Dan Lidgate, for the better obseruatiõ of his order: which although we liked well, yet would it not cõueniently serue, seing that both Bochas & Lidgate were dead, neither were there any aliue ỹ medled with like argumente, to whom the vnfortunate might make their mone. To make therefore a state meete for the matter, they all agreed that I should vsurpe Bochas rome, & the wretched Princes complain vnto mee: and take vpon themselues, euery man for his part to be sondrye personages, & in their behalfes to bewaile vnto me their greuous chaunces, heuie destenies, and wofull misfortunes. This done, wee opened such bookes of Chronicles as we had there presente, and Maister Ferrers after he had found where Bochas left, which was about the end of king Edward the thirdes raigne, to beginne the matter, sayde thus.

I marueile what Bochas meaneth to forget amonge his myserable Princes, such as were of our Nation, whose nomber is as great as their aduentures wonderful. For to let passe all, both Britons, Danes & Saxons, & to come to the last Conquest, what a sort are they, & some euen in his owne time

or not

or not much before. As for example no William Rufus the seconde kinge of Englande after the Conquest, eyther by malice or misaduenture slaine in the new Forest, as he was in hunting there, by Walter Tirrell with the shotte of an arrowe. Robert Duke of Normandye eldest sonne to William Conquerour depriued of his inheritaunce of England, by ỳ sayd William Rufus his second brother, & after by Hēry his yongest brother hauing both his eyes put out, myserablye imprisoned in Cardiffe Castel, wheras hee dyed. Likewyse the most lamentable case of William, Richard & Mary, children of ỳ said Hēry: drowned vpon ỳ Sea. And king Richard the first slaine with a quarrell in his chiefe prosperity. Also k. John his brother as some say poysoned. Are not their historyes rufull, and of rare example? But as it should appeare, Bochas being an Italian, minded most ỳ Romaine & Italike storye, or els perhaps he wanted the knowledge of ours. It were therefore a goodly & notable matter, to search and discourse our whole storye frō the first beginning of the inhabiting of the Isle. But seing the Printers minde is to haue vs follow wher Lidgate left, we wil leaue that great labour to other ỳ maye intende it, and (as one being bold first to breake the Isle) I wil begin at ỳ time of Richard ỳ second, a time as vnfortunate as the ruler therein. And forasmuch freind Baldwin, as it shalbe your charge to note & penne orderlye the whole processe: I will so far as my memorye and iudgement serueth, somewhat further

pon in the truth of the story. And therfore omitting the ruffle made by Jacke Straw and his meiney, with ꝑ murther of many notable men which therby happened, (for Jacke as ye knowe was but a poore Prince) I will begin with a notable example, which within a while after ensued. And although the person at whom I beginne, was no kinge nor Prince: yet sithens he had a Princelye office, I will take vpon mee the myserable person of syr Robert Tresilian chiefe Justice of Englande, and of other which suffered with him: thereby to warne all of his auctoritie & profession, to take heede of wronge Judgementes, misconstruing of Lawes, or wresting the same to serue the Princes turnes, which rightfully brought them to a myserable ende, which they may iustlye lament in maner ensuinge.

(.)

The

The fall of Robert Tresilian chiefe Justice of England, and other his fellowes, for mysconstruing the lawes, and expounding them to serue the Princes affections. Anno. 1388.

IN the rufull regiſter of miſchiefe and miſhap,
Baldwin we beſech the wt out names to begin,
Whō vnſtēdy Fortune did traine vnto a trap,
When wee thoughte our ſtate moſt ſtable to haue bin:
So lightly leeſe they all, which all do weene to winne:
Learne by vs pe Lawyers and Iudges of the lande,
Vpright and vncorrupt in dome alwaye to ſtande.

And vrint pe this preſident to remayne forever,
Enroll and recorde it in tables made of Braſſe,
Engraue it in Marble that may be razed neuer,
Where Iudges of the Lawe may ſee as in a glaſſe,
What guerdon is for guile, and what our wages was,
Who for our Princes pleaſure corrupt with meede and awe,
Wittingly and wretchedly did wreſt the ſence of Lawe.

A chaunge more new or ſtraunge, when was there euer ſeene,
Then Iudges from the Bench to come downe to the Barre,
And counſaylours that were, moſt nigh to King and Queene
Exiled their countrey, from Court and counſaile farre,
But ſuch is Fortunes play that can both make and marre,
Exalting to moſt highe, that was before moſt lowe,
And turning tayle againe, the lofty downe to throwe.

And

And ſuch as late afore, could ſtoutly ſpeake and pleade
Both in court and countrye, careleſſe of the tryall,
Stande mute as Mummers without aduiſe or reade
All to ſeeke of ſhifting, by crauerſe or denial
Which haue ſeene the daye, when for a golden Riall
By fineſſe and cunninge, could haue made blacke ſeeme white
And moſt extorted wronge, to haue appeared righte.

Whilſt thus on bench aboue, we had the higheſt place,
Our reaſons were to ſtrong, for any to confute,
But when at barre beneth, we came to pleade our caſe
Our wits were in the wane, our pleading very bryte,
Hard it is for priſoners, with Iudges to diſpute
When all men againſt one, and none for one ſhall ſpeake,
Who weenes himſelfe moſt wyſe, ſhall happely be to weake.

To you therefore that ſit, theſe fewe wordes will I ſay,
That no man ſits ſo ſure, but he may haply ſtand,
Wherfore whilſt you haue place, and beare the ſwing & ſway
By fauour without rygor, let pointes of Law be ſkand:
Pitty the poore priſoner that holdeth vp his hand,
Ne lade him not with law, who leaſt of law hath knowne,
Remember ere ye dye, the caſe may be your owne.

Behold me vnfortunate forman of this flocke,
Treſilian, ſometime chiefe Iuſtice of this Lande,
A Gentleman by byrth, no ſtaine was in my ſtocke,
Locketon, Holt, and Belknap, with other of my bande,
Which the Lawe and Iuſtice had wholy in our hande,
Vnder the ſecond Richard a Prince of great eſtate,
To whom and vs alſo, blinde Fortune gaue the mate.

In the

In the common Lawes our skill was so profounde,
Our credite and authoritye such and soe esteemed,
That what we concluded was taken for a grounde,
Allowed was for Lawe, what so to vs best seemed,
Lyfe, Death, Landes, goods, and all by vs was deemed.
Whereby with easye paine, great gaine we did inset,
And euerything was fishe, that came vnto our net.

At Sessions and at Assises, we bare the stroke and sway,
In patentes and commission, of Quorum alway chiefe:
So that to whether syde, soeuer we did way,
Were it by right or wrong, it past without repriefe,
The true man we let hang somewhiles to saue a thiefe,
Of Golde and of Siluer, our hands were neuer emptye,
Offices, Fermes, and Fees, fell to vs in great plentye.

But what thinge may suffice vnto the greedy man?
The more he hath in hold, the more he doth desire,
Happye and twyse happye is he, that wyselye can
Content himselfe with that, which reason doth require,
And mopleth for no more then for his needefull hyre:
But greedines of minde doth seldome keepe the syle,
To whom enough and more doth neuer well suffyse.

For like as dropsye pacients drincke and still be drye,
Whose vnstaunched thirst no liquor can alaye,
And drincke they neuer so much, yet thirst they by and by,
So catchers and snatchers toyle both night and daye,
Not needy but greedy, still prolling for their praye,
O endelesse thirst of Gold, corrupter of all Lawes,
What mischiefe is on mould whereof thou art not cause.

Thou

Thou madeſt vs forget the fayth of our profeſſion:
When Sergeants we were ſworne to ſerue the cõmon Law,
Which was that in no point we ſhould make digreſſion
From approued principles in ſentence nor in ſawe:
But we vnhappye wightes without all dread and awe,
Of the Iudge eternall, for worldes vaine promotion,
More to man then God did beare our hole deuotion.

The Lawes we did interprete and ſtatutes of the Land,
Not trulye by the text, but newly by a gloſe:
And words ỳ were moſt plaine, when they by vs were ſkand,
Wee turned by conſtruction to a Welſhmans hooſe,
Whereby many a one both life and land did looſe:
Yet this we made our meane to mount aloft on Wules,
And ſeruing times and turnes, peruerted Lawes and rules.

Thus clyming and contending alway to the toppe,
From hye vnto higher, and than to be moſt hye,
The honnye dew of Fortune ſo fall on vs did droppe,
That of King Richards counſaile we came to be moſt nyer:
Whoſe fauoure to attaine we were full fine and ſlye
Alway to his profite, where any thing might ſound,
That waye (all were it wrong) the Lawes we did expound.

So working Lawe like ware, the ſubiect was not ſure
Of life, land, nor goodes, but at the Princes will,
Which cauſed his kingdome the ſhorter time to doure,
For clayming power abſolute both to ſaue and ſpill,
The Prince thereby preſumed his people for to pill:
And ſet his luſtes for Lawe, and will bad reaſons place,
No more but hange and draw, there was no better grace.

Thus

Thus the King outleaping the limits of his lawe
Not raigning but raging as youth did him entise,
Wyse and worthy persons from Court did dayly drawe,
Sage counsaile set at naught, proude bausours were in price,
And roysters bare the rule, which wasted all in vice,
Of ryot and excesse, grewe scarsitye and lacke,
Of lacking came taxinge, and so went wealth to wracke.

The Barons of the Land not bearing this abuse,
Conspiring with the Commons assembled by assent,
And seing neither reason, nor treatye could induse
The king in any thing his rigour to relent,
Maugre his might they called a Parliament
Francke and free for all men without checke to debate
As well for weale publicke, as for the Princes state.

In this highe assemblye, great thinges were proponed,
Touching the Princes state, his regallye and Crowne,
By reason that the King, which much was to be moned,
Without regard at all of honour or renowne,
Wylledde by ill aduise, had tourned all vpsydowne:
For suerty of whose state, them thought it did behoue,
His counsaylours corrupt, by reason to remoue.

Amonge whom, Robert Veer, called Duke of Ireland,
With Michel Delapole of Suffolke newe made earle,
Of Yorke also the Archbishop, dispatcht were out of hand,
With Brembre at London a full vncurteous churle,
Some learned in the Lawe in exile they did hurle:
But I poore Tresilian because I was the chiefe,
Was dampned to the Gallowes most vilye as a thiefe.

Lo the fine of falſehoode, the ſtipend of corruption,
The fee of double fraude, the fruites it doth procure
Ye Iudges vpon earth, let our iuſt punition,
Teach you to ſhake of bribes and keepe your handes pure,
Riches and promotion be vaine thinges and vnſure:
The fauour of a Prince is an vntruſtye ſtay,
But Iuſtice hath a fee, that ſhall remaine alway.

What glorye can be greater before God or man,
Then by pathes of Iuſtice in Iudgement to proceede:
So dulye and ſo truelye the Lawes alwaye to ſkan,
That right may take his place without reward or meede,
Set a part all flatterye and vaine worldly vreede:
Set God before your eyes, the iuſt Iudge ſupreme,
Remember well your reckening, at the day extreame.

Abandon all affraye, be ſoothfaſt in your ſawes,
Be conſtant and careleſſe of mortall mens diſpleaſure,
With eyes ſhut & hands cloſe, you ſhould pronoſtice þ Lawes,
Eſteeme not worldly goodes, thincke there is a treaſure
More worth then Gold or ſtone, a thouſand times in valure,
Repoſed for all ſuch as righteouſnes enſue,
Whereof you cannot fayle, the promiſe made is true.

If iudges in our dayes would ponder well in minde,
The fatall fall of vs, for wreſting Lawe and right,
Such ſtatutes as touche life ſhould not be thus definde
By ſences conſtrayned, againſt true meaning quite,
As well they might affirme the blacke for to be white,
Wherefore we wiſhe they would, our act and end compare,
And waying well the caſe, they will we truſt beware.

Finis. G.F. ~~Georey~~ When Ferrys.

When maister Ferrers had finished this tragedye, which seemed not vnfit for the persons touched in the same. An other which in the meane time had stayed vpon sir Roger Mortimer, whose myserable ende (as it should appeare) was somewhat before ỳ others, sayd as followeth. Although it be not greatly appertinent to our purpose, yet in my iudgement I thincke it woulde do well to obserue the times of men, & as they be more auncient so to place them: for I finde ỳ before these, (of whom maister Ferrers here hath spoken) there were two Mortimers, the one in Edwarde the 3. time, out of our date, an other slaine in Irelande in Richarde the secondes time, a yeare before the fall of these Justices: whose history lith it is notable and the example fruitefull, it were not good to ouer passe it. And therfore by your lycence and agrement, I wil take vpon mee the personage of the last, who full of woundes mangled with a pale countenaunce and grisly loke, may make his mone to Baldwyn as followeth.

Howe the two Rogers, ſurnamed Mortimers, for their ſundry vices ended their lyues vnfortunately, the one Anno 1329. the other Anno 1387.

AMong the riders of the rolling wheele,
That loſt their holdes, Baldwin forget not mee,
Whoſe fatal thred falſe fortune nedes would reele,
Ere it were twiſted by the ſiſters three:
All folke be fraple, their bliſſes brittle bee,
For proofe whereof although none other were,
Suffiſe may I, ſir Roger Mortimer.

Not he that was in Edwardes dayes the thirde,
Whom Fortune brought to boote and eke to bale,
With loue of whom, the King ſo much ſhe ſturde,
That none but he was heard in any tale:
And whiles ſhe ſmoth, blew on this pleaſant gale,
He was created Earle of March alas,
Whence enuy ſprang which his deſtruction was.

For welth breedth wrath, in ſuch as wealth do wãt,
And pride with folly in ſuch as it poſſeſſe,
Among a Thouſand ſhall you finde one ſcant,
That can in wealth his lofty hart repreſſe,
Which in this Erle due proofe did plaine expreſſe,
For where as he was somewhat haute before,
His highe degree hath made him now much more.

For

For now alone he ruleth as him lust,
Ne recketh for reade, saue of K. Edwards mother:
Which forced enuye foulder out the rust,
That in mens hartes before did lye and smother.
The Peers, the people, as well the one as other.
Against him made so hanious a complaint,
That for a traytour he was taken and attaint.

Than all such faultes as were forgot afore,
They shower a fresh, and somewhat to them adde,
For cruell enuye hath eloquence in store,
When Fortune bids, to worse things meanely bad,
Fiue hainous crimes against him sone were had,
First that he caused the King to yeld the Scot,
To make a peace, townes that were from him got.

And therewithal the Charter called Ragman,
That of the Scots he had bribed priuy gaine,
That through his meanes sir Edward of Carnarua
In Barkely Castell most trayterously was slaine:
That with his Princes mother he had layne,
And finally with polling at his pleasure,
Had robd the King and commons of theyr treasure.

For these things so which erst were out of minde,
He was condemned and hanged at the last,
In whom dame Fortune fully shewed her kinde,
For whom she heaues she hurleth downe as fast:
If men to come, would learne by other past,
This cosin of mine might cause them set aside,
High clyming, bribing, murdering, lust and pride.

The finall cause why I this processe tell,
Is that I may be knowen from this other,
My like in name, valike me though he fell,
Which was I thincke my graūdsier or his brother:
To count my kin, dame Philip was my mother,
Deare daughter and heyre of douty Lionell,
The second sonne of a king who did excell.

My father hight sir Edmond Mortimer,
True Earle of March, whence I was after Earle,
By iust discente these two my parents were,
Of which the one of Knighthoode bare ferll
Of womanhoode the other was the pearle:
Through their desert so called of euery wight,
Till death them toke, and left me in their right.

For the attainder of my elder Roger,
(Whose shamefull death I tould you but of late)
Was found to be vniust and passed ouer,
Against the lawe, by those that bare him hate:
For where by Lawe the lowest of free estate,
Should personally be heard ere iudgement passe,
They barred him this, where through destroyed he was.

Wherefore by doome of Court in Parliament,
When we had proued our cooſen ordered thus,
The King, the Lordes, and Commons of assent,
His lawles death vnlawfull did discus,
And both to bloud and good restored vs:
A president most worthye, shewed, and left
Lordes lines to saue that lawles might be reft.

While

While Fortune thus did further me a maine,
King Richards grace the second of that name,
(Whose dissolute life did some abridge his raine)
Made me his mate in earnest and in game:
The Lordes themselues so well allowed the same,
That through my titles dulye comminge downe,
I was made heyre apparaunt to the Crowne.

Who then but I was euery where esteemed?
Well was the man that might with me acquaint,
Whom I allowed, as Lordes the people deemed,
To whatsoeuer follye had me bent
To like it wel the people did assent:
To me as Prince attended great and smal,
I hoopt a daye would come to pay for all.

But seldome ioye continueth trouble boyde,
In greatest charge cares greatest do ensue,
The most possest are euer most annoyed,
In largest seas sore tempestes lightly brue,
The freshest coulours soonest fade the hue,
In thickest place is made the deepest wound,
True proofe whereof my selfe to some haue found.

For whiles fayre Fortune lulde me in her lap,
And gaue mee giftes more than I did require,
The subtile queen behinde mee set a trap,
Whereby to dashe and laye all in the myre:
The Irishe men against mee did conspire,
My landes of Ulster fro me to haue reft,
Which heritage my mother had me left.

And whiles I there to set all thinges in stay,
(Omit my toyles and trouble thitherward)
Amonge mine owne, with my retinue lay,
The wilder men whom little I did regard,
And had therefore the rechlesse mans reward:
When least I thought, set on me in such nomber,
That fro my corps my life they rent a sunder.

Nought might auayle my courage nor my force,
Nor strength of men which were alas to fewe:
The cruell folke assaulted so my horse,
That all my helpes in peeces they to hewe.
Our bloud distayned the grounde as drops of dewe.
Nought might preuaile to flye nor yet to yeilde,
For whom they take they murther in the fielde.

They know no lawe of Armes nor none wil learne:
They make not warre (as other do) a play,
The Lord, the Boye, the Gallowglas, the Kerne
Yeild or not yeild, whom so they take they slay,
They saue no prisoners, for raunsome nor for pay:
Their chiefest boote they counte their bodyes head,
Their ende of warre to see their ennemye dead.

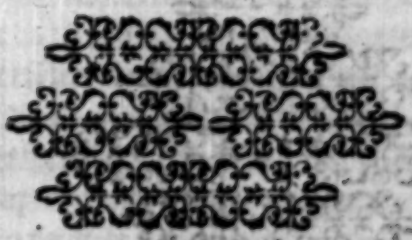
Amongest these men, or rather sauage beastes
I lost my life, by cruell murther slaine,
And therefore Baldwin note thou well my gestes,
And warne all Princes rashnes to refraine,
Bid them beware their enemyes when they faine,
Nor yet presume vnequally to striue,
Had I thus done, I had bin man aliue.

But

But I dispised the naked Irish men,
And for they slewe, I feared them the lesse:
I thought one man enoughe to matche wyth ten.
And through this careleſſe vnadviſednes,
I was destroyed, and all my men I gesse:
At vnwares assaulted by our fone,
Which were in nomber fourty to vs one.

See here the staye of Fortunate estate,
The vaine assuraunce of this brittle life,
For I but yong, proclaymed Prince of late,
Right fortunate in children and in wife,
Lost all at once by stroke of bloudy knife:
Whereby assurde let men themselues assure,
That wealth, and life, are doubtful to endure.

Finis, Ca. M. Cavill.



After this Tragedye was ended mayster Ferrers saide, seinge it is best to place eche person in his order, Baldwin take you the Chronicles and marke them as they come: for there are many worthy to be noted, though not treated of. First the Lorde Murrey a Scottish-man, who tooke his deathes wounde throughe a stroke

ſtroke lent him by the Earle of Notingham, whom he chalenged at the tilt. But to omit him, and alſo the fat Pryor of Tiptree, preſſed to death w̄ thyong of people vpon London bridge at the Queenes entrye, I will come to the Duke of Gloceſter the kinges vncle, a man minding the common wealth, and yet at length myſerablye made awaye. In whoſe perſon if ye will giue eare, ye ſhal heare what I thincke meete to be ſaid.

How

How ſir Thomas of Vvoodſtocke Duke of Gloceſter, vncle to king Richard the ſecond, vvas vnlavvfully murthered. Anno 1397.

VVHoſe ſtate ſtabliſht is, in ſeeming moſt ſure,
And ſo farre from daunger of Fortunes blaſtes,
As by the compaſſe of mans coniecture,
No braſen piller may be fixt more faſt:
Yet wanting the ſtay of prudent forecaſt,
Whan froward Fortune liſt for to frowne,
May in a moment turne vpſyde downe.

In proofe whereof, O Baldwin, take paine,
To harken a while to Thomas of Woodſtocke,
Addreſt in preſence his fate to complaine,
In the forloyne hope of Engliſh ſtocke:
Extract by diſcent from the royall ſtocke,
Sonne to king Edward, third of that name,
And ſecond to none in glorye and fame.

This noble father to maintayne my ſtate,
With Buckingham Earledome did me indowe,
Both Nature and Fortune to me were grate,
Denying me nothing which they might allowe:
Their ſundrye graces in me did ſo flowe,
As beutye, ſtrength, high fauour and fame,
Who may of God more wiſhe then the ſame?

Brothers

Brothers we were to the nomber of seuen,
I being the first, and yongest but one:
A more royal race was not vnder Heauen,
More stoute or more stately of stomacke and person,
Princes all pereleſſe in eche condition:
Namely syr Edward, called the blacke Prince,
When had England the like before or euer since?

But what of all this, any man to assure,
In state vncarefull of Fortunes variaunce:
Sith daily and hourely we see it in vre,
That where most cause is of affiaunce,
Euen there is found most weake assuraunce:
Let none trust Fortune, but followe Reason,
For often we see in trust is treason.

This prouerbe in proofe ouer true I tryed,
Finding highe treason in place of highe trust,
And most false of fayth where I most affyed:
Being by them that should haue bin iust,
Trayterously entrapt, ere I could mistrust,
Ah wretched world what it is to trust thee,
Let them that will learne now harken to mee.

After king Edwarde the thirdes decease,
Succeded my nephewe Richard to raigne,
Who for his glory and honours encrease,
With Princely wages did me entertaine,
Against the Frenchmen to be his Chieftetaine:
So passing the Seas with royall puissaunce,
With God and S. George I inuaded Fraunce.

Walking

Walking the countrey with ſword and with fyre,
Ouerturning townes, highe caſtels and towers,
Like Mars God of warre, enflamed with ire,
I forced the Frenchmen tabandon their bowers:
Whereeuer we matcht I wan at all howers,
In ſuch wyſe viſiting both Cittye and village,
That alway my ſouldiers were laden with pillage.

With honour and triumphe was myreturne,
Was none more ioyous than yonge King Richard:
Who minding more highly my ſtate to adourne,
With Gloceſter Dukedome did mee reward:
And after in mariage I was prekarde,
To a daughter of Bohun an Earle honourable:
By whom I was of England highe Conſtable.

Thus hoyſted ſo highe on Fortunes wheele,
As one on a ſtage attending a playe,
Seeth not on which ſyde the ſcaffold doth reele,
Till timber and poales and all flye awaye:
So fared it by mee, for daye by daye,
As honour encreaſed I looked ſtill hier,
Not ſeing the daunger of my fonde deſier.

For Fortunes cloud thus running with full ſtreame
And I a Duke diſcended of great Kinges,
Cõſtable of England, chiefe officer in the Realme,
Abuſed with eſperaunce in theſe vaine thinges,
I went without feete, and flewe without winges:
Preſuming ſo farre vpon my highe eſtate,
That dread ſet a part, my Prince I would mate.

For

For wher as al kinges haue councell of their choyce,
To whom they referre the rule of their Land,
With certaine familiers in whom to reioyce,
For pleasure or profite, as the case shall stand,
I not bearing this, would needes take in hand,
Maugre his will those persons to disgrace,
And such as I thought fit to settle in their place.

But as an old booke sayeth, who so will assaye,
About the Cats necke to hang on any bell,
Had first needs to cut the Cats clawes awaye
Least if the cat be curst, and not tamed well,
She haply with her nayles may clawe him to ẏ fell:
So putting on the bell about the Cats necke,
By being to busie I caught a cruell checke.

Read well the sentence of the Rat of renowne,
Which Pierce ẏ plowman describes in his vreame,
And who so hath wit the sence to expoune,
Shall finde that to bridell the Prince of a Reame,
Is euen (as who sayeth) to striue with the streame:
Note this all subiectes, and construe it well,
And busie not your brains about the Cats bell.

But in that ye be Lieges learne to obay,
Submitting your willes to your Princes Lawes,
It sitteth not a subiect to haue his owne way,
Remember this prouerbe of the Cats clawes:
For Princes like Lions haue long and large pawes
That reache at random, and whom they once twitch,
They clawe to the boone before the skin itch.

But

But to my purpoſe, I being once bent,
Towards the atchieuing of my attemptate,
Foure bould Barons were of mine aſſent,
By oth and alliaunce laſtly confederate:
Firſt Henry of Derby an Earle of eſtate,
Richard of Arundell, and Thomas of Warwicke,
With Nowbray the Marſhall, a man moſt warlicke.

At Ratecote bridge aſſembled our bande,
The commons in cluſters came to vs that daye,
To daunt Robert Veer, then Duke of Irelande,
By whom King Richard was ruled alway,
We put him to flight and brake his araye,
Then maugre the king, his leaue or aſſent,
By Conſtables power we cald a Parliament.

Where not in Roabes, but with Baſtardes bright,
We came for to parle of the Publicke weale,
Confirming our quarrell with maine and with might,
With ſwordes and no wordes we tried our appeale,
In ſteede of reaſon declaring our zeale,
And whom ſo we knew with the king in good grace,
We plainely depriued of power and of place.

Some with ſhort proceſſe were baniſht the land,
Some executed with capitall paine,
Whereof who ſo liſt, the whole to vnderſtand,
In the Parliament roll it appeareth plaine,
And further how ſtoutly we did the King ſtraine,
The rule of his Realme wholye to reſigne,
To the order of thoſe, whom we did aſſigne.

But

But note the sequele of such presumption,
After we had these myracles wrought,
The king inflamed with indignation,
That to such bondage he should be brought,
Suppressing the ire of his inward thought:
Studied nought els but how that he might,
Be highly reuenged of this high dispight.

Agreeued was also this latter offence,
With former matter his ire to renue,
For once at Windsore I brought to his presence,
The Maior of London with all his retinue,
To aske a reckoning of the Realmes reuenue:
And the souldiours of Brest by me were made bolde
Their wages to claime when the towne was solde.

These griefes remembred with all the remnaunt,
Hourded in his hart hate out of measure,
Yet openly in shewe made he no semblaunt,
By word or by deede to beare displeasure:
But loue dayes dissembled do neuer endure,
And who so trusteth a foe reconcilde,
Is for the most part alwayes beguilde.

For as fier ill quenche will vp at a start,
And sores not well salued do breake out of newe,
So hatred hidden in an irefull hart,
Where it hath had long season to brewe,
Upon euery occasion doth easelye renewe:
Not fayling at last, if it be not let,
To paye large vsurye besides the due det.

Euen

Euen ſo it fared by this frendſhip fayned,
Outwardly ſounde, and inwardly rotten:
For when the kings fauour in ſeming was gained:
All olde diſpleaſures forgeuen and forgotten,
Euen than at a ſodeine the ſhaft was ſhotten,
Which pearced my hart boyde of miſtruſt.
Alas that a Prince ſhould be ſo vniuſt.

For lying at Plaſhey my ſelfe to repoſe,
By reaſon of ſickneſſe which held me full ſore:
The king eſpying me apart from thoſe,
With whome I confedered in band before,
Thought it not meete, to tract the time more
But glad to take me at ſuch auantage,
Came to ſalute me with friendly viſage.

Who hauing a band bound to his bent,
By coulour of kindeneſſe to viſit his eame,
Tooke tyme to accompliſh his cruell entent:
And in a ſmall veſſell down by the ſtreme,
Conueyed me to Calais out of the realme,
Where without proceſſe or dome of my peares,
Not nature but murder abridged my yeares.

This act was odious to God and to man,
Yet rygour to cloake in habit of reaſon,
By crafty compaſſe deuiſe they can,
Articles nine of right haynous treaſon:
But doome after death is ſure out of ſeaſon,
For who euer ſawe ſo ſtraunge a preſident,
As execution done before iudgement.

Thus hate harboured in depth of minde,
By sought occasion burst out of newe.
And crueltie abused the lawe of kinde,
Whan that the Nephue the vncle slewe,
Alas king Richard, sore maist thou rue:
Which by this fact preparedst the waye,
Of thy hard destenye to hasten the daye.

For bloud areth bloud as guerdon dewe,
And vẽgeaũce for vengeaũce is iust reward:
O righteous god thy iudgements are true,
For looke what measure we other awarde,
The same for vs againe is prepard:
Take hede ye Princes, by examples past,
Bloud will haue bloud, either first or last.

FINIS. G. F. George Ferrers

Whẽ maister Ferrers had ended this fruitfull tragedy, bicause no man was ready with any other, I hauing perused ỳ story which came nert, sayde: bicause you shall not saye my maisters but that I wyll somewhat doe my parte, I will vnder your correction declare the tragedy of Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Northfolke, the chiefe worker of the Duke of Glocesters destruction: who to admonish all counsailours to beware of flattering Princes or falsely enuying or accusing their Peregalles, may lamẽt his vices in maner following.

how

How the Lord Mowbray promoted by king Richard the seconde, to the state of a Duke, was by him banished the Realme, in the yeare of Christe. 1398. and after died miserably in exile.

THough sorrowe and shame abash me to reherse,
My lothsome lyfe and death of due deserued,
Yet that the paynes therof may other pearce,
To leaue the like, least they be likewyse serued,
Ah Baldwin marke, and see how that I swerued:
Dissembling, enuy, and Flattery, bane that bee
Of al their hosts, haue shewed their power on me.

I blame not fortune though she did her parte,
And true it is she can do litle harme,
She gyueth goodes, she hampreth not the harte,
A minde well ben:, is safe from euery charme:
Vice, onely vice, with her stout strengthlesse arme,
Doth cause the heart from good to ill encline,
Whiche I alas, do finde to true by myne.

For where by birth I came of noble race,
The Mowbreys heire, a famouse house and olde,
Fortune I thanke, gaue me so good a grace,
That of my Prince I had what so I wolde:
Yet neither was, to other greatly holde,
For I through flattery abused his wanton youth,
And his fond trust augmented my vntruth.

He made me first the Earle of Notingham,
And Marshall of the Realme, in which estate
The Peeres and people ioyntly to me came,
With sore complaint, against them that of late
Made officers, had brought the king in hate,
By making sale of Iustice, right, and Lawe,
And liuing naught: without all drede or awe.

I gaue them syde these euils to redresse,
And went to London with an army strong,
And caused the king, against his will oppresse
By cruell death, all such as led him wrong:
The Lord chiefe Iustice suffered these among,
So did the Steward of his household head,
The Chauncellour scapt, for he aforehand fled.

These wicked men thus from the king remoued,
Who best vs pleased succeded in their place:
For which both king and commons much vs loued.
But chiefly I with all stoode high in grace,
The king ensued my rede in euery case,
Whence selfe loue bred: for glory maketh proude,
And pryde ay looketh alone to be allowde.

Wherfore to thend I might alone enioye
The kings good will, I made his lust my lawe:
And where of late I laboured to distroye,
Such flattering folke, as therto stode in awe,
Now learned I among the rest to clawe:
For pryde is such, if it be kindly caught,
As stroyeth good, and stirreth vp euery naught.

Pride pricketh men to flatter for the pray,
To oppreſſe and poll for maintenaunce of the ſame,
To malice ſuch as match vnethes it may:
And to be brieke, pride doth the hart enflame,
To fier what miſchiefe any fraude may frame,
And euer at length the euils by it wrought
Confounde the worker and bring him vnto nought.

Behold in mee due proofe of euery part,
For pride firſt forced me my Prince to flatter
So much, that whatſoeuer pleaſed his hart,
Were it neuer ſo euill, I thought a lawfull matter,
Which cauſd the Lords a freſh againſt him clatter:
Becauſe he had his houldes beyonde ſea ſolde,
And ſeene his ſouldiers of their wages polde.

Though all theſe ills were done by mine aſſent,
Yet ſuch was lucke that ech man deemed no:
For ſee, the Duke of Gloceſter for mee ſent,
With other Lords, whoſe hartes did bleede for wo,
To ſee the Realme ſo faſt to ruine go:
In fault whereof, they ſaid the two Dukes were,
The one of Yorke, the other of Lancaſter.

On whoſe remoue fro being about the king,
Wee all agreed, and ſware a ſolemne oth,
And whilſt the reſt prouided for this thing,
I flatterer I, to win the prayſe of troth,
Wretch that I was brake fayth and promiſe both:
For I bewrayed the King, theyr whole intent,
For which vnwares they all were tane and ſhent.

Thus was the warder of the common weale,
The Duke of Glocester giltlesse made away,
With other mo, more wretch I so to deale,
Who through vntruth their trust did ill betray:
Yet by this meanes obtayned I my pray,
Of king and Dukes I found for this such fauour,
As made mee Duke of Northfolke for my labour.

But see how pride and enuye ioyntly runne,
Because my Prince did more than me preferr,
Sir Henry Bolenbroke, the eldest sonne
Of John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster,
Proud I that would alone be blasing starre,
Enuyed this Duke, for nought saue that the shyne,
Of his desertes did glister more than myne.

To the end therefore his light should be the lesse,
I slyly sought all shiftes to put it out,
But as the poyze that would the Palme tree presse,
Doth cause the bowes spreade larger round about,
So spite and enuye causeth glorye sprout,
And aye the more the toppe is ouertrode,
The deeper doth the sound roote spreade abrode.

For when this Henry Duke of Herefordе sawe,
What spoyle the King made of the noble blood,
And that without all Iustice, cause, or lawe:
To suffer him so, he thought not sure nor good,
Wherefore to me twofaced in one hoode,
As touching this he fully brake his minde
As to his frend that should remedye finde.

But

But I, although I knewe my Prince did ill,
So that my heart abhorred sore the same,
Yet mischiefe so through malice led my will,
To bring this Duke from honour vnto shame,
And toward my self, my soueraigne to enflame:
That I bewrayed his wordes vnto the king,
Not as a reade, but as a most haynous thing.

Thus where my duty bounde me to haue tolde
My Prince his fault, and wild him to refrayne,
Through flattery loe, I did his ill vpholde,
Which turnd at length both him & me to payne:
Wo, wo to kings whose counsailours do fayne,
Wo, wo to Realmes wher such are put in trust,
As leaue the lawe, to serue the Princes lust.

And wo to him that by his flattering reede,
Maynteyns a Prince in any kinde of vice:
Wo worth him eke for enuy, pryde, or meede,
That misreportes any honest enterprise,
Because I beast in all these poyntes was nice,
The plagues of all together on me light,
And due for ill, ill doers doth acquite.

O

For when ꝑ Duke was charged with my plaint,
He flat denied that any part was true,
And claymde by armes to answere his attaint,
And I by vse that warly feates well knewe,
To his desire incontinently drewe:
Wherwith the king did seme right well contene,
As one that past not much with whome it went.

At time and place appointed we appeard,
At al pointes armed to proue our quarels iuſt,
And whan our frendes on eche part had vs cheard,
And that the Harolds had vs do our luſt,
With ſpeare in reſt we toke a courſe to iuſt.
But ere our horſes had runne halfe theyr way,
A ſhoute was made the King commaunded ſtaye.

And for to auoyde the ſhedding of our bloud,
With ſhame and death which one muſt needes haue had,
The King through counſayle of the Lordes thought good
To baniſhe both, which iudgement ſtrait was rad:
No maruaile than though both were wroth & ſad
But chiefly I that was exild for aye,
My enmye ſtraungd but for a ten yeares daye.

The date expyrd, whan by this doulfull dome,
I ſhould depart to liue in baniſht band,
On paine of death to England not to come,
I went my way: the King ſeald in his hand
Myn offices, my honours, goods and land,
To paye the due as openly he tould,
Of mighty ſummes, which I had from him pold.

O

See Baldwin ſee, the ſalary of ſinne,
Marke with what meede vyle vices are regarded
Through pride & enuye, I looſe both kith & kinne,
And for my flattering plaint ſo well rewarded,
Exile and ſlaunder are iuſtlye me awarded:
My wyfe and heyre lacke landes and lawful right,
And me theyr Lord made dame Dianais Knight.

If theſe

If theſe miſhaps at home be not enoughe,
Adioyne to them my ſorrowes in exile:
I went to Almayne firſt, a land right roughe,
In which I founde ſuch churliſhe folke & vile,
As made me loeth my life eche other while:
There lo, I learned what it is to be a geſt
Abroade, and what to liue at home in reſt.

For they eſteeme no one man more than ech,
They vſe as well the lackey as the Lorde,
And like their maners churliſhe in their ſpech,
Their lodging hard, their bourd to be abhord:
Their pleityd garments herewith well accord,
All iagde and frounſt, with diuers coulours deckt,
They ſweare, they curſe, and drincke till they be ſlekt.

Thye hate all ſuch as theſe their maners hate,
Which reaſon would, no wyſeman ſhould allowe,
With theſe I dwelt, lamenting myne eſtate,
Till at the length they had got knowledge, howe
I was exilde, becauſe I did auowe
A falſe complaint againſt my truſtye freinde,
For which they namd me traytour ſtill vnhende.

That what for ſhame and what for wearines
I ſtale fro thence, and went to Uenice towne,
Where as I found more eaſe and frendlines,
But greater griefe: for now the great renowne,
Of Bolenbroke whom I would haue put downe,
Was waxt ſo great in Britaine and in Fraunce,
That Uenice through, ech man did him auaunce.

Thus

Thus to his glory grewe through great dispite,
And I therby increased in defame:
Thus enuy euer doth her moste acquite
With trouble, anguishe, sorowe, smart, and shame,
But sets the vertues of her foe inflame:
Lyke water waues, which clense the muddy stone,
And soyles themselues by beating therupon.

Yeare I had soiourned there a yeare,
Straunge tidings came he was to England gone,
Had tane the king, and that which touched him neare,
Emprisoned him with other of his sone,
And made him yeelde him vp his Crowne and throne:
When I these thinges for true by search had tryed,
Griefe griped me so, I pined away and died.

Note here the ende of pryde, see flatteries fyne,
Marke the rewarde of enuy and false complaynt,
And warne all people from them to decline,
Lest likely fault do finde the like attaint.
Let this my life to them be a restraynt,
By others harmes who listeth take no heede
Shall by his own learne other better rede.

FINIS. T. Ch. Thomas Churchyard

THis tragicall example was of al the company wel liked, howbeit a doubt was found therin, & that by meanes of ỹ diuersitie of ỹ Chronicles:

cles: for where as Hall (whose Chronicle in this woorke wee chiefelye followed, maketh Mowbray appelant and Bolenbroke defendant, Fabian reporteth the matter quite contrarye, and that by record of the Parliament rolle, wherein it is plaine that Bolinbroke was appellāt and Mowbray defendant. Wherfore what soeuer shalbe saide in the persō of Mowbray (who being a most noble prince had to much wrong to be so causeles defamed after his death, imagine that same to be spoken against his accuser. Which matter sith it is more hard to decise, than needefull to our purpose, which minde onlye to disswade from vices and exalt vertue, we referre to such as maye come by the Recordes of the Actes of the Parliamente, contented in the meane while with maister Halles iudgement, which maketh best for our forshewed purpose. This doubte thus let passe. I would saide maister Ferrers, saye somewhat for K. Richard, after whose deprpuinge, his brother & diuers other made a maske, mindinge by king Henryes destruction to haue restored him, which maskers matter so runneth in this, that I doubt which ought to go before, but seing no mā is ready to say ought in their behalf, I wil giue (who so listeth) leasure to thinke therupon, & in the meane time to further your enterprise, I will in kinge Richards behalfe recount such part of his storye, as I think most necessary. And therfore imagine Baldwin ỳ you see the corps of this Prince all to be mangled, with blew woundes, lying pale & wanne all naked

vpon

vpon the cold stones in Paules Church, the people standing rounde aboute him, and making his complaint in maner as followeth.

Howe Kinge Richarde the second was for his euill gouernaunce deposed from his seate, in the yeare 1399. and miserably murthered in prison the yeare followving.

HAppye is the Prince, that hath in wealth the grace
To follow vertue, keeping vices vnder,
But wo to him whose will hath wisedomes place:
For who so renteth right and lawe asunder,
On him at length all the world shall wonder,
High byrth, choyse Fortune, force, nor Princely mace,
Can warrant King or Keyser fro the case,
Shame sueth sinne, as raine drops do the thunder,
Let Princes therefore vertuous life embrace,
That wilfull pleasures cause them not to blunder.

Behold my hap, see how the seelye route
On mee do gaze, and eche to other say:
See where he lyeth, but late that was so stoute.
Loe how the power, the pryde, and rich aray,
Of mightie rulers lightly fade away.
The King which erst kept all the Realme in doute,
The veriest rascal now dare checke and loute:
What mould be Kinges made of, but carian clay?
Behold his woundes how blew they be about,
Which while he liued, thought neuer to decay.

Yet

Me thinke I heare the people thus deuise
Wherfore Baldwin, sith thou wilt now declare
Howe Princes fell, to make the liuing wise,
My lawlesse life, in no point see thou spare,
But paint it out, that rulers may beware
Good counsayle, Lawe, or vertue to dispise.
For Realmes haue rules, and rulers haue a syse,
Which if they breake, thus much to say I dare,
That eythers griefes the other shall agrise
Till one be lost, the other brought to care.

I was a king, who ruled all by lust
Forcing but light, of Iustice, right, or Lawe,
Putting always flatterers false in trust,
Ensuing such, as could my vices clawe:
By faithfull counsaile passing not an hawe,
As pleasure pricte, so needes obay I must:
Hauing delite to feede and serue the gust,
Three meales a day could scarse content my mawe,
Me liked least to Torney or to Iust.
To Uenus sporte my fansy did me drawe.

Which to mainteine, my people were sore polde
With Fines, Fiftenes, and loanes by way of prest,
Blanke Charters, Othes, and shiftes not knowen of olde,
For which the commons, did me sore detest.
I also sould the noble towne of Brest,
My salt wherein because mine vncle tolde,
(For Princes actes, may no wise be controld)
I founde the meanes his bowels to vnbrest,
The worthy Peeres, which his cause did vphold,
With long exile, or cruell death oppress.

None

None ayde I lackt, in any wicked deede,
For gaping Gulles whome I promoted had.
Would further all in hoope of hygher mede,
There can no king imagin ought so bad,
But shall fynde some that will performe it glad:
For sicknes seldome doth so swiftly bryde,
As humours ill, do growe the griefe to feede.
Thus kinges estates of all be worst bestad,
Abusde in welth, abandoned at nede,
And nearest harme when they be least adrad.

My lyfe and death the truthe of this hath tryde:
For whyle I fought in Irelande with my foes,
Myne uncle Edmunde whom I left to guide
My Realme at home, rebelliously arose,
Percies to helpe, which plied my depose:
And cald fro France, Earle Bolenbroke whom I
Exiled had for ten yeares there to lye:
Who cruelly did put to death all those,
That in mine ayde durst looke but once awry,
Whose number was, but slender I suppose.

For comming backe this soden stur to staye,
The Earle of Worcester whome I trusted mosse,
(Whiles I in Wales at Flint my castle laye,
Both to refresh and multiply myne osse)
There in my hall, in sight of least and mosse,
His staffe did breake, which was my household stay
Bad ech make shift, and rode him selfe away.
See Princes, see the strength wherof wee bost,
Whome mosse we trust, at nede do vs betraye:
Through whose false fayth my land and life I lost.

My

My Stuard false, thus being fled and gone,
My seruauntes flye shranke of on euery syde,
Then caught I was, and led vnto my foen,
Who for their Prince, no pallace did prouide,
But pryson strong, where Henry puft with pryde,
Cause me resigne, my kingly state and throne,
And so forsaken and left as post alone,
These holowe frendes, by Henry soone espyed,
Became suspect and fayth was giuen to none,
Which caused them from faith againe to slyde.

And strayt conspierd, their new king to put downe,
And to that end a solemp oth they swore,
To render me my royall seate and crowne,
Wherof themselues, depriued me before,
But late medcynes can helpe no sothbynde sore:
When swelling floodes hath ouerflowen the town
To late it is, to saue them that shall drowne,
Tyll sayles be spred, a ship may kepe the shore,
No ankerholde can kepe the vessell downe,
With streme and stere perforce it will be bore.

For though the Peers set Henry in his state,
Yet could they not displace him thence agayne:
And where they easely, depriued me of late,
They could restore me, by no manner payne.
Things hardly mend, but may be mard amayne.
And whan a man is fallen in froward fate,
Still mischiefes light, one on anothers pate:
And meanes well ment all mishaps to restrayne
Waxe wretched mones, wherby his iopes abate.
Due proofe whereof, in this appeared playne.

For

For whan the king did knowe that for my cause,
His Lords in maske, would kill him on a night,
To dash all doutes he tooke no further pause:
But Pierce of Exton a cruell murdering knight,
To Pomfret Castell, sent him armed bright,
Who cauſeleſſe kild me there against all lawes,
Thus lawles like to laweles death ey drawes.
Wherfore bid kings be rulde and rule by right.
Who worketh his will, and shunneth wisdomes sawes,
In snares of woo, ere he be ware shall light.

FINIS. G. F.

When he had ended this so wofull a Tragedye, and to all Princes a right worthy instructiō, we pauſed: hauing paſſed through a miſerable time ful of piteous tragedys. And seing the reigne of Henry the fourth enſued, a man more ware and proſperous in his doinges, although not vntroubled with warres both of outforth and inwarde enemies, we began to serche what Peres were fallen therein, whereof the nomber was not ſmall: & yet bicauſe their examples were not much to be noted for our purpoſe, we paſſed ouer all the Maskers of whome king Richardes brother was chiefe: whiche were al ſlayne and put to death for their trayterous attempte. And fynding Owen Glendoure nexte, one of Fortunes owne whelpes,

and

and the Percies his confederates, I thought them vnmeete to be ouerpassed, and therefore sayd thus to the silent companye: What my maisters is euery man at once in a browne study? hath no mā affectiō to any of these storyes? you minde so much some other belike, that these do not moue you: and to say the truth, there is no special cause why they should. Howe be it Owen Glendour, because he was one of Fortunes owne darlinges, and affected to be Prince of Wales, althoughe to his owne mischiefe and destruction, rather then he should be forgottē, I will take vpon me by your fauour to saye somewhat in his person: which Owen comming out of the wylde mountaynes of Wales like the image of death in all pointes (his hart onely excepted) as a ghost forpined with extreame famine, cold and hunger, may lament his great misfortune after this maner.

(.:.)

Howe Owen Glendour seduced by false Prophecyes, toke vpon him to be Prince of VVales, and vvas by Henry Prince of Englande chased to the mountaynes, vvhere he miserablye died for lacke of foode. Anno. 1401.

I Pray thee Baldwin sith thou doest entend,
To shewe the fall of such as climbe to hye,
Remember me, whose miserable end
Maye teach a man his vicious life to flye,
Oh Fortune, Fortune, out on thee I crye:
My lively corps thou hast made leane & slender
For lacke of foode, whose name was Owen Glendour.

A Welshman borne, and of the Tropan bloud,
But ill brought vp whereby full well I finde,
That neither byrth nor linage make vs good:
Though it be true that Cat will after kinde,
Fleshe gendreth flesh, but not the soule or minde,
They gender not, but foulye do degender,
When men to vice from vertue them surrender.

Eche thinge by nature tendeth to the same
Whereof it came, and is disposed like:
Downe sincks the mold, vp mounts the fiery flame,
With borne the hart, with hoofe the horse doth strike,
The Wolfe doth spoile, the suttle Fox doth pike,
And to conclude, no fishe, flesh, foule or plant
Of their true dame, the propertie doth want.

Butas

But as for men, syth seuerallye they haue
A minde whose maners are by learning made,
Good bringing vp alonely doth them saue,
In honest acts, which with their parents fade,
So that true gentrye standeth in the trade
Of vertuous life, not in the fleshlye line:
For bloud is brute, but Gentrye is deuine.

Experience doth cause me thus to say,
And that the rather for my countrey men.
Which vaunt & boast themselues aboue ỳ day,
If they may straine their stock fro worthy mē:
Which let be true, are they the better then?
Nay far the worse, if so they be not good,
For why they staine the beutye of their blood.

How would we mocke ỳ burden bearing Mule,
If he would brag he were an horses sunne,
To pryse his pryde (might nothing els him rule)
His boastes to proue no more but bid him run:
The horse for swiftnes hath his glory wonne,
The Mule could neuer the more aspyer,
Though he should proue ỳ Pegas was his sier.

Ech man may crake of ỳ which was his owne,
Our parēts vertues are theirs & no whit ours,
Who therefore wil of noble byrth be knowen,
Dught shyne in vertue like his auncestours,
Gentry consisteth not in landes and towers:
He is a churle though all the world were his,
Yea Arthurs heyre if that he lyue amysse.

For vertuous lyke a Gentleman doth make,
Of her possessour all be he poore as Job,
Yea though no name of elders he can take:
For proofe take Merlin fathered by an Hob.
But who so sets his minde to spoyle and rob,
Although he come by due discent from Brute,
He is a churle, vngentle, vile, and brute,

Well, thus did I for want of better witte,
Because my parents naughtely brought me vp:
For Gentlemen (they sayd) was nought so fitte,
As to attaste by bould attemptes the cup,
Of conquests wyne, wherof I thought to sup:
And therefore bent my selfe to rob and ryue,
And whom I could of lands and goods depriue.

For Henry the fourth did then vsurpe ỳ Crowne,
Despoyled the king, with Mortimer the heyre:
For which his subiects sought to put him downe,
And I while Fortune offered me so fayre,
Did what I might his honour to appayre:
And toke on me to be the Prince of Wales,
Entitle thereto by prophecies and tales.

For which, such Idle, as wayte vpon the spoyle,
From euery part of Wales vnto me drew,
For loytering youth vntaught in any toyle,
Are readye aye all mischiefe to ensue:
Through helpe of these so great my glorye grewe,
That I defyed my King through loftye hart,
And made sharpe warre on all that toke his part.

See lucke, I tooke Lord Rainold Gray of Rythen.
And him enforst my daughter to espouse,
And so vnraunsomed I held him still and sythen,
In Wigmore land through battayle rigorous,
I caught the right heire of the crowned house:
The Earle of March sir Edmond Mortimer,
And in a dungeon kept him prisoner.

Than all the marches longing vnto Wales,
By Spuerne West I did inuade and burne:
Destroyed the townes in mountaines and in vales,
And rich in spoyles had homeward safe returne:
Was none so bold durst once against me spurne,
Thus prosperously doth fortune forwarde call,
Those whome she mindes to geue the sorest fall.

Whan fame had brought these tidings to the king,
(Although the Scottes than vexed him right sore)
A mighty army against me he did bring:
Whereof the French king being warned afore,
Who mortall hate against king Henry bore,
To greue our so he quickly to me sent,
Twelue thousand Frenchmen armed to war ybent.

A part of them led by the Earle of Marche
Lord James of Burbon, a valiant tried knight,
With held by wyndes to Wales ward forth to march,
Tooke land at Plymmouth priuely on a night:
And whan he had done all that he durst or might,
After that a meyney of his men were slayne,
He stole to ship and sailed home againe.

Twelue thousand moe in Wilford did ariue,
And came to me then lying at Denbigh,
With armed Welshmen thousandes double fyue,
With whome we went to Worcester well nigh,
And there encampt vs on a mount on high,
To abide the king who shortly after came
And pitched his field, on a hill hard by the same.

There eight daies long our hoastes lay face to face,
And neyther durst others power assaile:
But they so stopt the passages the space,
That vitailes could not come to our auayle,
Wher through cõstrained our hearts begã to faile:
So that the Frenchmen shranke away by night,
And I with mine to ỹ mountaines tooke our flight:

The king pursued greatly to his cost,
From hilles to woods, frõ woods to valleis plain:
And by the way his men and stuffe he lost.
And whan he sawe he gained nought but pain,
He blewe retreate and gat him home againe:
Then with my power I boldly came abrode,
Taken in my countrey for a very God.

Immediatly after fell a ioly Iarre
Betwene the king, and Percies worthy blouds,
Which grew at last vnto a deadly warre:
For like as drops engender mighty flouds,
And litle seedes spryut forth great leaues and buds,
Euen so small strifes, if they be suffered run,
Breede wrath and warre, and death or they be don.

The

The king would haue the raunsome of such Scots,
As these the Percies tane had in the fielde:
But see howe strongly lucre knits her knots,
The king will haue, the Percies will not yield,
Desire of goods some craues, but graunteth seelde:
Oh cursed goods desire of you hath wrought
All wickednes, that hath or can be thought.

The Percies deemed it meeter for the king,
To haue redemed their cosin Mortimer,
Who in his quarell all his power did bring,
To fight with me, that tooke him prysoner,
Than of their pray to rob his souldier:
And therfore willed him se some meane wer found,
To quite forth him whom I kept bily bound.

Bicause the king misliked their request,
They came them selues and did accord with mee,
Complaining how the kingdome was opprest
By Henries rule. wherfore we did agree
To put him downe, and part the realme in three:
The North part theirs, Wales wholy to be mine,
The rest, to rest to therle of Marches line.

And for to set vs hereon more agog,
A Prophet came (a vengeaunce take them all)
Affirming Henry to be Gogmagog,
Whome Merline doth a Mouldwarp euer call,
Accurst of God that must be brought in thrall
By a Wolfe, a Dragon, and a Lion strong,
Which should deuide, his kingdome them among.

This crafty dreamer made vs three such beastes,
To thinke we were the foresayd beastes in deede.
And for that cause our badges and our creastes,
We searched out which scarsely well agreed:
Howbeit the Haroldes redy at such a neede,
Drewe doune such issues from olde aunceslers,
As proued these ensignes to be surely oures.

Ye crafty Welshemen, wherefore do ye mocke,
The noble men thus with your fained rimes:
Ye Noble men why flye ye not the flocke,
Of suche as haue seduced so many times:
False Prophesies are plauges for diuers crimes,
Which God doth let the deuilish sort deuise,
To trouble such as are not godly wise.

And that appeared by vs three beastes in deede,
Through false persuasion highly borne in hand,
That in our feate we could not chuse but spede,
To kill the king and to enioye his land:
For which exploit we bound our selues in band,
To stand contented ech man with his parte,
So fully folly assured our foolysh hart.

But such they say as fishe before the net,
Shall seldome surfet of the pray they take,
Of thinges to come the haps be so vnset,
That none but fooles may warrant of them make:
The full assured, successe doth oft forsake.
For fortune findeth none so fyt to flout,
As sure syr sots which cast no kinde of doubt.

Howe

Howe sayest thou Henry Hotspur, do I ly:
For thou right manly gauest the king a fielde,
And there wast slaine bicause thou wouldst not flye:
Syr Thomas Percy thine vncle forst to yeelde,
Did cast his head a wonder sene but seeld,
From Shrewsbury towne to the top of London bridge,
Lo thus fonde hope, did both their lyues abridge.

Whan king Henry this victory had wonne,
Destroyed the Percies, put their power to flight,
He did appoint Prince Henry his eldest sonne:
With all his power to mete me if he might:
But I discomfit, through my partners sight,
Had not the heart to mete him face to face,
But fled away and he pursued the chase.

Now Baldwin marke, for I calde prince of Wales
And made beleue I should be he in deede,
Was made to flie among the hilles and dales,
Where all my men forsooke me at my nede.
Who trusteth loyterers seeld hath lucky speede:
And whan the capitains courage doth him fayle,
His souldiers hearts a litle thing may quayle.

And so Prince Henry chased me, that lo
I founde no place wherein I might abyde:
For as the dogges pursue the sely Doe,
The brache behinde, the hounds on euery side,
So traste they me among the mountaynes wyde:
Whereby I founde, I was the heartlesse hare,
And not the beast Colyrophete did declare.

And

And at the laſt: like as the litle roch,
Muſt either be eat, or leap vpon the ſhore
When as the hungary pickerell doth approch,
And there finde death which it eſcapt before:
So double death aſſaulted me ſo ſore
That eyther I muſt vnto my enmy yeeld,
Or ſtarue for hungar in the barrayne feeld.

Here ſhame and payne a while were at a ſtrife
Payn bad me yeeld, ſhame bad me rather laſt,
The one bad ſpare, the other bad ſpend my life,
But ſhame (ſhame haue it) ouercame at laſt.
Than hunger gnew, ẏ doth the ſtonewal braſt,
And made me eate both grauel, durt and mud,
And laſt of all, my dung, my fleſh and blud.

This was mine ende to horrible to heare,
Yet good enough for a life that was ſo ill,
Wherby O Baldwin warne all men to beare
Their youth ſuch loue, to bring thē vp in ſkill.
Bid Princes flye Colpiophetes lying byll:
And not preſume to clime aboue their ſtates,
For they be faultes ẏ foile men, not their fates.

FINIS. Thomas Phaer, doctor in Phyſick, by whom Virgils work of Aneidos, was tranſlated into ẏ engliſh. Whan

When starued Owen had ended his hũgry exhortatiõ, it was well inough liked, how beit one found a doubt worth the mouing and that concerning this title, Earle of March: for as it appereth, ther wer thre mẽ of thre diuers nations together in one time entituled by ẏ honour: first sir Edmund Mortimer, whom Owen kept in prison, an english man: the second the Lord George of Dunbar a valiaunt Scot, banished out of his countrey, and well estemed of Henry the fourth: the third Lord James of Bourbon a Frenchman, sent by the Frenche king to helpe owen Glendour. These three men had this tittle all at once, whiche cauled him to aske howe it was true ẏ euery one of these coulde be Earle of Marche: whereto was answered, that euery countrye hath Marches belonging vnto them, & those so large, that they wer Earldomes, & the Lordes therof intituled thereby: so ẏ lord Edmũd Mortimer was Earle of March in England, lord James of Burbõ of ẏ Marches of Fraunce, and Lord George of Dunbar Earle of the Marches in Scotland. For otherwise neyther coul haue interest in others title. This doubt thus dissolued, maister Ferrers said: yf no man haue affection to the Percies, let vs passe the times both of Henry the fourth and the fift, and come to Henry ẏ first, in whose time Fortune (as she doth in the minoritie of princes) bare a great stroke among ẏ nobles. And yet in Henry the fourths time are examples which I would wish Baldwin ẏ you should

not

not forget, as the conſpiracy made by the Byſhop of Yorke, and the Lorde Mowbray, ſonne of him whom you late treated of: pricked forward by the Earle of Northumberlād, father to ſir Henry Hotſpur, who fled himſelfe, but his parteners were apprehended & put to death, with Bainton and Blinkinſops, which could not ſe their duty to their king but tooke part with Percy that baniſhed Rebell. As he was proceding, he was deſired to ſtaye by one whiche had pondered the ſtorie of the Percies, who briefly ſayde. To thende Baldwin that you may knowe what to ſaye of the Percies, whoſe ſtorie is not all out of memorie (and it is an notable ſtory) I wyll take vpon me the perſone of the Lorde Henry Percy Earle of Northumberland, father of ſyr Henry Hotſpur, in whoſe behalfe this may be ſaide as followeth.

(.)

How

How Henry Percye Earle of Northumberland, was for his couetous and trayterous attempt put to death at Yorke. Anno. 1407.

OVerall Senec true finde I thy saying,
That neither kin, riches, strength or fauour
Are free from Fortune, but are aye decaying:
No worldly wealth is ought saue doubtful labour
Mans life in earth is like vnto a tabour,
Which nowe to myrth doth mildye men prouoke
And straight to warre with a more sturdy stroke.

All this full true I Percye finde by proofe,
Which whilom was Erle of Northumberland:
And therefore Baldwin for my Piers behoofe,
To note mens falles sith thou hast tane in hande,
I would thou should my state well vnderstand:
For fewe Kinges were more than I redoubted,
Whom double Fortune lifted vp and louted.

As for my kinne their noblenesse is knowen,
My valiaunt actes were folly for to prayse,
Where throughþ Scots so oft were ouerthrowē.
That who but I was doubted in my dayes:
And that king Richard founde at all allayes,
For neuer Scots rebelled in his raigne,
But throughy my force were eyther caught or slaine.

A bro-

A brother I had was Earle of Worcester,
Alwayes in office and fauour with the King.
And by my wyfe dame Elinor Mortimer,
A sonne I had which so the Scots did sting.
That being ponge and but a very spring,
Henry Hotspur they gaue him vnto name,
And thoughe I say it, he did deserue the same.

Wee three triumphed in king Richards tyme,
Till Fortune ought both him and vs a spite:
But chiefely me, whom clearely from any crime,
My king did banishe from his fauour quite,
Proclayming mee a trayterous knight:
Where through false slaunder forced me to bee,
That which before I did most deadly flee.

Let men beware how they true folke defame,
Or threaten on them the blame of vices nought,
For infamy breedeth wrath, wreke followeth shame:
Eke open slaunder oftentimes hath brought
That to effect, that erst was neuer thought,
To be misdeemed men suffer in a sort:
But none can beare the griefe of misreport.

Because my king did shame mee wrongfully
I hated him and in deede became his foe:
And while he did at warre in Ireland lye,
I did conspire to turne his weale to woe:
And through the duke of Yorke and other moe,
All royall power from him wequickly toke,
And gaue the same to Henry Bolenbroke.

Neyther

Neither did wee this onely for this cauſe,
But to ſay truth, force drawe vs to the ſame:
For he deſpiſing God and all his lawes,
Slewe whom he would, made ſinne a very game,
And ſeing neither age nor counſaile could him tame,
We thought it well done for the kingdomes ſake,
To leaue his rule that did all rule forſake.

But when ſir Henry had attaynd his place,
He ſtraight became in all pointes worſe than he,
Deſtroyed the Piers & ſlewe king Richards grace,
Againſt his othe made to the Lordes and mee:
And ſeeking quarels howe to diſagree,
He ſhamelesly required mee and my ſonne,
To yeld him Scots which we in field had wonne.

My Nephew alſo Edmonde Mortimer
The very heyre apparant to the Crowne,
Whom Owen Glendour helde as priſoner,
Vilelye bound in dongeon deepe caſt downe,
Hee would not raunſome but did ſellye frowne,
Againſt my brother and mee which for him ſpake,
And him proclaymed traytour for our ſake.

This foule deſpite did cauſe vs to conſpire,
To put him downe as we did Richarderſt,
And that we might this matter ſet on fire,
From Owens iayle, our coſin we remeerſt,
And vnto Glendour all our griefes reherſt:
Who made a bond with Mortimer and mee,
To priue the king and part the Realme in three.

But

But when king Henry heard of this deuise,
Toward Owen Glendour he sped him very quicke,
Wynding by force to stop hur enterprise:
And as the deuill would, than fell I sicke,
Howbeit my brother and sonne more politicke
Than prosperous, with an hoast from Scotland brought,
Encountred him at Shrewesbury where they fought.

The one was tane and kild, the other slaine,
And shortly after was Owen put to flight:
By meanes whereof I forced was to fayne,
That I knew nothing of the former fight.
Fraude oft auayles more than doth sturdy might:
For by my fayning I brought him in beliefe,
I knew not that wherein my part was chiefe.

And while the king thus toke me for his frend,
I sought all meanes my former wrong to wreake,
Which that I might bringe to the soner end,
To the bishop of Yorke I did the matter breake,
And to thearle Marshall likewyse did I speake.
Whose father was throughe Henryes cause exiled,
The bishops brother with trayterous death defiled.

These strayt assented to do what they could.
So did the Lord Hastings and Lord Faucõbridge:
Which altogether promised they would,
Set all their power the kinges dayes to abridge,
But see the spite, before the byrdes were flydge
The kinge had word and seasoned on the nest,
Whereby alas my frends were all opprest.

The bloudy tyraunt brought them al to ende
Excepted me, which into Scotland scapt,
To George of Dunbar therle of March, my frend,
Who in my cause all that he could ey scrapt,
And when I had for greater succour gapt,
Both at the Frenchmen and the Flemings hand,
And could get none, I toke such as I fand.

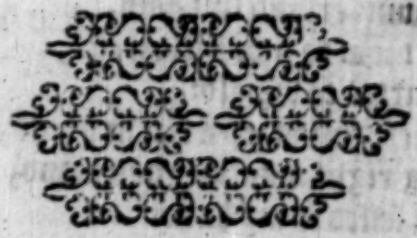
And with the helpe of George my very frend,
I did inuade Northumberland full bold,
Whereas the folke drew to mee still on end,
Bent to death my partye to vphold:
Through helpe of these full many a fort and hold,
The which the King right manfully had mand,
I easely wonne, and seised in my hand.

Not so content (for vengeance draue me on)
I entred Yorkeshyre there to wast and spoyle,
But ere I had farre in the countrey gone,
The sheriffe thereof, Rafe Rokesbye did assoyle,
My troubled hoast of much part of our toyle,
For he assaulting freshly toke through power,
Me and Lord Bardolph both at Bramham moore.

And thence conueyed vs to the towne of Yorke,
Untill he knewe what was the kinges entent,
There loe Lord Bardolph kinder than the Storke,
Did loose his head which was to London sent,
With whom for frendship mine in like case went,
This was my hap my fortune or my faute,
This life I led and thus I came to nought.

Wherfore good Baldwin will the Piers take heede,
Of slaunder, malice, and conspiracye,
Of couetise, whence all the rest proceede:
For couetise ioynt with contumacye,
Doth cause all mischiefe in mens hartes to breede:
And therefore this to Esperance my worde,
Who causeth bloudshed shall not escape the sworde.

Finis. Incerto authore.



BVt that this was ended, I had found oute the storye of Richard Earle of Cambridge: & because it cõtayned matter in it, though not very notable, yet for the better vnderstanding of the rest, I thought it meete to touche it, and therefore sayd as followeth: You haue said well of the Percies and fauourably, for in deede as it should appeare, the chiefe cause of their conspiracy against k. Henry, was for Edmonde Mortimer theyr cosins sake whom the king very maliciously proclaymed to haue yelded himselfe to Owen coulourably, whan as in deede hee was taken forcibly against his will and very cruelly ordered in prison. And seing we are in hande with Mortimers matter, I

ter, I will take vppon mee the perſon of Richarde Plãtagenet Earle of Cambridge, who for his ſake likewyſe dyed. And therfore I let paſſe Edmond Hollande Earle of Kente, whom Henry the fourth made Admirall to ſkoure the Seas, becauſe ỹ Britons were abrode: which Earle (as many thinges happen in warre) was ſlaine with an arrow at the aſſaulte of Briack: ſhortlye after whoſe death this king dyed, and his ſonne Henry the fift of that name ſucceded in his place. In the beginninge of this Henry the fiftes raigne dyed this Richard, and with him Henry the Lord Scrope and other, in whoſe behalfe this maye be ſayd.

How Richard Plantagenet Earle of Cambridge entending the kinges destruction, vvas put to death at Southhampton. Anno Domini. 1415.

WAll maketh waſt, hath commonly bin ſaid,
And ſecreete miſchiefe ſeeld hath lucky ſpeede,
A murdering minde with proper poyze is wayd,
All this is true, I finde it in my creede,
And therfore Baldwin warne al ſtates take heede:
How they conſpire any other to betrappe,
Leaſt miſchiefe ment light in the meaners lappe.

For I Lord Richard heyre Plantagenet,
Was Earle of Cambridge and right fortunate,
If I had had the grace my wit to ſet,
To haue content mee with mine owne eſtate:
But O falſe honours, breeders of debate,
The loue of you our lewd hartes doth allure,
To leeſe our ſelues by ſeeking you vnſure.

Becauſe my brother Edmond Mortimer,
Whoſe eldeſt ſiſter was my wedded wyfe,
I meane that Edmond that was priſoner,
In Wales ſo long through Owens buſie ſtrife,
Becauſe I ſay that after Edmondes life,
His rightes and titles muſt by law be mine,
For he ne had, nor could encreaſe his line.

Becauſe

Because the right of Realme and Crowne was ours,
I searched meanes to helpe him thereunto,
And where the Henries held it by theyr powrs,
I sought a shift their tenures to vndo,
Which being force, sith force or sleight must do:
I voyde of might, because their powr was strong,
Set pryuy sleight against their open wrong.

But sith the death of most part of my kin
Did dashe my hope, through out the fathers dayes
I let it slip, and thought it best begin,
When as the sonne should dyed least such assayes,
For force through speede, sleight spedeth through delayes,
And seeld doth treason time so fitly finde,
As when all daungers most be out of minde.

Wherefore while Henry of that name the fift,
Prepard his armye to go conquer Fraunce,
Lord Scrope and I thought to attempt a drift,
To put him downe my brother to auaunce,
But were it Gods will, my lucke, or his good chaunce,
The king will wholy whereabout we went.
The night before to shipward he him bent.

Then were we straight as traytours apprehended,
Our purpose spyed, the cause thereof was hid,
And therefore loe a false cause we pretended,
Where through my brother was fro daunger rid:
We said for hier of French Kinges coyne, we did
Behight to kill the King: and thus with shame
We stained our selues, to saue our frend fro blame.

Whan we had thus confeſſ ſo foule a treaſon,
That we deſerued, we ſuffered by the law,
See Baldwin ſee, and note as it is reaſon,
How wicked deedes to wofull endes do drawe,
All force doth fayle no craft is worth a ſtraw,
To attaine thinges loſt and therefore let them go,
For might ruleth right, and will though truth ſay no.

FINIS.

WHan ſtoute Richarde had ſtoutlye ſayd his minde, belike ſaid one, this Richarde was but a litle man, or els litle fauoured of writers, for our Chronicles ſpeke very litle of him. But ſeing we be come now to king Henries voyage into Fraunce, wee cannot lacke valiaũt men to ſpeke off, for among ſo many as were led and ſent by the king out of this Realme thither, it cannot be choſen but ſome, and that a greate ſomme, were ſlaine amõg them: wherfore to ſpeake of them all, I thinke not needefull. And therefore to let paſſe Edward Duke of Yorke, and the Earle of Suffolke, ſlaine both at the battaile of Agincourt, as were alſo manye other. Let vs ende the time of Henry the fift, & come to his ſonne Henrye the ſixte: whoſe nonage brought Fraunce and Normandy out of bondage, and was cauſe ẏ ſo few of our noble mẽ died aged. Of whom to let paſſe the nomber, I will take vpon

mee

mee the perſonne of Thomas Montague Earle of Saliſburye, whoſe name was not ſo good at home (and yet he was called the good Earle) as it was dreadfull abroade: who exclaminge vpon the mutability of Fortune, maye iuſtlye ſay in maner as followeth.

How Thomas Montague Earle of Salisbury in the middest of his glorie, vvas chaunceably slaine at Orleaunce vvyth a peece of Ordinaunce the 3. of Nouember. Anno 1428.

What fooles be we to trust vnto our strength,
Our wit, our courage, or our noble fame,
Which time it selfe must needes deuour at length.
Though froward Fortune coulde not foyle ꝑ same.
But seing this Goddesse guideth all the game,
Which still to chaunge doth set her only lust,
Why toyle we so for thinges so hard to trust?

A goodly thing it is surely good report,
Which noble harts, do seeke by course of kinde:
But seen the date so doutfull and so short,
The way so rough whereby we do it finde,
I cannot chose but prayse the Princely minde
That preaseth for it, though we finde oppress,
By foule defame those that deserue it best.

Concerning whom marke Baldwin what I say
I meane the vertuous hindred of their brute,
Among which nomber recken well I may,
My valiaunt father Iohn Lord Montacute,
Who lost his life I iudge through iust pursute:
I say the cause and not the casuall speede,
Is to be waied in euery kinde of deede.

This

This rule obſerued, how many ſhal we finde,
For vertues ſake with infamy oppreſt:
How many againe through helpe of Fortune blinde,
For ill attemptes atchieued with honour bleſt:
Succeſſe is worſt oftimes when cauſe is beſt:
Therefore ſaye I: God ſend them ſorry haps
That iudge the cauſes by their after claps.

The ende in deede is iudge of euery thing,
Which is the cauſe or latter point of time:
The firſt true verdict at the firſt may bring,
The laſt is ſlow, or ſlipper as the ſlime,
Oft chaunging names of innocence and crime:
Duke Thomas death was Juſtice two yeares long,
And euer ſince, ſore tyrannye and wrong.

Wherefore I pray thee Baldwin way the cauſe,
And prayſe my father as he doth deſerue,
Becauſe Earle Henry, King againſt all lawes,
Endeuoured king Richard for to ſtarue
In iayle, wherby the regall crowne might ſwarue,
Out of the line to which it than was due,
(Whereby God knowes what euill might enſue)

My Lord Iohn Holland Duke of Exceſter,
Which was deare coſin to this wretched King,
Did moue my father, and the Earle of Gloceſter,
With other Lordes to ponder well the thing:
Who ſeing the miſchiefe that began to ſpring,
Did all conſent this Henry to depoſe,
And to reſtore King Richard to the Roſe.

And

And while they did deuise a piety traine,
Whereby to bring their purpose better about,
Which was in maske this Henry to haue slaine,
The Duke of Aumerle blew their counsaile out:
Yet was their purpose good there is no doubt.
What cause can be more worthy for a knight,
Than saue his kinge, and helpe true heyres to right:

For this with them my father was destroyed,
And buried in the dunghill of defame,
Thus euill chaunce their glory did anoyde,
Whereas their cause doth claime eternall fame:
Whan deedes therefore vnluckely do frame,
Men ought not iudge the authours to be nought,
For right through might is often ouerraught.

And God doth suffer that it should be so,
But why, my wit it feble to deuise,
Except it be to heape vp wrath and wo
On wicked heades that iniuries deuise:
The cause why mischieues many times arise,
And light on them ỳ would mens wronges redresse,
Is for the rancour that they beare I gesse.

God hates rigour though it further right,
For sinne is sinne, how euer it be vsed:
And therefore suffereth shame and death to light,
To punishe vyce, though it be well abused,
Who murdereth right is not thereby excused,
If through the same he do some other wrong,
To euery vice due guerdon doth belong.

What

What preache I now I am a man of warre,
And that my body I dare say doth profesſe,
Of cured woundes beſet with many a skarre,
My broken iaw vnheald can say no leſſe,
O Fortune, Fortune cauſe of all diſtreſſe:
My father had great cauſe thy fraude to curſe,
But much more I, abuſed ten times worſe.

Thou neuer flattredſt him in all thy life,
But mee thou dandledſt like thy darling deare,
Thy giftes I found in euery corner rife,
Where euer I went I met thy ſmyling cheare:
Which was not for a daye or for a yeare,
But through the raigne of three right worthy kings
I found thee forward in all kinde of thinges.

The while King Henry conquered in Fraunce,
I ſued the warres and ſtill found victory,
In all aſſaultes ſo happy was my chaunce,
Holdes yeld or wonne did make my enemyes ſory:
Dame Prudence eke augmented ſo my glory,
That in all treaties euer I was one,
When waighty matters were agreed vpon.

But when this King this mighty conquerour,
Through death vnripe was both his realmes bereft
His ſely infant did receiue his power,
Poore little babe full yong in Cradell left,
Where crowne and Scepter hurt him with ẏ heft.
Whole worthy vncles had the gouernaunce,
The one at home the other abroade in Fraunce.

And

And I which was in peace and warre well skilled,
With both these rulers greatly was esteemed:
Bare rule at home as often as they willed,
And fought in Fraūce when they it nedeful deemed,
And euery where so good my seruice seemed,
That English men to mee great loue did beare,
Our foes the French, my force fulfilled with feare.

I alwayes thought it fitly for a Prince,
And such as haue the Regiment of Realmes,
His subiectes hartes with mildenes to conuince,
With iustice mixt, auoyding all extreames,
For like as Phœbus with his cheareful beames,
Doth freshly force the fragrant flowers to flourish,
So rulers mildenes subiectes loue doth nourish.

This found I true: for through my mild behauiour,
Their hartes I had with me to liue and dye,
And in their speache bewrayer of their fauour,
They cald me still good Earle of Salisburye,
The Lords confest the commons did not lye:
For vertuous life, free hart, and lowly minde,
With high and low shal alwayes fauour finde.

Which vertues chiefe become a man of warre,
Whereof in Fraunce I found experience,
For in assaultes due mildnes passeth farre
All rigour, force and sturdy violence,
For men will stoutly sticke to their defence,
When cruell Captaynes couet after spoile,
And so enforst, oft giue their foes the foyle.

But

But when they know they shalbe frendly vsed,
They hazard not their heades but rather yeild,
For this my offers neuer were refused
Of any towne, or fuerly very seild,
But force and furyes fit be for the field,
And there in deede I vsed so the same,
My foes would flye if they but heard my name.

For when Lord Steward & Earle Vantadore,
Had cruelly besieged Crauant towne,
Which he had wonne, and kept long time before,
Which lyeth in Awxer on the Riuer Youne,
To rayse the siege the Regent sent me downe:
Where as I vsed all rigour that I might,
I killed all that were not saued by flight.

When therle of Bedford then in Fraunce Lord regent,
Knewe in what sort I had remoued the siege,
In Bye and Champayne he made me Vicegerent,
And Lieutenaunt for him and for my Liege:
Which caused me to go to Bye, and there besiege
Mountagusllon with twentye weekes assaut,
Which at the last was yelded me for naught.

And for the Duke of Bretaynes brother Arthur,
Both Earle of Richmond and of Yuery,
Against his oth from vs had made departure,
To Charles the Dolphin our chiefe enemy,
I with the Regent went to Normandy:
To take his towne of Yuery which of spighe,
Did to vs dayly all the harme they might.

They

They at the firſt compounded by a day
To yeild, if reſcues did not come before,
And while in hope to fight, we at it laye,
The Dolphin gathered mē two Thouſand ſcore,
With Earles, Lords and Captaynes iolye ſtore,
Of which the Duke of Alanſon was guide,
And ſent them downe to ſee if we would bide.

But they left vs and downe to Vernoyle went,
And made their vaunte they had our army ſlaine,
And thorough ẏ lye that towne from vs they hent,
Which ſhortly after turned to their paine:
For there both armyes met vpon the plaine:
And we eight Thouſand whom they flew, not flew before,
Did kill of them ten Thouſand men and more.

When we had taken Vernoyle thus againe,
To driue the Dolphin vtterly out of Fraunce,
The Regent ſent me to Aniow and to Mayne,
Where I beſieged the warlike towne of Mawns
There Lord of Toyſers Baldwins valiaunce
Did wel appeare, which would not yeild the towne,
Till all ẏ Towers and walles were battered downe.

But here now Baldwin take it in good part,
Though ẏ I brought this Baldwin there to yeild,
The Lion fearce for all his noble hart,
Being ouermatched, is forſt to flye the field,
If Mars himſelfe there had bin with his ſhield,
And in my ſtormes had ſtoutly me withſtoode,
He ſhould haue yeild, or els haue ſhed my blood.

This

This worthy knight both hardy, stoute and wise,
Wrought well his feate, as time and place require,
When Fortune fayles, it is the best aduise
To strike the sayle least all lye in the mire.
This haue I sayd to thend thou take no ire:
For though no cause be found, so nature frames,
Men haue a zeale to such as beare theyr names.

But to returne, in Mayn wan I at length,
Such townes and forts as might eyther helpe or hurt,
I manned Mayon and Suzans towne of strength,
Fort Barnard, Thanceaux, and S. Cales the curt,
With Lile sues Bolton, standing in the durt:
Eke Gwerland, Suze, Loupeland and Mountsure,
With Malicorne, these wanne I and kept full sure.

Besides all this I tooke nere fourty holdes,
But those I razed euen with the ground,
And for these deedes, as seely sheepe in foldes,
Do shrincke for feare at euery little sound,
So fled my foes before my face full round:
Alas none so hardy that durst abide the fight,
So Mars & Fortune furthered me their knight.

I tell no lye so gastfull grew my name,
That it alone discomfited an hoast,
The Scots and Frenchmen well confesse the same,
Els wil the towne which they like cowards lost,
For whan they sieged Beauron with great boast:
Being fourty Thousand Britaynes, French and Scots,
Fiue hundred men did vanquishe them like sots.

For

For while the Frenchmen freshlye assaulted still,
Our Englishmen came boldly forth at night,
Crying S. George, Salisbury, kill, kill, kill,
And offered freshlye with their foes to fight,
And they as frenchly toke themselues to flight,
Supposing surely that I had bin there.
See how my name did put them all in feare.

Thus was the Dolphins power discomfited,
Foure Thousand slaine, their campe tane as it stoode,
Whereby our towne and souldiours profited,
For there were vittayles plentifull and good,
This while was I in England by the Roode,
To appease a strife that was right foule befall,
Betweene Duke Humfrey and the Cardinall.

The Duke of Exeter shortly after dyed,
Which of the king at home had gouernaunce,
Whose roume the Earle of Warwick then supplied,
And I toke his and sped mee into Fraunce,
And hauing a zeale to conquere Orliaunce,
With much a do I gat the Regents ayde,
And marched thither, and siege about it layde.

But in the way I toke the towne of Yane,
Where murthered were for stoutnes many a man:
But Baugencey I toke with little paine,
For which to shewe them fauour I began:
This caused the townes of Newne and Jargeman,
That stoode on Loyer: to proffer mee the keyes,
Ere I came nere them, welny by two dayes.

See

See here howe fortune forwarde can allure,
What baytes she layeth to bring mē to their ends
Who hauing hap like this, but hopeth sure,
To bring to bale what euer he entendes:
But soone is sower the swete that fortune sends:
Whan hope and hap, whan health & welth is hiest
Than wo and wracke, disease, and nede be nihest.

For whyle I, suing this so good successe,
Layde siege to Orliaunce on the Riuer side,
The Bastard (Cuckolde Cawnies son I gesse,
Tho thought the Dukes) who had ỹ town in gide
Came fiersly forth, when he his time espied,
To rayse the siege but was bet backe againe,
And hard pursued both to his losse and payne.

For ther we wan the bulwarke on the bridge,
With a mighty tower standing fast therby.
Ah cursed tower that didst my dayes abridge,
Would God thou hadst ben furder, either I:
For in this tower a chamber standes on hye,
From which a mā may view through al the town
By certayne windowes iron grated downe.

Where on a daye, now Baldwin note myne ende,
I stoode in vewing where the town was weake,
And as I busily talked with my frend,
Shot fro the town, which al the grate did breake,
A pellet came and droue a mighty sleake
Against my face, and tare away my cheeke,
For payne wherof I died within a weeke.

See Baldwin ſee the vncertaine of glory,
How ſodaine miſchiefe daſheth all to duſt,
And warne all Princes by my broken ſtory,
The happieſt Fortune chiefly to miſtruſt,
Was neuer man that alway had his luſt:
Than ſuch be fooles, in fancy more then mad,
Which hope to haue that neuer any had.

FINIS.

THis ſtraunge aduenture of the good Earle draue vs all into a dumpe, inwardly lamenting his wofull deſteny, out of whiche wee were awaked after this ſort.

To what ende (ſaide one) muſe we ſo much on the matter. This Earle is neither the firſt nor the laſt whom fortune hath foundred in the height of their proſperitie. For all throughe the raigne of this vnfortunate King Henry, wee ſhall fynde many whiche haue bene like wiſe ſerued, whoſe chaunces ſith they be martiall & therfore honorable, may the better be omitted. And therefore we will let go the Lordes Wolynes and Poyninges, ſlayne both at the ſiege of Orleaunce, ſhortly after the death of this Earle. Alſo the valiaunt Earle of Arundel deſtroyed with a bowlet at ỹ aſſaut of Gerbory, whoſe ſtories neuertheleſſe are worthy the hearing. And to quicken

by your

vp your spirites, I wil take vpon me a tragical person in dede, I meane kyng Iamy slayne by his seruauntes in his priuy chamber: who although he be a Scot, yet seing he was brought vp in Englande, where he learned the language, his example also so notable, it were not mete it should be forgotten. And therfore marke Baldwyn what I thinke he may say.

(.·.)

Howe king Iames the firſt for breaking his othes and bondes, was by Gods ſufferaunce miſerably murdered of his owne ſubiectes. Anno. 1437.

IF forexamples ſake thou wrỹte thy booke,
I charge the Baldwin thou forget me not:
Whom Fortune alwayes frowardly forſooke,
Such was my lucke, my merit or my lot.
I am that Iames King Robers ſonne the Scot,
That was in England prỹſonner all his youth,
Through mine vncle Walters trayterous vntruth.

For whan my father through diſeaſe and age,
Unwieldy was to gouerne well his land,
Bicauſe his broter Walter ſemed ſage,
He put the rule therof into his hand.
Than had my father, you ſhall vnderſtand,
Of lawfull barnes, me and one onely other,
Nempt Dauy Rothſay, who was mine elder brother.

This Dauy was Prince of Scotland and ſo take,
Till his aduoutry cauſed men complayn:
Which that he might by monishment forſake,
My father prayed myne vncle take the paine.
To threaten him his vices to reſtrayne.
But he falſe traytour butcherly murdering wretche,
To get the crowne began to ſetch a ſetch.

And

And finding now a proffer to his pray,
Deuised meanes my brother to deuour,
And for that cause conuayed him day by day
From place to place, from Castel vnto tower,
To Faulkland fort, where like a tormentour
He starued him, and put to death a wyfe,
Who through a reue he suckt to saue his life.

O wretched death, fye cruell tyranny,
A Prince in prison lost for fault of foode:
Was neuer enmy wrought such vilany,
A trusty brother destroye his brothers blood,
Who worth so frendly, fye on double hoode,
Ah wretched father see thy sonne is lost,
Sterued by thy brother whom thou trustedst most.

Of whom when some began to finde the fraude,
And yet the traytour made himselfe so cleare,
That he should seeme to haue deserued laude,
So wofull did he for his Prince appeare,
My doutfull father louing me full deare.
To auoyde al daunger that might after chaunce,
Sent me away but nine yeares old to Fraunce.

But windes and weather were so contrarye,
That we were driuen to the English coast,
Which realme with Scotlād at ẏ time did vary,
So that they toke me as prisoner not as hoast:
For which my father fearing I were lost,
Conceiued shortly such an inward thought,
As to the graue immediatly him brought.

Than had myne vncle all the regiment
At home, and I in England prisoner lay,
For to himselfe he thought it detriment,
For my release any raunsome for to pay,
For as he thought he had possest his pray:
And therefore wisht I might in durance dure,
Till I had dyed, so should his raigne be sure.

But good King Henry seing I was a child,
And heir by right vnto a Realme and crowne,
Did bring me vp not (like my brother) wilde,
But vertuously in feates of high renowne:
In liberall artes, in instrumentall sowne:
By meane whereof when I was after king,
I did my Realme to ciuill order bring.

Fore I had bin prisoner eighteene yeare,
In which short space two noble Princes dyed,
Whereof the first in prudence had no peere,
The other in war most valiaunt throughly tryed,
Whose roume his sonne babe Hēry eke supplied:
The peers of England which did gouerne all,
Did of their goodnes helpe mee out of thrall.

They maried me to a cosin of their King,
The Duke of Somersets daughter rich & fayre,
Releast my raunsome saue a trifling thing:
And after I had done homage to the heyr,
And swore my frendship neuer should appayre,
They brought me kingly furnisht to my land,
Which I receyued at myne vncles hand.

Wherof

Whereof my Lordes and commons were full glad,
So was myne uncle chiefly as he sayed,
Who in his mouth no other matter had,
Saue punishe such as had my brother trayed:
The faut whereof apparantly he layed,
To good duke Murdo, his elder brothers son,
Whose father dyed long ere this was don.

My cursed uncle slyer than the snake,
Which would by craft unto the crowne aspyer,
Because he sawe this Murdo was a stake,
That stayed up the top of his desyre,
(For his elder brother was duke Murdoes syer)
He thought it best to haue him made away,
So was he suer (I gone) to haue his pray.

And by his crafte ꝑ traytour brought to passe,
That I destroyed duke Murdo and his kin,
Poore innocentes, my louing frendes alas.
O Kings and Princes what plight stand we in,
A trusted traytour shal you quickly win,
To put to death your kin and frendes most iust,
Take heede therefore, take heede whose rede ye (trust.

And at the last to bring mee hole in hate,
With God and man at home and eke abrode,
He counsayld me for surance of my state:
To helpe the Frenchmen, then nigh ouertrode
By Englishmen: and more to laye on lode,
With power and force all England to inuade,
Against the oth and homage that I made.

And though at first my conscience did grudge,
To breake the boundes of frendship knit by oth,
Yet after prooke (see mischiefe) I did iudge,
It madnesse for a king to keepe his troth,
And semblably with all the world it goth:
Sins oft allayed are thought to be no sinne,
So soyleth sinne the soule it sinketh in.

But as diseases common cause of death,
Bring daunger most, when least they pricke and smart,
Which is a signe they haue expulst the breath
Of liuely heate which doth defende the hart:
Euen so such sinnes as felt are on no part
Haue conquered grace, and by their wicked vse,
So kild the soule that it can haue no cure.

And grace agate, vice still succedeth vice,
And all to hast the vengeaunce for the furst,
I aread therefore all people to be wise,
And stop the bracke whan it begins to burst,
Attast no poyson (vice is venim worst,
It mates the minde) beware eke of to much,
All kil through muchnes, some with onely touch.

When I had learnd to set my oth at nought,
And through much vse the sence of sinne exiled,
Against King Henry what I could I wrought,
My fayth my oth vniustly foule defiled,
And while fye fortune at my doinges smyled,
The wrath of God which I had well deserued,
Fell on my necke, for thus loe was I serued.

Ere I

Ere I had raigned fullye fifteene yeare,
While time I laye at Perthe at my place,
With the Queene my wife and children mee to cheare,
My murthring vncle with the double face,
That longed for my kingdome and my mace,
To slay me there suborned Robert Grame,
With whom his nephew Robert Stuart came.

And whan their time fit for their purpose founde,
Into my priuye Chamber they astart,
Where with their swordes they gaue mee many a wound,
And slue all such as stucke vnto my part:
There loe my wyfe did shew her louing hart,
Who to defende mee felled one or twaine,
And was sore wounded ere I could be slaine.

See Baldwin Baldwin the vnhappy endes,
Of such as passe not for their lawfull oth:
Of those that causles leaue their fayth or frendes,
And murther kinsefolke through their foes vntroth,
Warne warne all Princes, all like sinnes to loth,
And chiefely such as in my Realme be borne,
For God hates highly all that are forsworne.

FINIS.

WHan this was saide, let king Jamy go sayde maister Ferrers, and returne wee to oure owne storye, and see what broyles were amonge the nobilitye in the Kinges minoritye. Howe the Cardinall

Cardinall Beaufoꝛde maligneth the eſtate of good Duke Humfrey the kinges vncle and protectour of the Realme, and by what dꝛiftes he firſt baniſheth his wyfe from him. And laſtly how ỹ good Duke is murderouſlye made away through conſpiracy of Queene Margaret and other: both whoſe Tragedyes I entende at leyſure to declare, foꝛ they be notable. Do ſo I pꝛaye you (ſayth another) But take heede ye demurre not vpon them. And I to be occupied in the meane time, wil ſhewe what I haue noted in the Duke of Suffolkes doinges, one of ỹ chiefe of Duke Humfreys deſtroyers, who by the pꝛouidẽce of God came ſhoꝛtly after in ſuch hatred of the people, that the King himſelfe could not ſaue him from a ſtraũge and notable death, foꝛ being baniſht the Realme foꝛ ỹ terme of fiue yeares, to appeaſe the continuall rumoꝛs and inward grudges that not onlye the commons but moſt parte of the nobility of England bare towards him foꝛ ỹ death of the Duke of Glocester, and ſayling towardes Fraunce, was met with a ſhip of Deuonſhyꝛe, and beheaded foꝛthwith ỹ firſt day of May Anno 1450 and the dead coꝛps thꝛown vp at Douer vpon the ſandes, which may lament his death, after this maner.

How

How Lord VVilliam De la Pole Duke of Suffolke was worthelye banished for abusing his king, and causing the destruction of the good Duke Humfrey. Anno.1450.

MEany is the hap whereto all men be bound,
I meane the death, which no estate may flye:
But to be banisht, beheaded and than drownd,
In sinke of shame from top of honours hye,
Was neuer man so serud I thincke but I,
Wherefore Baldwin amongest the rest by right,
I clayme of thee my woful case to write.

My onely life in all pointes may suffice,
To shew how base all baytes of Fortune be,
Which thaw like yse, through heate of enuies eyes:
Or vicious deedes which much possessed mee:
Good hap with vice, long time cannot agree,
Which bring best Fortunes to the basest fall,
And happyest hap to enuy to be thrall.

Called I was William De la Pole,
Of Suffolke Duke in Queene Margarets dayes.
That found the meane Duke Humfreys bloud to coole,
Whose worthy actes deserue eternall prayse,
Whereby I note that Fortune cannot rayse
Any one a loft, without some others wracke,
Fluds drown no fields before they finde a bracke.

But

But as the waters which do breake the walles
Do lose their course they had within the shore,
And daily rotting stincke within their stalles,
For faut of mouing which they found before:
Euen so the state that ouer high is bore,
Doth loose the life of peoples loue it had,
And rots it selfe vntill it fall to bad.

For while I was but Earle, eche man was glad,
To saye and do the best by mee they might:
And Fortune euer since I was a lad,
Did smile vpon mee with a chearefull sight,
For whan my Kinge had douted me a knight,
And sent me forth to serue at warre in Fraunce,
My luckye speede myne honour did enhaunce.

VVhere, to omit the many feates I wrought
Vnder others guide, I do remember one,
VVhich with my souldiers valiantlye was fought,
None other Captaine saue my selfe alone,
I meane not now the apprinze of Pucell Jone
In which attempt my trauayle was not small,
Though the Duke of Burgoyne had the praise of all.

But the siege of Awmarle is the feate I prayse,
A strong built towne, with Castels, walles, and baultes,
VVith men and weapon armed at all assayes:
To which I gaue nigh fine times fius assaultes,
Till at the last they yelded it for naughtes,
Yet Lord Ramburs like a valiaunt knight,
Defended it as long as euer he might.

But, what preuayled it these townes to wynne,
Which shortly after must be lost againe?
Wherby I see there is more glory in
The keping things than is in their attayne:
To get and kepe not, is but losse of payne.
Therfore ought men prouide to saue their winninges
In all attemptes, els lose they their beginninges.

Bicause we could not kepe the townes we won,
For they were more than we might easely wyeld
One peare vndid what we in ten had don:
For enuy at home and treason abrode, did yelde
King Charles his realme of Fraunce, made barrain fielde:
For blouddy warres had wasted all encrease,
Which cauſde ỳ Pope help pouertie sue for peace.

So that in Tourayn at the towne of Toures
Duke Charles & other for their Prince appered,
So did Lord Rosse & I than Earle, for oures:
And whan we shewed wherin eche other dered,
We sought out meanes al quarels to haue clered,
Wherin the Lordes of Germany, of Spayne,
Of Hungary, & Denmarke, tooke exceding paine,

But sith we could no finall peace induce,
For neyther would the others couenantes here,
For eightene monthes we did conclude a truce:
And while as frendes we lay together there,
Bicause my warrant did me therin beare,
To make a perfite peace and through accord,
I sought a mariage for my souerayne Lord.

And

And for the French Kings daughters were to small,
I fancied most dame Margaret his niece,
A lovely Lady bewtifull and tall,
Faire spoken, pleasant, a very princely piece,
In wit and learning matchlesse hence to Greece,
Duke Rayners doughter of Anjow, king by stile
Of Naples, Jerusalem and of Sicil Ile.

But ere I could the graunt of her attayne:
All that our King had of her fathers landes,
As Mayntes the citie, the county whole of Mayne,
And most of Anjow duchy in our handes,
I did release him by assured bandes.
And as for dowry with her none I sought,
I thought no peace could be to derely bought.

But whan this mariage throwly was agreed
Although my king were glad of such a make
His uncle Humfrey abhorred it in deede,
Bicause thereby his precontrat he brake,
Made with the heir of the Earle of Arminacke,
A noble maide with store of goodes endowed,
Which more than this with losse the duke allowed.

But loue and bewty in the kyng so wrought,
That neither profit or promise he regarded,
But set his uncles counsayle still at nought:
And for my paynes I highly was awarded.
Thus vertue starues, but lustfoode must be larded,
For I made Marquyse went to Fraunce agayne,
And brought this bryde unto my soueraigne.

At whome bicause Duke Humfrey ay repined,
Calling their mariage aduoutry (as it was)
The Queene did moue me, erst therto enclined,
To helpe to bring him to his Requiem masse,
Which sith it could for no crime come to passe:
His life and doings were so right and clere,
Through priuy murder we brought him to his bere.

Thus righteousnes brought Humfrey to rebuke,
Bicause he should no wickednesse allow,
But for my doings I was made a Duke.
So Fortune can both bende and smoth her browe
On whome she list, not passing why or howe.
O Lorde howe high, howe soone she did me rayse,
How fast she filde me both with prayes and prayse.

The Lordes and commons both of like assent,
Besought my soueraigne kneling on their knees,
To record my doings in the parliament,
As dedes deseruing euerlasting fees,
In which attempt they did no labour lese,
For they set not my prayse so fast in flame,
As he was redy to reward the same.

But note the end, my dedes so worthy demed
Of King, of Lordes, and Commons altogether,
Were shortly after treasons false estemed,
And all men curste Queene Margets comming hither,
For Charles the French king in his seates not lither,
When we had rendered Rayner Maunes and Mayne,
Founde meane to wyn all Normandy agayne.

This

This made the people curse the mariage,
Esteming it the cause of euery losse:
Wherefore at me with open mouth they rage,
Affirming me to haue brought ꝑ realme to mosse:
Whan king & queene sawe things thus go a crosse,
To quiet all a parliament they called,
And caused me in prison to be thralled.

And shortly after brought me forth abroade,
Which made the cõmons more than double woode:
And some with weapons would haue laid on lode,
If their grand captain Blewberd in his moode,
Had not in time with wisdome ben withstode:
But though that he and more were executed,
The people still their worst against me bruted.

And so applied the parliament with bylles,
Of haynous wronges and open trayterous crimes,
That king & queene were forst against their willes,
Fro place to place to adiourne it diuers times.
For Princes power is like the sandy slimes,
Which must perforce giue place vnto the waue,
Or sue the windy sourges whan they raue.

Their like was not more dere to them than I,
Which made them search al shiftes to saue me stil,
But ay my foes such faultes did on me trye,
That to preserue me from a worser ill,
The kyng was fayne full fore against his will:
For fiue yeares space to send me in exile,
In hope to haue restorde me in a while.

But

But marke howe vengeaunce wayteth vpon vice,
To shun this storme, in sayling towardes Fraunce,
A Pyrates Barke, that was of litle price,
Encountred me vpon the seas by chaunce,
Whose captain there, tooke me as in a traunce,
Let passe my shippes, with all their frayt & loade,
And led me backe againe to Douer roade.

Where vnto me recounting all my faultes,
As murdring of Duke Humfrey in his bed,
And howe I had brought al the realme to naughts,
Causing the King vnlawfully to wed,
There was no grace, but I must lose my head,
Wherfore he made me to shryue me in his bote,
And on the drinke my necke in two he smote.

This was myne ende: which was by reason due
To me, and such as others deaths procure.
Therefore be bold to wryte, for it is true,
That who so doth such practise put in vre,
Of due reward at last shalbe moste sure,
For God is iust, whose stroke delayed long,
Doth light at last with payn more sharpe and strong.

FINIS. VV. B.

When this was said: euery man reioyced to heare of a wicked person so righteously punished: for though Fortune in many points be iniurious to princes, yet in this and such like she is moste righteous: and only deserueth the name of

a goddesse, whan she prouideth meanes to punish & destroy tyrantes. And when we had a while considered the driftes of the king and queene to haue saued this Duke: & yet they could not: It is worth ꝑ labour (said one) to way the workes & iudgements of God: which seyng they are knowen moste euidently by comparing contraries, I will touche the story of Iacke Cade in order next followyng.

Whome kyng Henry with all his puissaunce was no more able for a while to destroy (yet was he his rebellious enemy) thā he was to preserue the Duke of Suffolke his derest frend: by which two examples doth appeare howe notably God disposeth all thinges, and that no force stretcheth farther, than it pleaseth him to suffer. For this Cade being an Irisheman but of meane parentage, of no abilitie, & lesse power, accompanied with a fewe naked Kentishmē, caused the king with his army at al points appointed, to leaue the fielde, and suffer him to doe whatsoeuer he lusted for a tyme, but in the ende he was slaine at Hoth field in Sussex, and caried thence to London in a cart, and there quartered. In whose behalf, seing he is one of Fortunes whelpes, I wil trouble you a while to heare the processe of his enterprise, which he may declare in maner following.

(.·.)

Howe

Howe Iacke Cade naming himselfe Moztimer, trayterously rebelling against his king in Iune. Anno. 1450. was for his treasons and cruell doynges worthely punyshed

Shall I call it Foztune oz my froward folly,
That lifted me vp and layde me downe belowe:
Oz was it courage that made me so ioly,
Which of the starres and bodies grement growe:
What euer it were this one poynt suer I knowe,
Which shalbe mete foz euery man to marke:
Our lust and willes our euils chiefly warke.

It may be well that planets do encline,
And our complexions moue our mindes to ill,
But such is reason, that they vzing to fine
No wozke vnayded of our lust and will:
Foz heauen and earth are subiect both to skill.
The skyll of God ruleth all it is so strong,
Man may by skill gyde things that to him long.

Though lust be sturdy and wil enclined to nought,
This fozst by mixture that by heauens course,
Yet thzough the skill God hath in reason wzought
And geuen man, no lust noz will to course,
But maye be stayed oz swaged of the sourse,
So that it shall in nothing fozce the mynde:
To wozke our wo, oz leaue the pzoper kynde.

But though this skill be geuen to euery man
To rule the will, and kepe the minde aloft,
For lacke of grace full fewe vse it can,
These worldly pleasures tickle vs so oft:
Skyll is not weake, but will strong, flesh is soft
And yeldes it selfe to pleasure that it loueth,
And hales the mynde to that it moste reproueth.

Now if this hap wherby we yelde our mynde
To lust and will, be Fortune as we name her,
Than is she iustly called false and blynde,
And no reproch can be to much to blame her:
Yet is the shame our owne when so we shame her,
For suer this hap if it be rigthly knowu,
Commeth of our selues and so the blame our own.

For who so liueth in the schole of skill,
And medleth not with any worlds affaires,
Forsaketh pompes and honors, that do spill
The myndes recourse to Graces quiet stayres,
His state no Fortune by no meane appayres:
For Fortune is the folly and plague of those
Which to the world their wretched willes dispose.

Among which fooles (marke Baldwyn) I am one,
That would not stay my selfe in mine estate.
I thought to rule but to obay to none,
And therefore fell I with my king at bate.
And to the end I might him better mate,
Iohn Mortimer I caused my selfe be called,
Whose kingly blood the Henries nye had thralled.

This

This shift I vsed the people to perswade
To leaue their Prince, on my syde more to sticke,
Where as in dede my fathers name was Cade,
Whose noble stock was neuer worth a sticke.
But touching wyt I was both rype and quicke,
Had strength of lims, large stature, comely face,
Which made men wene my lynage were not base.

And seing stoutnes stuck by men in Kent,
Whose valiant hartes refuse none enterprise,
With false persuasions strayte to them I went,
And said they suffered to great iniuries:
By meane whereof I caused them to ryse,
And battayle wise to come to Black heath playne,
And thence their griefs vnto the king complayne.

Who being deafe (as men say) on that eare
For we desyred release of subsedies,
Refused roughly our requestes to heare,
And came against vs as his enemies:
But we to tary him sought out subtilties,
Remoued our campe, and backe to Senocke went.
After whome the Staffords with their power was sent.

See here how Fortune setting vs a flote,
Brought to our nettes a porcion of our pray.
For why the Staffords with their army hote,
Assayled vs at Senocke where we laye:
From whence aliue they parted not away,
Which whan the kings retinue vnderstoode,
They all affirmed my quarell to be good.

But though this skill be geuen to euery man
To rule the will, and kepe the minde aloft,
For lacke of grace full fewe vse it can,
These worldly pleasures tickle vs so oft:
Skyll is not weake, but will strong, flesh is soft:
And yeldes it selfe to pleasure that it loueth,
And hales the mynde to that it moste reproueth.

Now if this hap wherby we yelde our mynde
To lust and will, be Fortune as we name her,
Than is she iustly called false and blynde,
And no reproch can be to much to blame her:
Yet is the shame our owne when so we shame her,
For suer this hap if it be rightly known,
Commeth of our selues and so the blame our own.

For who so liueth in the schole of skill,
And medleth not with any worlds affaires,
Forsaketh pompes and honors, that do spill
The myndes recourse to Graces quiet stayres,
His state no Fortune by no meane appayres:
For Fortune is the folly and plague of those
Which to the world their wretched willes dispose.

Among which fooles (marke Baldwyn) I am one,
That would not stay my selfe in mine estate.
I thought to rule but to obay to none,
And therefore fell I with my king at hate.
And to the end I might him better mate,
Iohn Mortimer I caused my selfe be called,
Whose kingly blaud the Henries nye had thralled.

This

This chiefe I vsed the people to perswade
To leaue their Prince, on my syde more to sticke,
Where as in dede my fathers name was Cade,
Whose noble stock was neuer worth a sticke.
But touching wyt I was both rype and quicke,
Had strength of lims, large stature, comely face,
Which made men wene my lynage were not base.

And seing stoutnes stuck by men in Kent,
Whose valiant hartes refuse none enterprise,
With false persuasions strayte to them I went,
And said they suffered to great iniuries:
By meane whereof I causèd them to rise,
And battayle wise to come to Black heath playne,
And thence their griefs vnto the king complayne.

Who being deafe (as men say) on that eare
For we desyred release of subsedies,
Refusèd roughly our requestes to heare,
And came against vs as his enemies:
But we to tary him sought out subtilties,
Remoued our campe, and backe to Senocke went.
After whome the Staffords with their power was sent.

See here how Fortune setting vs a flote,
Brought to our nettes a portion of our pray.
For why the Staffords with their army hote,
Assayled vs at Senocke where we laye:
From whence alyue they parted not away,
Which whan the kings retinue vnderstoode,
They all affirmed my quarell to be good.

Which cauſed the King and Queene whome all did hate,
To rayſe their campe, and ſodainly depart:
And that they might the peoples grudge abate,
To impriſone ſome full ſore againſt their hart.
Lorde Saye was one, whome I made after ſmart,
For after the Staffords and their hoaſt was ſlaine,
To Blackheath field I marched back againe.

And where the King would nothing heare before,
Now was he glad to ſend to know my mynde:
And I therby enflamed much the more,
Refuſed his grauntes ſo folly made me blynde.
For this he flew and left Lord Scales behinde,
To helpe the towne and ſtrengthen London tower,
Towards which I marched forward w my power.

And found there all things at mine owne deſire:
I entred London, did there what I liſt.
The treaſurer, Lorde Saye, I did conſpire
To haue condemned: wherof when I miſt,
(For he by lawe my malice did reſiſt)
By force I tooke him in Guyldhall fro the heape,
And headed him before the croſſe in Cheape.

His ſon in lawe James Cromer ſhrine of Kent
I caught at Myle end where as then he lay:
Beheaded him and on a poale I ſent,
His head to London where his fathers laye.
With theſe two heades I made a prety play,
For pight on poales I bare thē through the ſtrete,
And for my ſport made ech kiſſe other ſwete.

Than

Than brake I prisons let forth whome I would,
And vsed the citie as it had bene myne:
Tooke from the marchaunts, mony ware and gold,
From some by force, from other some by fyne.
This at the length did cause them to repyne,
So that Lord Scales consenting with the Mayre,
Forbad vs to their City to repayre.

For all this whyle myne hoast in Southwarke lay,
Who whan they knew our passage was denied,
Came boldely to the bridge and made a fraye,
For in we would, the townes men vs defied:
But whan with strokes we had the matter tryed,
We wan the bridge and set much part on fier,
This done to Southwark back we did retier.

The morow after came the Chauncellour,
With generall pardon for my men, halfe gone,
Which heard and read, the rest within an houre,
Shranke all away eche man to shifte for one.
And whan I sawe they left me post alone,
I did disguyse me like a knight of the post,
And into Sussex rode away in poste.

And there I lurked till that cursed coyne,
That restlesse begle sought and found me out,
For straight the King by promyse did enioyne,
A thousand marke to whosoeuer mought
Apprend my corse, which made them seeke about:
Among the which one Alexander Iden,
Found out the hole wherin the fore was hidden.

But ere he tooke me I put him to his trumps,
For yeeld I would not while my handes would holde,
But hope of money made him stur his stumps,
And to assault me valiauntly and bolde.
Two howres and more our combat was not colde
Till at the last he lent me such a stroke,
That down I fell and neuer after spoke.

Than was my carkasse caried like a hog.
To Southwarke borowe where it lay a night,
The next day drawen to Newgate like a dog,
All men reioysing at the rufull sight:
Than wer on poales my perboild quarters pight,
And set aloft for vermin to deuour,
Mete graue for rebels that resist the power.

Full litle know we wretches what we do,
When we presume our princes to resist.
We war with God, against his glory so,
That placeth in his office whome he list:
Therefore was neuer traytour yet but mist
The marke he shot, and came to shamefull ende,
Nor neuer shall tyll God be forst to bende.

God hath ordayned the power, all princes be
His lieutenantes or deputies in realmes,
Against their foes therfore fighteth he,
And as his enemies driues them to extreames,
Their wyse deuises proue but doltish dreames.
No subiect ought for any kinde of cause,
To force the Prince, but yeld him to the lawes.

Wher-

Wherfore Baldwin warne men folow reason,
Subdue their willes, and be not Fortunes slaues,
A shamefull ende doth euer followe treason,
There is no trust in rebelles, rascall knaues,
In Fortune lesse, which worketh as the waues:
From whose allautes who listeth to stand fre,
Must followe skyll, and so contented be.

FINIS.

BY sainct Mary (said one) if Iacke were as wel learned, as you haue made his oratiō, what soeuer he was by birth, I warrant him a gentilman by his learning. How notably a phylosopher lyke hath he described Fortune and the causes of worldly cumbraunce? howe like a deuine hath he determined the states both of officers and rebelles. For in dede officers be Gods deputies, and it is Gods office which they beare: and it is he which ordeineth therto such as himselfe listeth, good whan he fauoureth the people, and euill when he wil punish them. And therfore whosoeuer rebelleth against any ruler, eyther good or bad, rebelleth against God, and shalbe suer of a shamefull ende: For God cannot but mainteyne his deputie. Yet this I note by the way concerning rebels and rebellions. Although the deuill raise them, yet God alwayes vseth them to his glory, as a parte of his iustice. For whan kings & chiefe rulers, suffer their vnder officers to misuse their subiects, and wil not heare nor remedy their peoples wrōgs whan they complaine

complayne, than suffereth God the rebell to rage, and to execute that parte of his Justice, which the parciall prince would not.

For the Lord Saye a very corrupt officer, and one whome notwithstanding the king alwayes mainteyned, was destroyed by this Jacke, as was also the Byshop of Salisbury (a proude and couetous prelate) by other of the Rebelles. And therefore what soeuer prince desireth to liue quietly without rebellion must do his subiects right in all thinges, & punishe suche Officers as greue or oppresse theim: thus shall they be suer from all rebellion. And for ỳ clerer opening hereof it were well done to set forth this Lord Sayes tragedy. What neede that (sayd another) seing the lyke example is sene in the Duke of Suffolke, whose doinges are declared sufficiently already. Nay let vs go forwarde for we haue a great many behinde that may not be omitted, and the tyme es you se passeth away. As for this Lorde Saye whome Cade so cruelly killed, and spitefully vsed after his death (I dare saye) shalbe knowen therby what he was to all that reade or heare this story. For God woulde neuer haue suffered hym to haue ben so vsed, except he had first deserued it. Therfore let him go and with him the Bishop, and all other slayne in that rebellion which was raysed as it may be thought through some drift of ỳ Duke of Yorke, who shortly after began to endeuour him selfe by all meanes to attayne the crowne, and therfore gathered an army in Wales, and marched towardes

wardes London: but the king with his power tarried and met him at saint Albons, where while the kyng and he were about a treaty, Richarde Neuile Earle of Warwick, chiefe of the factiō of the house of Yorke, set vpon the kinges army, gate the victorie and slue Edmund Beaufoꝛd Duke of Somerset. Where also the same day were slain in the quarrell of king Henry the first, Henry Percy the second of that surname, Earle of Northumberland, Humfrey Earle of Stafford, sonne and heire to Humfrey Stafford Duke of Buckingham, John Lord Clifford, Babthorp the kinges Attorney and his sonne and heire, besides many mo of the nobilitie. But because the Duke of Somerset was the chiefe of that parte, passing ouer the rest, let vs onely heare him speake for all.

(.)

The

The tragedie of Edmund Duke of Somerset, slayne in the firste battaile at Saint Albanes, the 23. day of May, in the 32. yeare of Henry the sixte. Anno. 1454.

SOme I suppose are borne vnfortunate,
Els good endeuours coulde not ill succeede,
What shall I call it? ill fortune or fate,
That som mens attempts haue neuer good spede,
Their trauaile thankles, all bootles their hede:
Where other vnlike in working or skill,
Outwrestle the world, and wyeld it at will.

Of the first nomber I count my selfe one,
To all mishap I wene predestinate,
Beleue me Baldwin there be few or none,
To whome Fortune was euer more ingrate.
Make thou therefore my life a Caueat,
That who [illegible] with force wyll worke against kinde,
Rapleth ([illegible] who sayth) against the streame and wynde.

For I of Somerset which Duke Edmund highte,
Extract by discent from Lancaster lyne,
Were it by folly, or Fortunes despyte,
Or by ill aspect of some croked signe,
Of mine attempts could neuer se good fine:
What so I began did seldome well ende:
God from such Fortune all good men defend.

Where

Where I thought to saue, most part I did spill,
For good hap with me was alway at warre.
The linage of Yorke whome I bare so ill,
By my spite became bright as the morning starre,
Thus somewhiles men make when faine they would marre.
The more ye lop trees, the greater they growe,
The more ye stop streames, ỳ higher they flow.

Maugre my spite, his glory grew the more,
And mine, as the Moone in the wane, wax lesse
For hauing the place which he had before,
Gouernour of Fraunce, neues I must confesse,
That lost was Normandy without redresse,
Yet wrought I alwayes ỳ wit might contriue,
But what doth it bote with ỳ streame to striue?

Borne was I neither to warre ne to peace,
For Mars was maligne to all my whole trade:
By birth I beleue was in Ioues decrease,
When Cancer in his course being retrograde,
Declined from Sol to Saturnus shade,
Where aspects wer good, opposites did marre,
So grew mine vnhap both in peace and warre.

A straunge natiuitie in calculation,
As all my liues course, did after well declare,
Wherof in a briefe to make relation,
That other by me may learne to beware,
Ouerlight credence was cause of my care,
And want of foresight in geuing assent,
To condemne Humfrey that Duke innocent.

Humfrey

Humfrey I meane that was the protectour,
Duke of Gloccster of the royall bloud,
So long as he was Englands directour,
King Henries title to the crowne was good,
This Prince as a piller most stedfastly stood:
Or like a prop set vnder a vyne,
In state to vpholde all Lancasters lyne.

O heedles trust, vnware of harme to come,
O malice headlong swift to serue fond will,
Did euer madnes man so much benome,
Of prudent forecast, reason, wit, and skill,
As me blinde Bayard consenting to spill
The bloud of my cosin, my refuge and stay,
To my destruction making open waye?

So long as the Duke, bare the stroke and sway,
So long no Rebelles quarels durst begin,
But when the poste, was puled once away,
Which stoode to vpholde the king and his kin,
Yorke and his banders proudly preased in,
To chalenge the crowne by title of right,
Beginning with lawe, and ending with might.

Abroade went bruites in countrey and towne,
That Yorke of England was the heire true,
And how Henry had vsurped the crowne
Against all right, which all the realme might rue:
The people than embrasing titles newe,
Irkesome of present and longing for chaunge,
Assented sone because they loue to raunge.

True

True is the text which we in Scripture reade,
Vę terræ illi cuius rex eſt puer.
Wo to that land whereof a childe is head,
Whether childe or childiſhe, the caſe is one ſure,
Where kinges be yong, we dayly ſee in vre,
The people awleſſe, by weakenes of their head,
Leade their liues lawleſſe, hauing none to dread.

And no leſſe true is this text agayne,
Beata terra cuius rex eſt nobilis.
Bleſt is the land where a ſtout king doth rayne,
Where in good peace ech man poſſeſſeth his,
Where ill men feare to fault or do amis,
Where a ſtout Prince is preſt, with ſword in hand,
At home and abroade his enemies to withſtand.

In caſe king Henry had ben ſuch a one,
Hardy and ſtoute as his fathers afore,
Long mought he haue ſate in the royall throne,
Without any feare of common vprore.
But dayly his weakeneſſe ſhewed more and more,
Which boldnes gaue, to the aduerſary hand,
To ſpoyle him at laſt both of life and land.

His humble hart was nothing vnknowen,
To the gallants of Yorke and their retinue,
A grounde lying lowe is ſoone ouerflowen,
And ſhored houſes cannot long continue,
Joyntes cannot knit wheras is no ſynowe.
And ſo a Prince, not dred as well as loued
Is from his place, by practiſe ſone remoued.

Well mought I see had I not wanted brayne,
The worke begon to undermine the state,
When the chiefe link was loosed fro the chayne,
And that some durst upon bloud ropall grate,
How tickle a hold had I of myne estate?
When the chiefe post lay flat upon the floze,
Mought not I thinke my staffe then next the doze?

So mought I also dame Margaret the Queene,
By meane of whome this mischiefe first began,
Did she trowe ye, her self not otherwene
Death to procure to that most worthy man?
Which she and hers after ward mought well ban,
On whom did hang, as I before haue sayde,
Her husbandes life, his honour and his ayde.

For whilst he liued which was our stable stay,
Yorke and his ympes were kept as under yoke,
But when the piller remoued was away,
Then burst out flame, that late before was smoke,
The traytour couert than cast of his cloake,
And from his den came forth in open light,
With titles blinde which he set forth for right.

But this to bring about him first behoued,
The king and his kin asunder for to set:
Who being perforce or practise remoued,
Then had they auoyded the principall let,
Whiche kept the sought pray so long from the net:
The next point after, was themselues to place
In rule aboue the rest, next unto his grace.

Therfore

I was the firſt whom they put out of place,
No cauſe pretending but the common weale,
The crowne of England was the very caſe,
Why to the Commons they burned ſo in zeale,
Wy faultes were cloakes their practiſe to conceale,
In counſaile hearing conſider the entent,
For in pretence of truth, treaſon oft is ment.

So their pretence was onely to remoue,
Counſayle corrupt from place about the King,
But O ye Princes, you it doth behoue,
This caſe to conſtrue as no fayned thing,
That neuer traytour did ſubdue his king,
But for his plat, ere he could further wade,
Againſt his frendes the quarrel firſt he made.

And if by hap he could ſo bring about,
Them to ſubdue at his owne wiſhe and will,
Then would he waxe ſo arrogant and ſtout,
That no reaſon his outrage might fulfill,
But to proceede vppon his purpoſe ſtill,
Till Kinge and counſaile brought were in one caſe:
Such is their folly, to rebels to giue place.

So for the fiſhe caſting forth a net,
The next point was in driuing out the plat,
Commons to cauſe in rage to fume and fret,
And to rebell, I cannot tell for what,
Requiringe redreſſe of this and of that:
Who if they ſpeede, the ſlander at receit,
Graſp will the wap for which he doth awaye.

Then by surmise of some thinge pretended,
Such to displace as they may well suspect,
Like to withstand their mischiefe entended,
And in their roumes their banders to eleet,
The aduerse party proudly to reiect,
And then with reportes the simple to abuse,
And when these helpes faile, open force to vse.

So this Dukes traynes were couert and not seene,
Which ment no lesse, that he most pretended,
Like to a Serpent couert vnder greene,
To the weale publike seemed wholy bended:
Zelous he was and would haue all thing mended,
But by that mendment nothing els he ment,
But to be King, to that marke was his bent.

For had he bin plaine, as he ment in deede,
Henry to depose from the royall place,
His hast had bin waste, and much worse his speede,
The King then standing in his peoples grace,
This Duke therefore set forth a goodly face,
As one that ment no quarrel for the Crowne,
Such as bare rule, he onely would put downe.

But al for nought, so long as I bare stroke,
Serued these drifts, and proued all but vaine,
The best helpe then, was people to prouoke,
To make commotion and vprores a mayne:
Which to appease, the King himselfe was faine,
From blacke heath in Kent, to send mee to the Tower,
Such was the force of rebels in that bower.

The

The tempeſt yet therewith was not ceaſed,
For Yorke was bent his purpoſe to purſue,
Who ſeing how ſone I was releaſed,
And ill ſucceſſe of ſufferaunce to enſue:
Then like Judas, vnto his Lord vntrue,
Eſteeming time loſt any lenger to defarre,
By Warwickes ayde proclaymed open warre.

At S. Albanes towne both our hoaſtes did meete,
Which to try a field was no equall place,
For ſtreight we were to fight in euery lane and ſtreete,
No feare of foes could make me ſhunne the place:
There I and Warwicke fronted face to face,
At an Inne doore, the Caſtell was the ſigne,
Where with a ſword was cut my fatall lyne.

Oft was I warned to come in Caſtel none,
Hauing no miſtruſt of any common ſigne,
I did imagine a Caſtell built with ſtone,
For of no Inne I could the ſame deuine,
In Prophetes ſkil my wits was neuer fine,
A foole is he that ſuch vaine dreames doth dred,
And more foole of both that will by them be led.

My life I loſt in that vnlucky place,
With many Lordes that leaned to my part,
The Earle Percye had no better grace,
Clifford for all his courage could not ſhun the dart,
Buckingham heyr was at this mortall mart,
Babthorpe the Attorney for all his ſkil in lawe,
In this point of pleading appeared very rawe.

So poore King Henry disarmed of his bandes,
His frendes slaine wanting all assistence,
Was made a pray vnto his ennemies bandes,
Priued of power and Princely reuerence,
And as a pupill voide of all experience,
Innocent plaine, and simple witted,
Was as a Lambe vnto the wolfe committed.

A Parliament than was called with speede,
A Parliament, nay a plaine conspiracy,
When against right it was decreed,
That after the death of the first Henry,
Yorke should succede vnto the regally,
And in his life the charge and protection,
Of king and Realme at the Dukes direction.

And thus was Yorke declared protectour,
Protectour said I, nay Prodytor plaine.
A rancke rebell the Princes directour,
A vassall to leade his Lord and soueraine,
What honest hart would not conceiue disdaine,
To see the foote surmount aboue the head,
A monster is in spite of nature bred.

Some happily heare wil moue a farther doue,
And for Yorkes part alledge an elder right,
O brainlesse heades that so runne in and out,
When length of time a state hath firmely pight,
And good accord hath put all strife to flight,
Were it not better such titles still to sleepe,
Than all a Realme about the tryall weepe?

From

From the female, came Yorke and all his leeue,
And we of Lancaster from the heir male,
Of whom three kinges in order did succeede,
By iust discent: this is no foyned tale.
Who would haue thought that any storme or gale
Our ship could shake hauing such anker hold,
None I thincke sure, vnlesse that God so would.

After this hurly the king was faine to flee,
Northward in post for succour and releese,
O blessed God how straunge it was to see,
A rightfull Prince pursued as a theefe:
To the O England, what can be more repreefe:
Then to pursue thy Prince with armed hand,
What greater shame, may be to any land:

Traytours did triumphe, true men lay in the dust,
Reuing and robbing roisted euery where,
Will stoode for skill, and law obeyed lust,
Might trode downe right, of King there was no feare,
The title was tryed onely by shield and speare:
All which vnhaps that they were not forseene,
Suffolke was in fault who ruled king and Queene.

Some here perhaps, do take I should accuse
My selfe of some sleight or subtilty vniust,
Wherein I should my princes eares abuse
Against the duke, to bring him in mistrust,
Some part whereof, though needes confesse I must,
My fault onely consisted in consent
Leaning to my foes, whereof I do repent.

If I at firſt whan brandes began to ſmoke,
The ſparkes to quenche by any way had ſought,
Neuer had England felt this mortall ſtroke,
Which now to late lamenting helpeth nought.
Two pointes of wit to dearely haue I bought,
The firſt that better is timely to forſee,
Then after ouer late a counſaylour to be.

The ſecond is, not eaſely to aſſent,
To aduiſe geuen againſt thy faithfull frend,
But of the ſpeaker ponder the intent,
The meaning full, the point, and finall ende:
A Saint in ſhowe in proofe is found a Feende,
The ſubtile man the ſimple to abuſe,
Much pleaſaunt ſpeache and eloquence doth vſe.

And ſo was I abuſde and other mo
By Suffolkes ſleights, who ſought to pleaſe the Queene,
Forecaſting not the miſery and wo
Which thereof came, and ſoone was after ſeene:
With gloſing tongue he made vs fooles to weene,
That Humfrey did to Englandes crowne aſpyre,
Which to preuent his death they did conſpyre.

What ſhould I more of mine vnhaps declare,
Whereof my death at laſt hath made an ende:
Not I alone was voyde of all this care,
Some beſydes mee there were that did offende.
None I accuſe, nor yet my ſelfe defend,
Faultes I know I had, as none liues without,
My cheefe fault was ſoftly I put the out of dout.

Folly

Follye was the chiefe, the noughty time was nexte,
Which made my Fortune subiect to the chiefe:
If England then with strife had not bin vexte,
Glory might haue growen whereas ensued griefe,
Yet one thing is, my comfort and reliefe,
Constant I was in my Princes quarel,
To dye or liue and spared for no parel.

What though Fortune enuious was my foe,
A noble hart oughte not the soner yeild,
Nor shrincke a backe for any weale or woe,
But for his Princelye bleding in the field:
If priuy spight at any time me helde,
The price is paide: and greuous is my guerdon,
As for the rest God (I trust) will pardon.

Finis. G.F.

AFter this Tragedy ended, one saide seinge this Duke hath so vehementlye exclamed against the Duke of Yorkes practises, it were well done to heare what he can saye for himselfe. For after ye first battaile at S. Albanes hee was made protectour, which so much greeued Queene Margaret & her complices, ye priuye grutches & open dissembling neuer ceased till ye Duke & his allyes were faine to fly both field & Realme, hee into Ireland & they to Calaies. Whence they came againe with an army, whereof Richard Neuil Erle of Salisbury was leader, & marched towarde Couentry where the kinge was, and had gathered an

army to subdue them, & encountred them at Nouth hampton on the 10. day of July in ỳ yeare of grace 1460. fought with them, lost the field, and was taken himselfe, and many of his frends slaine, as Hũfrey Stafford Duke of Buckingham, John Talbot the second of that name earle of Shrewesbury, John Vicount Beaumont, Thomas Lord Egremont, Syr William Lucy and diuers other. But ouerpassing all these & many mo because they were honourably slaine in ỳ field, let vs come to him who was the chiefe cause thereof, that is to say, Richard Plantagenet duke of Yorke slaine in the battell at Wakefield on Christmas euen, and Edmond Earle of Rutlande his yong sonne, who was there murthered by the Lord Clifford as he woulde haue fled into the towne to haue saued himselfe.

Therfore imagine that you see a tall mans body full of fresh woundes but lacking a head, holdinge by the hande a goodly childe, whose breast was so wounded that his hart mighte be seene, his louelye face and eyes disfigured with droppinge teares, his heere through horror standing vpright, his mercy crauing handes all to be mangled, and all his body embrued with his owne bloud, out of the weland pipe of which headles body came a shreking voyce saying as followeth.

Howe

How Richard Plantagenet Duke of Yorke was slaine through his ouer rash boldnes, and his sonne the Earle of Rutland for his lacke of valiaunce Anno. 1460.

TRust Fortune (quoth he) in whom was neuer trust,
O folly of men that haue no better grace,
All rest, renowne, and deedes lye in the dust,
Of all the sort that sue her slipper trace,
What meanest thou Baldwin for to hyde thy face?
Thou needest not feare although I misse my head,
Nor yet to mourne, for this my sonne is dead.

The cause why thus I leade him in my hand,
His skin with bloud and teares so sore be staynd,
Is that thou mayest the better vnderstand,
How hardly Fortune hath for vs ordainde:
In whom her loue and hate be hole containde.
For I am Richard Prince Plantagenet,
The Duke of Yorke in royall race beget.

For Richarde Earle of Cambridge, eldest sonne
Of Edmond Langley, thirde sonne of King Edward,
Engendred me whereof the course did runne,
Of Mortimers to be the issue garde:
For when her brother Edmond dyed awarde,
She was sole heyre by due discent of line,
Whereby her rightes and titles all were mine.

But

But marke me now I pray thee Baldwin marke,
And see how force oft ouerbeareth right,
Way how vsurpers tyrannously warke,
To keepe by murther that they get by might,
And note what troubles daungers do alight,
On such as seeke to repossesse their owne,
And how through rigour right is ouer thrownе.

The Duke of Hereford, Henry Bolenbroke,
Of whom Duke Mowbray told the now of late,
When voyde of cause he had king Richard toke:
He murthered him, vsurped his estate,
Without all right or title, sauing hate
Of others rule, or loue to rule alone,
These two excepted title had he none.

The realme and Crowne was Edmond Mortimers
Whose father Roger, was King Richards heyre,
Which caused Henry and the Lancasters
To seeke all shiftes our households to appayre,
For suer he was to sit beside the chayre,
Were we of power to claime our lawfull right,
Wherefore to stroy vs he did all he might.

His cursed sonne ensued his cruell path,
And kept my giltlesse cosin strait in duraunce,
For whom my father hard entreated hath.
But lyuing hopelesse of his liues assuraunce,
He thought it best by politicke procuraunce,
To priue the King and so restore his frende,
Which brought himselfe to an infamous ende.

For

For whan King Henry of that name the fift,
Had tane my father in this conspiracy,
He from sir Edmond all the blame to shift,
Was faine to lay the French kinges aly,
Had hyred him this trayterous act to try,
For which condemned shortly he was slaine,
In helping right this was my fathers gaine.

Thus whan the linage of the Mortimers,
Was made away by his vsurping line,
Some hanged, some slaine, some pined prisoners:
Because the Crowne by right of law was mine,
They gan as fast against mee to repine:
In feare alwayes least I should stur them to strife,
For gilty hartes haue neuer quiet life.

Yet at the last in Henries dayes the fift,
I was restored to my fathers landes,
Made Duke of Yorke: where through my minde I fixt
To get the Crowne and kingdome in my handes,
For ayde wherein I knit assured bandes
With Neuils stocke, whose daughter was my make
Who for no woo would euer me forsake.

O Lord what hap had I through mariage,
Foure goodly boyes in youth my wyfe shee bore,
Right valiaunt men and prudent for their age,
Such brethern she had and nephues still in store
As none had erst, nor any shall haue more:
The Earle of Salisbury, and his sonne of Warwicke.
Were matchlesse men from Barbary to Barwicke.

Through

Through helpe of whom and Fortunes lively loke
I vndertooke to claime my lawfull right,
And to abash such as against me tooke,
I rayled power at all pointes prest to fight:
Of whom the chiefe that chiefelye bare mee spight,
Was Somerset the Duke, whom to annoye
I alwaye sought, through spite, spite to destroy.

And maugre him, so choyse so was my chaunce,
Yea though the Queene that al ruld toke his part,
I twise bare rule in Normandy and Fraunce,
And last lieuetenant in Ireland, where my hart
Found remedy for euery kinde of smart:
For through the loue my doinges there did breede,
I had their helpe at al times in my neede.

This spitefull Duke, his seely King and Queene,
With armed hoastes I thrise met in the field,
The first vnfought through treaty made betweene,
The second ioynd wherein the king did yelde,
The Duke was slaine, the Queene enforst to shield
Her selfe by flight. The third the Queene did fight,
Where I was slaine being ouer matcht by might.

Before this last were other battayles three,
The first the Earle of Salisl bury led alone,
And fought on Blore heath and got victory:
In the next was I and my kinsfolke euery one
But seing our souldiers stale vnto our foen,
We warely brake our company on a night,
Dissolued our hoast, and toke our selues to flight.

This

This Boy and I in Ireland did vs saue,
Mine eldest sonne with Warwicke and his father
To Calais got, whence by the read I gaue
They came againe to London, and did gather,
An other hoast whereof I spake no rather:
And met our foes, slew many a Lord and Knight,
And toke the King and dzaue the Queene to flight.

This done I came to Englande all in hast,
To make claime vnto the Realme and Crowne,
And in the house while Parliament did last,
I in the Kinges seate boldly sate mee downe,
And claimed it, whereat the Lozdes did frowne,
But what foz that, I did so well pzoceede,
That all at last confest it mine in deede.

But sith the King had raigned now so long,
They would he should continue till he dyed,
And to the ende that than none did mee wzong,
Pzotectour and heyze apparant they mee cryed.
But sith the Queene and others this denyed,
I sped mee towarde the Nozth where than she lay,
In minde by fozce to cause her to obay.

Whereof she warnd pzepared a mighty power,
And ere that mine were altogether redy,
Came swift to Sandale and besieged my bower:
Where like a beast I was so rashe and heady,
That out I would, there could be no remedy,
With scant fiue Thousand souldiers to assaile
Foure times so many, encampt to most ausile.

And

And so was slaine at first, and while my childe
Scarse twelue peare old, sought secretely to part,
That cruel Clifford, Lord, nay Lorel wilde,
While the infant wept, and prayed him rue his smart,
Knowing what he was with dagger cloue his hart,
This done he came to the campe where I laye dead,
Despoilde my corps and cut away my head.

And whan he had put a paper Crowne thereon,
As a gawzing stocke he sent it to the Queene,
And shee for spite commaunded it anon
To be had to Yorke: where that it mought be seene,
They placed it where other traytours beene,
This mischiefe Fortune did mee after death,
Such was my life, and such my lolle of breath.

Wherefore see Baldwin that thou set it forth,
To the ende the fraude of Fortune may be knowen,
That eke all Princes wel may way the worth
Of thinges, for which the seedes of warre be sowen:
No state so sure but soone is ouerthrowen,
No worldly good can counterpeyze the prise,
Of halfe the paines that may thereof arise.

Farre better it were to loose a peece of right,
Than limmes and life in sousing for the same,
It is not force of frendship nor of might,
But God that causeth thinges to fro or frame,
Not wit but lucke doth wield the winners game,
Wherefore if we our follies would refraine,
Time would redzelle all wzonges we voyde of paine.

Wherefore

Wherefore warne Princes not to wade in warre,
For any cause except the Realmes defence,
Their troublous titles are vnworthy farre.
The bloud, the life, the spoile of innocence,
Of frendes of foes behold my foule expence,
And neuer the neare: best therefore tary time,
So right shal raigne, and quiet calme each crime.

FINIS.

With that maister Ferrers shooke mee by ỹ sleue, saying: why howe now man do you forget your selfe? belike you minde oure matters very much. So I do in deede (said I) For I dreame of them. And whan I had rehearsed my dreame, we had long talke concerninge the nature of dreames, which to stinte and to bring vs to our matter againe, thus saide one of them: I am glad it was your chaunce to dreame of Duke Richarde, for it had bin pitye to haue ouerpassed him.
And as concerninge this Lorde Clifforde which so cruellye killed his sonne, I purpose to giue you notes: who (as he well deserued) came shortly after to a sodaine death, and yet to good for so cruel a tyraunt. For on Palmesonday nexte followinge, being the 29. daye of March, in the yeare of Christe a Thousande foure hundreth threescore and one, this Lord Clifford with Henry Percy the thirde Earle of Northumberlande, the Earle of Westmerlande,

the

the Lorde Dacres, the Lord Welles & other were slaine at Towton in Yorkeshyre. Wherfore as you thoughte you sawe and hearde the headlesse Duke speake thorowe his necke, so now suppose you see this Lord Clifford al armed saue his head, with his breast plate all gore bloud running from his throte wherin an headles arrow sticketh, through which wound he sayth thus.

How the Lord Clyfford for his straung and abhominable cruelty, came to as straunge and sodaine a death.

Anno 1461.

OPen confession axeth open penaunce,
And wisedome would a man his shame to hyde:
Yet sith forgiuenes commeth through repentance.
I thincke it best that men their crymes ascryed,
For nought so secrete but at length is spyed:
For couer fyer and it will neuer linne
Till it breake forth, in like case shame and sinne.

As for my selfe my faultes be out so plaine,
And published so abroade in euery place,
That though I would I cannot hyde a graine.
All care is booteles in a cureles case,
To learne by others griefe some haue the grace,
And therfore Baldwin wryte my wretched fall,
The briefe whereof I briefely vtter shall.

I am

I am the ſame that ſlue Duke Richards childe,
The lowely babe that begged life with teares:
Wherby my honour fouly I defiled.
Poꝛeſely Lambes the Lyon neuer teares,
The feble mouſe may lie among the beares,
But wꝛath of man his rancour to requite,
Foꝛgèts all reaſon, ruth, and vertue quite.

I meane by rancour the parentall wꝛeke
Surnamd a vertue (as the vicious ſay)
But litle knowe the wicked what they ſpeake,
In boldening vs our enemies kyn to ſlay,
To puniſh ſinne is good, it is no nay.
They wꝛeke not ſinne, but merit wꝛeke foꝛ ſinne,
That wꝛeke the fathers faultes vpon his kinne.

Becauſe my father Loꝛd Iohn Cliffoꝛd died
Slayne at S. Albanes, in his pꝛinces ayde,
Againſt the Duke my hart foꝛ malice fried,
So that I could from wꝛeke no way by ſtayed.
But to auenge my fathers death, aſſayd
All meanes I might the Duke of Yoꝛke tannoy:
And all his kin and frendes to kill and ſtroy.

This made me with my bloudy dagger wound
His giltleſſe ſonne that neuer againſt me ſtoꝛde:
His fathers body lying dead on ground
To pearce with ſpeare, eke with my cruell ſwoꝛde,
To parte his necke and with his head to bourd,
Enuelted with a paper royall crowne,
From place to place to beare it vp and downe.

But crueltie can neuer ſcape the ſcourge
Of ſhame, of horror, or of ſodain death,
Repentaunce ſelfe that other ſinnes may pourge,
Doth fly from this, ſo ſore the ſoule it flayeth,
Deſpayre diſſolues the tyrants bitter breth:
For ſodain vengeance ſodainly alights
On cruell deedes, to quite their cruell ſpights.

This finde I true, for as I laye in ſtale
To fight with Duke Richards eldeſt ſon,
I was deſtroyed not far from Dintingdale
For as I would my gorget haue vndone
To euent the heate that had me nigh vndone,
And headles arrowe ſtrake me through the throte
Where through my ſoule forſoke his filthy cote:

Was this a chaunce? no ſure Gods iuſt award,
Wherein due iuſtice playnely doth appeare:
An headles arrow payed me my reward,
For heading Richard lying on his bere,
And as I would his childe in no wiſe heare,
So ſodayne death bereft my tong the power,
To aſke for pardon at my dying hower,

Wherfore good Baldwin warne the bloudy ſore,
To leaue their wrath, their rigour to refrayne:
Tell cruell iudges horror is the pore
To which they ſaile through ſhame & ſodain paine:
Hell haleth tyrauntes downe to death amayne.
Was neuer yet nor ſhalbe cruell deede,
Left vnrewarded with as cruell meede.

FINIS.

VVHan this tragedy was ended, O Lord said an other, howe horrible a thing is deuision in a Realme, to howe many mischieues is it the mother, what vice is not therby kindled what vertue left vnquenched?

For what was the cause of the Duke of Yorkes death, and of the crueltie of this Clifforde, saue the variaunce betwene kyng Henry and the house of Yorke: which at length besides millions of the cõmons, brought to destruction all the nobilitie. For Edward the Dukes eldest sonne immediatly after his father was slaine, through help of the Neuilles, gaue the king a battaile, wherat besides this Clyfford and .xxvi. thousand other souldiours wer slain their captaines, therles of Northũberland & Westmerland, with the Lords Dacres and Welles: the winning of whiche fielde brought Edward to the Crowne, and the losse draue kinge Henrye and his wife into Scotland. But as fewe raignes beginne without bloud, so king Edwarde to keepe order, caused Thomas Courtney erle of Deuonshyre, and John Veer Earle of Oreforde, and Aubrey Veer eldest son to the said Earle, with diuers other his enemies, to bee attainted and putte to death. And shortly after he did executiõ vpon the Duke of Somerset, and the Lordes hungerford and Rosse, whõ hee tooke prisonners at Erham fielde. For thither they came with kynge Henrye oute of Scotlande, with an army of Scottes, and fought a battayle, whiche was losste and mosste parte of them slayne.

And becauſe theſe are all noble men I will leaue them to Baldwins diſcretion.
But ſeing the Earle of Worceſter was the chiefe inſtrument, whom king Edward vſed as well in theſe mens matters, as in like bloudy affaires, becauſe he ſhould not be forgotten, ye ſhal heare what I haue noted cõcerning his tragedy.

The infamous ende of the Lorde Tiptoft, Earle of Worceſter, for cruelly executing his Princes butcherly commaundementes.

Anno. 1470.

THe glorious man is not ſo loth to lurke,
As the infamous glad to lye vnknowen:
Which maketh me Baldwin diſalow thy wurke,
Where princes faults ſo openly be blowen,
I ſpeake not this alonely for myne owne
Which were my princes (if that they were any)
But for my Piers, in nomber very many.

Or might report vprightly vſe her tong,
I would leſſe greue vs to augment the matter.
But ſuer I am thou ſhalt be forſt among,
To frayne the truth the liuing for to flatter:
And other whiles in pointes vnknowen to ſmatter.
For time neuer was, nor neuer I thinke ſhalbe
That truth vnſhent ſhould ſpeake in all thinges free.

This

This doth appeare (I dare ſay) by my ſtorye,
Which diuers writers diuerſly declare,
But ſtory writers ought for neither glory,
Feare, nor fauour, truth of thinges to ſpare,
But ſtill it fares as alway it did fare,
Affections, feare, or doubtes that daily byue,
Do cauſe that ſtories neuer can be true.

Unfruitefull Fabian followed the face
Of time and deedes, but let the cauſes ſlip,
Which Hall hath added but with double grace,
For feare I thincke leſt trouble might him trip:
For this or that (ſayth he) he felt the whip.
Thus ſtorye writers leaue the cauſes out,
Or ſo rehearſe them as they were in dout.

But ſeing cauſes are the chiefeſt thinges
That ſhould be noted of the ſtory writers,
That men may learne what endes all cauſes bringes,
They be vnworthy the name of Chronicles,
That leaue them cleane out of their regiſters,
Or doubtfully report them: for the fruite
Of reading ſtorres ſtandeth in the ſuite.

And therefore Baldwin eyther ſpeake bryght,
Of our affayres, or touch them not at all:
As for my ſelfe I way all thinges ſo light,
That nought I paſſe how men repoyt my fall,
The truth whereof yet plainely ſhewe I ſhall,
That thou mayſt write and other thereby reede,
What thinges I did whereof they ſhould take heede.

Tiptoft Earle of Vvorceſter.

Thou haſt heard of Tiptofts Earles of Worceſter,
I am that Lord that liued in Edwardes dayes
The fourth, and was his frend and counſailour,
And butcher to as common rumor ſayes.
But peoples voice is neither ſhame nor praiſe,
For whom they would aliue deuour to day,
To morrow dead they will worſhip what they may.

But though the peoples verdite go by chaunce,
Yet was their cauſe to call mee as they did,
For I enforſt by meane of gouernaunce,
Did execute what euer my King did bid,
From blame herein my ſelfe I cannot rid:
But fye vpon the wretched ſtate that muſt,
Defame it ſelfe to ſerue the Princes luſt.

The chiefeſt crime wherewith men do me charge,
Is death of the Earle of Deſmunds noble ſonnes,
Of which ỳ Kings charge doth me cleare diſcharge
By ſtrayt commaundement and iniunctions:
The effect whereof ſo rigorouſly runnes,
That either I muſt procure to ſee them dead,
Or for contempt as a traytour looſe my head.

What would mine ennemyes do in ſuch a caſe,
Obey the King or proper death procure?
They may well ſay their fancy for a face,
But life is ſweete and loue hard to recure,
They would haue done as I did I am ſure:
For ſeldom will a wealthy man at eaſe,
For others cauſe his Prince in ought diſpleaſe.

Howe

How much leſſe I which was lieutenaunt than
In the Iriſhe Iſle, preferred by the king:
But who for loue or dread of any man
Conſents to accompliſh any wicked thing,
Although chiefe fault thereof from other ſpring,
Shall not eſcape Gods vengeance for his deede,
Who ſcuſeth none that dare do ill for dreede.

This in my king and mee may well appeare,
Which for our faults did not eſcape the ſcourge:
For whan we thought our ſtate moſt ſure and cleare,
The winde of Warwicke blewe vp ſuch a ſourge,
As from the Realme and crowne the King did pourge,
And me both from mine office, frendes and wyfe,
From good report, from honeſt death and lyfe.

For the Earle of Warwicke through a cancard grudge,
Which to King Edward cauſeleſſe he did beare,
Out of his Realme by force did make him trudge,
And ſet King Henry againe vpon his chaire,
And than all ſuch as Edwards louers were
As traitours tane, were greuouſly oppreſt,
But chiefely I, becauſe I loued him beſt.

And for my goods and liuinges were not ſmall,
The gapers for them bare the world in hand
For ten yeares ſpace, that I was cauſe of all
The executions done within the land,
For this did ſuch as did not vnderſtand
Mine enmies drift, thinke all reports were true:
And ſo to hate mee worſe than any Iewe.

For ſeldome ſhall a ruler looſe his life,
Before falſe rumors openly be ſpred,
Whereby this prouerbe is as true as rife,
That rulers rumors hunt about a head,
Frowne Fortune once all good report is fled,
For preſent ſhewe doth make the mayny blinde,
And ſuch as ſee dare not diſcloſe their minde.

Through this was I king Edwards butcher named,
And bare the ſhame of all his cruell deedes:
I cleare mee not I worthely was blamed,
Though force was ſuch I muſt obay him needes,
With hieſt rulers ſeldom well it ſpeedes,
For they be euer neareſt to the nip,
And fault who ſhall, for all feele they the whip.

For whan I was by Parliament attainted,
King Edwards euils all were counted mine.
No truth auayled ſo lies were faſt and painted,
Which made the people at my life repine,
Crying Crucifige kill that butchers line:
That whan I ſhould haue gone to Blockhã feaſt
I could not paſſe ſo fore they on me preaſt,

And had not bin the officers ſo ſtrong,
I thincke they would haue eaten mee aliue,
Howbeit hardly haled from the thong,
I was in the fleete faſt ſhrowded by the ſhriue,
Thus one dayes life their malice did mee giue:
Which whan they knew, for ſpite the next day after,
They kept them calme ſo ſuffered I the ſlaughter.

Now

Now tell mee Baldwin what fault doeſt thou finde
In mee, that iuſtly ſhould ſuch death deſerue?
None ſure except deſire of honour blinde,
Which made mee ſeeke in offices to ſerue:
What minde ſo good that honours make not ſwerue?
So mayſt thou ſee it onely was my ſtate
That cauſed my death and brought mee ſo in hate.

Warne therefore all men wiſely to beware,
What offices they enterpriſe to beare:
The hieſt alway moſt maligned are,
Of peoples grudge, and Princes hate in feare,
For Princes faultes his faultors al men teare.
Which to auoyde, let none ſuch office take,
Saue he that can for right his Prince forſake.

FINIS.

THis Earles Tragedye was not ſo ſoone finiſhed, but one of the company had prouided for another, of a notable perſon Lorde Tiptofts chiefe ennemye: concerninge whom he ſaid: Lord God what truſt is there in worldly chaũces? what ſtaye in any proſperity? for ſee the Earle of Warwicke which cauſed ẏ Earle of Worceſter to be apprehended, attainted and put to death, triumphing with his old impriſoned & new vnpriſoned Prince K. Hẽry, was by & by after & his brother with him, ſlaine at Barnet field by King Edward, whom he had before time damaged diuers wayes.

As

As first by his frendes at Banbury fielde, where to reuẽge the death of his cosin Henry Neuil sir John Coniers and John Clappam his seruãtes slew 5. thousand Welshmẽ and beheaded their captaynes, the Earle of Pembroke, & sir Richarde Harbert his brother after they were yelded prisoners, of whom sir Richard Harbert was the tallest gentlemã both of his person & hands that euer I read or heard of. At which time also, Robin of Ridsdale, a rebell of therle of Warwicks raysing, toke the earle Riuers K. Edwards wyues father, and his sonne John, at his mannour of Grafton, & caryed them to Northhampton, and there without cause or proces beheaded them. Which spites to requite, king Edwarde caused the Lord Stafforde of Southwike, one of Warwickes chiefe freindes, to be taken at Brente march, and headed at Bridgewater.

This caused ỳ Earle shortlye to rayse his power, to encounter the king which came against him with an armye, beside Warwicke at Wolney, where hee wan the field, toke the king prisoner, and kept him a while in Yorkeshyre in Middleham castel: whence (as some say) he released him again, but other think he corrupted his kepers & so escaped. Then through the Lords ỳ matter was taken vp betweene them & they broughte to talke together. but because they could not agree, ỳ earle araised a new army, whereof hee made Captaine the Lord Welles sonne, which broile king Edward minding to appease by pollicy foulye distained his honour committing periury: for

hee

he sente for the Lorde Welles and his brother Syr Thomas Dymocke, vndersake conduite promising them vpon his fayth to keepe them harmelesse: But after, because ỳ Lord Welles sonne would not dissolue his army, beheaded them both & went wᵗ hys power into Lincolnshyre & there foughte with syr Robert Welles, and slew ten thousand of his souldiers (yet ran they away so fast, that casting of their clothes for ỳ more speede, caused it to be called Lose coate fielde (and toke sir Robert and other, and put them to death in the same place.

This misfortune forced the Earle of Warwicke to saile into Fraunce where he was entertayned of ỳ king a while and at last with such pore helpe as he procured there of Duke Rainer and other, he came into England againe, and encreased such a power in king Henries name, that as the Lorde Tiptofte sayd in his tragedy, king Edward vnable to abide him, was faine to flye ouer the washes in Lincolnshyre to get a ship to sayle out of his kingdom to his brother in lawe the Duke of Burgoine: So was king Henry restored againe to ỳ kingdome. All these despites and troubles the Earle wroughte against king Edward. But Hēry was so infortunate that ere halfe a yeare was expyred, king Edward came backe againe, and empriſoned him and gaue ỳ earle a fielde, wherein he slewe both him and his brother. I haue recounted thus much before hand for ỳ better opening of the story, which if it should haue bin spoken in his tragedye woulde rather haue made a

volume

volume than a Pamplete. For I entende onely to say in ỳ Tragedye, what I haue noted in the Earle of Warwickes person, wishinge that these other noble men, whō I haue by the way touched, should not be forgotten.

And therfore imagin that you see this Earle lyinge wᵗ his brother in Poules Church in his coate armure, with such a face and countenaunce as hee beareth in portraiture ouer the doore in Poules at the goinge downe to Jesus Chapel from the South end of the Quier stayres, and saying as followeth.

(.˙.)

Howe

How sir Richard Neuill Earle of Warwicke, and his brother John Lord Marquise Montacute, through their to much boldnesse were slaine at Barnet, the.14 of Aprill, Anno.1471.

AMong the heauy heape of happy Knightes
Whome Fortune staid vpon her stapleſſe stage,
Oft hoyst on hye, oft pight in wretched plights,
Behold me Baldwin, A perse of my age,
Lord Richard Neuill, Earle by mariage
Of Warwicke Duchy, of Sarum by discent,
Which erst my father through his mariage hent.

Wouldst thou beholde false Fortune in her kinde
Note well my selfe so shalt thou se her naked:
Full fayre before, but to to foule behinde,
Most drowsie still whan most she semes awaked:
My fame and shame her shift full oft hath shaked,
By enterchaunge alow and vp aloft,
The Lysard like that chaungeth hew full oft.

For while the Duke of Yorke in life remaynde
Myne vncle deare, I was his happy hand:
In all attempts my purpose I attainde,
Though king & queene & most Lordes of the land
With all their power did often me withstand:
For God gaue Fortune, and my good behauiour
Did from their prince steale me the peoples fauour.

So

So that through me in fieldes right manly fought:
Byforce mine vncle tooke king Henry twife,
As for my colin Edward I so wrought,
When both our fiers were flain through rash aduice,
That he atchiefde his fathers enterprise:
For into Scotland king and queene we chased,
By meane wherof the kingdome he enbraced.

Which after he had enioyed in quiet peace,
(For shortly after was king Henry take,
And put in prison) his power to encrease,
I went to Fraunce and match him with a make
The French kings doughter, whom he did forsake:
For while with paine I brought this suite to passe,
He to a widowe rashely wedded was.

This made the French king shrewdly to mistrust,
That all my treaties had but ill pretence,
And whan I sawe my king so bent to lust,
That with his faith he past not to dispence,
Which is a Princes honours chief defence:
I could not rest till I had found a meane,
To mend his misse, or els to marre him cleane.

Wherfore I me allied with his brother George,
Encensing him his brother to maligne
Through many a tale I did against him forge:
So that through power that we from Calais bring
And founde at home, we frayed so the king,
That he did fly to Freselandward amayne,
Whereby king Henry had the crown againe.

Than

Than put we therle of Worcester to death,
King Edwards frende a man lo foule defamed:
And in the while came Edward into byeth.
For with the Duke of Burgoine so he framed,
That with the power that he to him had named,
Unloked for he came to England streight,
And got to Yorke and tooke the town by sleight.

And after through the sufferaunce of my brother,
Which like a beast occasion fouly lost,
He came to London safe with many other,
And tooke the towne to good king Henries cost:
Who was through him from post to piller tost,
Till Therle of Oxeford, I and other more,
Assembled power his fredome to restore.

Wherof king Edward warned came with spede,
And camped with his hoast in Barnet towne,
Where we right fearce encountred him in dede
On Easter day right early on the downe:
There many a man was slayne and striken downe
On either side and neither part did gayne
Till that I and my brother both were slayne.

For we to hart our ouermatched men,
Forsooke our stedes, and in the thickest throng,
Ran preacing forth on foote, and fought so then,
That downe we draue thē wer they neuer so strōg,
But ere this lucke had lasted very long:
With number and force we were so fouly cloyed,
And rescue fayle, that quite we were destroyed.

Nowe

Now tell me Baldwin hast thou hard or read
Of any man that did as I haue done?
That in his tyme so many armies led,
And victory at euery voyage won?
Hast thou euer hard of subiect vnder sonne,
That plaast and baast his soueraines so oft,
By enterchaunge, now low, and than aloft?

Perchaūce thou thinkst my doings wer not such
As I and other do affirme they were.
And in thy minde I see thou musest much
What meanes I vse, that should me so preser:
Wherin because I will thou shalt not erre,
The truth of all I will at large recite,
The short is this: I was no hypocrite.

I neuer did nor sayd saue what I ment,
The common weale was still my chiefest care,
To priuate gaine or glory was I neuer bent,
I neuer past vpon delicious fare.
Of nedefull foode my bourd was neuer bare,
No creditour did curse me day by day,
I vsed playneneſſe, euer pitch and pay.

I heard poore souldiours and poore workemen whine
Because their duties were not truely payde.
Againe I sawe how people did repine
At those through whome their payments were delayde:
And proofe did oft assure (as scripture sayde)
That God doth wreke the wretched peoples greues,
I saw the polles cut of fro polling theues.

This

This made me alway iustly for to deale,
Which whan the people plainely vnderstoode,
Because they saw me minde the common weale.
They still endeuoured how to do me good,
Ready to spend their substaunce, life and bloud,
In any cause wherto I did them moue:
For suer they were it was for their behoue.

And so it was. For whan the Realme decayed
By such as good king Henry sore abused,
To mend the state I gaue his enemies ayd:
But whan king Edward sinfull pranks still vsed,
And would not mend, I likewise him refused:
And holpe vp Henry, better of the twayne,
And in his quarrell (iust I thinke) was slaine.

And therfore Baldwin teach by proofe of me,
That such as couet peoples loue to get,
Must see their works and words in all agree:
Lyue liberally and kepe them out of det,
On common weale let all their care be set:
For vpright dealing dets paid, poore sustayned,
Is meane wherby all harts are throwly gayned.

FINIS.

AS sone as the Earle had ended this admonition, sure (said one) I thinke the Earle of Warwick although he were a glorious mā hath said no more of him selfe than what is true. For if he had not had notable good vertues, or vertuous qualities, & vsed laudable means in his trade

of lyke, the people woulde neuer haue loued him as they did: But God be with him, and send his soule rest for sure his body neuer had any. And although he died yet ciuill warres ceased not. For immediatly after his death came Queene Margaret with a power out of Fraunce, bringing with her her yong sonne Prince Edward: and with such frendes as she founde here, gaue king Edwarde a battell at Thewkesbury, where both she and her sonne were taken prysoners, with Edmund Duke of Somerset her chiefe captaine: whose sonne Lorde John, and the Earle of Deuonshire were slaine in fight, and the Duke himselfe with diuers other immediatly beheaded. Whose infortunes are worthye to be remembred, chiefly prince Edwards, whome the king for speaking truthe, cruelly stroke with his gauntlet, and his brethren cruelly murdered. But seing the time so farre spent, I will passe them ouer, and with them Fawconbridge that ioly rouer, beheaded at Southampton: whose commotiō made in Kent, was cause of sely Henries destruction. And seing king Henrie himself was cause of the destruction of many noble princes, being of all other most vnfortunate himselfe, I will declare what I haue noted in his vnluckye life: who wounded in prison with a dagger, may lament his wretchednesse in manner folowing.

(.)

Howe

How King Henry the sixt a vertuous Prince, was after many other miseries, cruelly murdered in the Tower of London the. 22. of May. Anno. 1471.

IF euer wofull wight had cause to rue his state,
Or by his ruful plight to move men moane his fate.
My piteous plaint may preasse my mishap to reherse.
Wherof ꝑ least most lightly hard, the hardest hart (may pearce.

What hart so hard can heare of innocence oppressed,
By fraud in worldly goods, but melteth in the brest?
When giltlesse men be spoild, imprisonned for their owne,
Who waileth not their wretched case to whō ꝑ case is knowē.

The Lyon licks the sores of sely wounded shepe,
The dead mans corse may cause the Crocodile to wepe,
The waues that waste the rocks refresh the rotten reedes,
Such ruth the wrack of innocence in cruell creatures breedes.

What hart is then so hard but will for pyty bleede,
To heare so cruell lucke so cleare a life succede?
To see a sely soule with wo and sorrow souste,
A king depriude, in prison pent, to death with daggers doust.

Would God the day of birth had brought me to my bere,
Then had I neuer felt the chaunge of Fortunes chere,
Would God the graue had gript me in her greedy woumbe,
Whā crown in cradel made me king w oyle of holy thoumbe.

Would God the rufull tombe had bene my royall trone,
So should no kingly charge haue made me make my mone:
O that my soule had flowen to heauen with the ioye,
When one sort cried, God saue ỹ king another, Viue le Roi.

So had I not bene washt in waues of worldly wo,
My minde to quiet bent, had not bene tossed so:
My frendes had bene aliue my subiects not oppresst,
But death or cruell destenie, denied me this rest.

Alas what should we count the cause of wretches cares,
The starres do stirre them vp, Astronomy declares:
Our humours saith the leach, the double true deuines
Toth' will of God, or ill of man, the doubtfull cause assignes.

Such doltish heades as dreame that all things driue by haps,
Count lacke of former care for cause of after claps,
Attributing to man a power fro God bereft,
Abusing vs and robbing him through their most wicked theft.

But God doth guyde the world, and euery hap by skill,
Our wit and willing power are payzed by his will:
What wit most wisely wardes, and will most deadly strikes,
Though all our power would presse it down, doth dash our (warest wurkes.

Than destenie, our sinne, Gods will or els his wreake
Do worke our wretched woes, for humours be to weake:
Except we take them so, as they prouoke to sinne,
For through our lust by humours fed all vicious deedes begin.

So

So sinne and they be one, both working like effect,
And cause the wrath of God to wreake the soule infect.
Thus wrath and wreake deuine, mãs sinnes and humours ill
Concurre in one, though in a sort, ech doth a course fulfill.

If likewise such as say the welkin Fortune warks,
Take Fortune for our fate and sterres thereof the marks,
Then destenie with fate and Gods will all be one:
But if they meane it otherwise, skath causers skies be none.

Thus of our heauy haps chiefe causes be but twaine,
Whereon the rest depend, and vnder put remaine.
The chiefe the will deuine, calde destenie and fate, (bate.
The other sinne through humors holp, which God doth highly

The first appointeth paine for good mens exercise,
The second doth deserue due punishment for vice:
This witnesseth the wrath, and that the loue of God,
The good for loue, ꝑ bad for sinne, God beateth with his rod.

Although my sondry sinnes do place me with the worst,
My haps yet cause mee hope to be among the first:
The eye that searcheth all and seeth euery thought,
Is iudge how sore I hated sinne, and after vertue sought.

The solace of my soule my chiefest pleasure was,
Of worldly pompe, of fame, or game, I did not passe:
My kingdomes nor my Crowne I prised not a crum,
In heauen were my riches heapt, to which I sought to com.

Yet were my ſorrowes ſuch as neuer man had like,
So diuers ſtormes at once, ſo often did mee ſtrike:
But why, God knowes, not I, except it were for this
To ſhew by paterne of a Prince, how brittle honour is.

Our kingdomes are but cares, our ſtate deuoide of ſtaye,
Our riches ready ſnares, to haſten our decaye:
Our pleaſures priuy pricks our vices to prouoke, (ſmoke.
Our pōpe a pumpe, our fame a flame, our powre a ſmouldring

I ſpeake not but by proofe, and that may many rue,
My life doth cry it out, my death doth try it true:
Whereof I will in briefe, rehearſe the heauy hap,
That Baldwin in his woful warp, my wretchednes may wrap

In Windſore borne I was: and bare my fathers name,
Who won by warre all Fraunce to his eternall fame:
And left to me the crowne, to be receiude in peace (deceaſe.
Through mariage made w Charles his heyre vpon his lyfes

Which ſhortly did enſue, yet dyed my father furſt,
And both the Realmes were mineere I a yeare were nurſt:
Which as they fell to ſoone, ſo faded they as faſt, (paſt.
For Charles and Edward got them both or forty yeres were

This Charles was elder ſonne of Charles my father in law,
To whom as heire of Fraūce, the Frenchmen did them draw:
But Edward was the heyre of Richard Duke of Yorke,
The heyre of Roger Mortimer: ſlaine by the kerne of Korke.

Before.

Before I came to age Charles had recouered Fraunce,
And kild my men of war so lucky was his chaunce:
And through a mad cõtract I made with Rayners doughter
I gaue and lost all Normandy, the cause of many a slaughter.

First of mine vncle Humfrey, abhorring sore this act,
Because I thereby brake a better precontract:
Than of the flattering Duke that first the mariage made,
The iust reward of such as dare their Princes ill perswade.

And I poore seely wretch abode the brunt of all,
My mariage lust so sweete was mixt with bitter gall.
My wife was wise and good, had she bin rightly sought,
But our vnlawful getting it, may make a good thing nought.

Wherefore warne men beware, how they iust promise breake,
Least proke of painfull plagues do cause them waile þ wreake,
Aduise wel ere they graunt, but what they graunt performe,
For God wil plague al doublenes although we fele no worm.

I falsly borne in hande, beleeued I did well,
But all thinges be not true that learned men do tell:
My clergie said a Prince was to no promise bound,
Whose words to be no Gospel tho I to my griefe haue found.

For after mariage ioynde Queene Margaret and met,
For one mishap afore, I daily met with three,
Of Normandy and Fraunce Charles got away my crowne,
The Duke of Yorke s other sought at home to put me downe

Bellona rang the bell at home and all abrode,
With whose mishaps amaine fell Fortune did mee lode:
In Fraunce I lost my forts, at home the foughten field,
My kinred slaine, my frendes oppressed, my selfe enforst to yeild.

Duke Richard toke mee twise, and forst me to resine
My crowne and titles due vnto my fathers line:
And kept me as a warde, did all thinges as him list,
Till ỹ my wife through bloudy sword had tane me fro his fist.

But though we slew the Duke my sorrowes did not slake,
But like to Hyders head still more and more awake:
For Edward through the ayde of Warwicke & his brother,
From one field draue me to the Scots, & toke me in another.

Then went my frends to wracke, for Edward ware ỹ crowne
For which for nine yeares space his prison held me downe:
Yet thence through Warwicks worke I was againe releast,
And Edward driuen fro ỹ realme to seeke his frends by East.

But what preuaileth paine or prouidence of man
To helpe him to good hap, whom destiny doth ban:
Who moyleth to remoue the rocke out of the mud,
Shall mier himselfe, & hardly scape the swelling of the flud.

This all my frendes haue found, and I haue felt it so,
Ordaind to be the touch of wretchednesse and woe,
For ere I had a yeare possest my state againe,
I lost both it and liberty, my helpers all were slaine.

For

For Edward first by stealth, and sith by gathred strength,
Arriude and got to Yorke and London at the length:
Toke me and tyed me vp, yet Warwicke was so stout,
He came with power to Barnet field, in hope to helpe me out.

And there alas was slaine, with many a worthy knight.
O Lord that euer such lucke should hap in helping right:
Last came my wife and sonne, that long laye in exile,
Defyed the King, & fought a field, I may bewaile the while.

For there mine onely soone, not thirteene yeare of age
Was tane, and murdered streight by Edward in his rage:
And shortly I my selfe to stint all further strife,
Stabde with his brothers bloudy blade in prison lost my life.

Lo here the heauy haps which happed mee by heape,
See here the pleasaunt fruites that many Princes reape,
The painefull plagues of those ỳ breake their lawful bands.
Their meede which may & will not saue their frēds fro bloudy (handes.

God graunt my wofull haps, to greeuous to rehearse,
May teach all states to know how deepely daungers pearce:
How fraile all honours are, how brittle worldly blisse,
That warned through my fearefull fate they feare to do amisse

FINIS.

This

THis tragedy ended, another said: either you or kinge Henry are a good Philosopher so narrowly to argue ỳ causes of misfortunes: but there is nothing to experience which taught, or might teach the king this lesson.

But to proceede in our matter: I finde mention here shortly after ỳ death of this king, of a Duke of Ercester found deade in the sea betweene Douer & Calais, but what he was, or by what aduenture he dyed, maister Fabian hath not shewed, and master Hall hath ouerskipped him: so that excepte wee be frendlyer vnto him, he is like to be double drowned, both in sea, and in the gulfe of forgetfulnes. About this matter was much talke, but because one toke vpon him to seeke oute that storye, that charge was committed to him.

And to be occupied in ỳ meane while I haue founde the storye of one drowned likewise and that so notably, though priuily, that all the world knew of it: wherefore I sayd: because night approcheth, and ỳ we wil loose no time, ye shal heare what I haue noted concerning the Duke of Clarence, king Edwards brother, who all to be washed in wyne, may bewaile his infortune after this maner.

How

How George Plantagenet third sonne of the Duke of Yorke, was by his brother K. Edward wrongfully imprisoned, and by his brother Richarde miserably murdered the xi. of Ianuary Anno 1448.

THe foule is fowle men say, that files the nest,
Which makes me loth to speake now, might I chuse.
But seing time vnburdend hath her brest,
And fame blowne vp the blast of all abuse,
My silence rather might my life accuse
Than shroude our shame, though faine I would it so:
For truth will out, although the world say no.

And therefore Baldwine hartely I the beseech
To pause a while vpon my heauy plaint,
And vnneth though I vtter speedy speach,
No fault of wit nor folly makes me faint:
No heady drincks haue giuen my tongue attaine
Through quaffing craft, yet wyne my wits confound
Not of which I dyancke, but wherein I dyound.

What Prince I am although I neede not shew,
Because my wyne bewrayes mee by the smell,
For neuer creature was soust in Bacchus dew
To death but I throughe Fortunes rigour fell:
Yet that thou maist my story better tell,
I will declare as briefely as I may,
My wealth, my wo, and causers of decay.

The

George Plantagenet

The famous house surnamde Plantagenet,
Whereat dame Fortune frowardly did frowne,
While Bolenbroke vniustly sought to set:
His Lord King Richard quite besyde the crowne,
Though many a day it wanted due renowne,
God so preserd by prouidence and grace,
That lawfull heires did neuer fayle the race.

For Lionell King Edwards eldest child,
Both eame and heir to Richard illuelle,
Begot a daughter Philip, whom vndefylde
The Earle of March espousd, and God did blesse
With fruit assinde the kingdome to possesse:
I meane sir Roger Mortimer, whose heire
The Earle of Cambridge maried Anne the fayre.

This Earle of Cambridge Richard clepte by name,
Was sonne to Edmond Langley Duke of Yorke:
Which Edmond was first brocher to the same,
Duke Lionell that all this line doth korke:
Of which two houses ioyned in a korke,
My father Richard Prince Plantagenet
True Duke of Yorke, was lawfull heire beget.

Who toke to wife as ye shall vnderstand
A mayden of a noble house and olde,
Raulfe Neuils daughter Earle of Westmerland:
Whose sonne Earle Richard was a baron bold,
And had the right of Salisbury in holde,
Through mariage made with good Earle Thomas fayre,
Whose earned grayles neuer shall appayre.

The

The Duke my father had by this his wyfe
Fower sonnes, of whome the eldest Edward highte,
The second Edmund who in youth did lose his life,
At Wakefield slaine by Clyfford cruell knighte,
I George am third of Clarence Duke by righte,
The fowerth borne to the mischiefe of vs all,
Was Duke of Glocester whom men did Richard call.

Whan as our sier in sute of right was slaine,
(Whose life and death himselfe declared earst)
My brother Edward plied his cause amaine,
And got the crowne as Warwicke hath rehearst:
The pride wherof so depe his stomacke pearst
That he forgot his frendes, dispised his kin,
Of oth or office passing not a pyn.

Which made the Earle of Warwicke to maligne
My brothers state, and to attempt a way,
To bring from prison Henry sely king,
To helpe him to the kingdome if he may,
And knowing me to be the chiefest stay,
My brother had, he did me vndermine
To cause me to his treasons to encline.

Wherto I was prepared long before,
My brother had bene to me so vnkinde:
For sure no cankar fretteth flesh so sore,
As vnkynde dealing doth a louing mynde.
Loues strongest bandes vnkindnes doth vnbynde,
It moueth loue to malice, zeale to hate,
Chiefe frendes to foes, and brethren to debate.

And

And though the Earle of Warwicke subtile sire,
Perceiude I bare a grudge against my brother,
Yet towarde his feate to set me more on fire,
He kindled vp one firebrand with another:
For knowing fancy was the forcing rother
Which stirreth youth to any kynde of strife,
He offred me his doughter to my wife.

Where through and with his crafty filed tonge,
He sale my hart that earst vnsteady was:
For I was witlesse, wanton, fond, and yong,
Whole bent to pleasure, brittle as the glasse:
I cannot lye, In vino veritas.
I did esteme the bewty of my bryde
Aboue my selfe and all the world beside.

These fond affections ioynt with lacke of skill,
(Which trap the hart and blinde the eyes of youth,
And prickt the mynde to practise any ill)
So tickled me that voyde of kindely truth:
(Which if it want all wretchednesse ensueth)
I stinted not to persecute my brother,
Till time he left his kingdome to another.

Thus carnall loue did quench the loue of kinde,
Tyll lust were lost through fancy fully fed:
But whan at length I came vnto my minde
I saw how lewdly lightnesse had me led,
To seke with payne the perill of my hed:
For had king Henry once bene setled, sure,
I was assured my dayes could not endure.

And

And therfore though I bound my selfe with oth
To help king Henry all that euer I might,
Yet at the trety of my brethren both,
Which reason graunted to require but right,
I left his part wherby he perisht quite:
And reconcilde me to my bretherne twayne,
And so came Edward to the crowne againe.

This made my father in law to fret and fume,
To stamp and stare, and cal me false forsworne,
And at the length with all his power presume,
To help king Henry vterly forlorne.
Our frendly profers still he tooke in scorne,
Refused peace and came to Barnet field,
And ther was kild because he would not yeeld.

His brother also there with him was slaine,
Wherby decayd the keyes of chiualrye.
For neuer liued the matches of them twayne,
In manhood power, and martiall pollicy,
In vertous thewes, and frendly constancy,
That would to God if it had bene his will
They might haue tournde to vs and liued still.

But what shalbe, shalbe: there is no choise,
Things nedes must driue as desteny decreeth,
For which ought in all our haps reioyse,
Because the eye eterne all thing forseeth
Which to no ill at any time agreeth.
For ils to ill to vs, be good to it,
So far his skils exceede our reach of wit.

The

The wounded man which must abide the smart,
Of stitching vp, or searing of his sore,
As thing to bad, reproues the Surgeons art
Which notwithstanding doth his health restore,
The childe likewise to science plied sore,
Countes knowledge ill, his teacher to be woode,
Yet Surgery and sciences be good.

But as the pacients griefe and scholers payne,
Cause them deme bad such things as sure be best,
So want of wisdome causeth vs complaine,
Of euery hap, wherby we seme oppress:
The poore do pine for pelfe, the rich for rest,
And whan as losse or sickneste vs assaile,
We curse our fate, our Fortune we bewayle.

Yet for our good, God worketh euery thing:
For through the death of these two noble peres
My brother liued and raigned a quiet king,
Who had they liued perchaunce in course of yeares
Would haue deliuered Henry fro the bares,
Or holp his sonne t'enioy the carefull crowne,
Wherby our line should haue bene quite put down.

A carefull crowne it may be fully named,
Not onely for the cares therto annext,
To see the subiect well and duly framed,
With whiche good care few kings are greatly vext
But for the dread wherwith they are perplext,
Of losing Lordship, libertie, or lyfe:
Which wofull wracks in kingdoms happen rife.

The

That which to shun while som to soze haue sought,
They haue not sparde all persons to suspect:
And to destroy such as they gilty thought,
Though no apparaunce proued them infect,
Take me foz one of this wzong punisht sect,
Impzisonde first, accused without cause,
And done to death no pzocesse had by lawes.

Wherin I note how vengeaunce doth acquite
Like ill foz ill, how vices vertue quell:
Foz as my mariage loue did me excite
Against the king my bzother to rebell,
So loue to haue his childzen pzosper well,
Pzouoked him against both lawe and right,
To murder me, his bzother and his knight.

Foz by his Queene two pzincelike sonnes he had,
Bozne to be punisht foz their parents sinne:
Whose Foztunes kalked made the father sad,
Such wofull haps were found to be therin:
Which to auouch, wzit in a rotten skin,
A pzophesy was found, which said a G,
Of Edwards childzen should destruction be.

We to be G, because my name was Geozge,
My bzother thought, and therfoze did me hate,
But wo be to that wicked heads that fozge
Such doubtfull dzeams to bzeue vnkynde debate:
Foz God, a Gleue, a Gibbet, Grate, oz Gate,
A Gray, a Grifeth, oz a Gregozy,
As well as Geozge are wzitten with a G.

Such doutfull riddles are no prophecies.
For prophecies, in wryting though obscure,
Are plaine in sence, the darkebe very lies:
What God foreshewth is euident and pure,
Truth is no harold nor no Sophist sure:
She noteth not mens names, their shieldes nor creasts,
Though she compare them vnto byrds and beasts.

But whome she doth forshewe shall rayne by force,
She tearms a Wolfe, a Dragon, or a Beare:
A wilfull prince a raynlesse raging horse.
A Bore a Lyon: a Coward much in feare:
A Hare or Hart: a crafty, pricked eare:
A Letcherous, a Bull, a Goate, a Foale:
An vndermyner a Moldwarpe, or a Mole.

By knowen beasts thus truth doth playne declare
What men they be of whom she speakes before.
And who so can mens properties compare
And marke what beast they do resemble more,
Shall soone discerne who is the griesly bore.
For God by beasts expresseth mens condicions,
And not their badges, harroldes superstitions.

And learned Merlyne whom God gaue the spirit,
To knowe and vtter princes acts to come,
Like to the Iewishe prophets, did recite
In shade of beasts their doings all and some,
Expressing playne by maners of the dome,
That kings and lords suth properties should haue
As haue the beasts whose name he to them gaue.

Which while the folysh did not well consider,
And seing princes gaue for difference
And knowledge of their issues mixt together,
All maner beasts, for badges of pretence,
There tooke those badges to expresse the sence
Of Merlynes minde, and those that gaue the same,
To be the princes noted by their name.

And hereof sprang the false named prophecies,
That go by letters, siphers, armes or synes:
Which all be folish false and crafty lies
Deuisde by gesse, or guiles vntrue deuines:
For whan they saw that many of many lynes.
Gaue armes alyke, they wist not which was he,
Whome Merlyne meant the noted beast to be.

For all the broode of Warwickes gaue the Beare,
The Buckinghams do likewise geue the Swan.
But which Beare bearer should the Lion teare
They were as wyse as Goose the fery man:
Yet in their skill they ceased not to scan,
And to be demed of the people wyse,
Set forth their gloses on prophecies.

And whome they douted openly to name
They darkely tearmed or by some letter ment,
For so they thought how euer the world did frame,
Preserue them selues from shame or being shent.
For howe soeuer contrary it went,
They might expound their meaning otherwyse,
As haps in things should newly still arise.

And thus there grew of a mistaken truth,
And art so false as made the tru suspect:
Wherof hath come much mischief, more the ruthe
That terrours should our mynds so much infect.
True prophets haue lowly ben reiect:
The false which breede both murder warre & strife,
Beleued to the losse of many a good mans life.

And therfore Baldwin teach men to discerne,
Which prophecies be false and which be true:
And for a ground this lesson let them learne,
That all be false which are deuised new
The age of things is iudged by the hue.
All riddels made by letters, names or armes,
Are vong & false, far worse than witches charms.

I know thou musest at this lore of myne,
How I no student, should haue learned it:
And dost impute it to the fume of wyne
That stirs the tongue, and sharpneth vp the wit,
But harke, a frende did teach me euery whit.
A man of myne in all good knowledge rife,
For which he giltlesse lost his learned life.

This man abode my seruaunt many a day,
And still in study set his hole delight:
Which taught me more then I could beare away
Of euery arte: and by his searching sight
Of things to come he would forshew as right,
As I rehearse the pageants that were past:
Such perfectnes God gaue him at the last.

He knew my brother Richard was the Boze,
Whose tuskes should teare my brothers boyes and mee,
And gaue mee warning therof long before.
But wit noz warning can in no degree
Let thinges to hap, which are ozdaind to be.
Witnes the painted Lyonesse, which slue
A Prince imprisoned, Lyons to eschew.

He told me eke my poke fellow should dye,
(Wherein would God he had bin no deuine)
And after her death I should woe earnestly
A spouse, whereat my brother would repine:
And find the meanes she should be none of mine.
Foz which such malice should among vs rise,
As saue my death no treaty should decise.

And as he said so all thinges came to passe:
Foz whan K. Henry and his sonne were slaine,
And euery broyle so throughly quenched was,
That the king my brother quietly did raigne,
I, reconsiled to his loue againe,
In prosperous health did leade a quiet life,
Foz fiue yeares space with honours laden rife.

And to augment the fulnesse of my blisse,
Two louely children by my wife I had:
But froward hap whose maner euer is,
In chiefest ioye to make the happie sad,
Bemixt my sweete with bitternes so bad:
Foz while I swam in ioyes on euery side,
My louing wyfe, my chiefest Jewel dyed.

Whose lacke whan sole I had bewayled a yeare,
The Duke of Burgoins wife dame Margaret
My louing sister willing me to cheare,
To mary againe did kindly me intreate:
And wisht me matched with a mayden nete,
A stepdaughter of hers Duke Charles hayre,
A noble damsell, yong, discrete and fayre.

To whose desire because I did encline,
The kinge my brother doubting my degree
Through Prophecies, against vs did repine:
And at no hand would to our wils agree.
For which such rancour pearst both him and mee
That face to face we fell at flat defiaunce,
But were appeased by frends of our aliaunce.

Howbeit my mariage vtterly was dasht:
Wherein because my seruaunt said his minde,
A meane was sought whereby he mought be lasht.
And for they could no crime against him finde,
They forgde a fault the peoples eyes to blinde,
And tolde he should by sorceryes pretend,
To bring the king vnto a speedy end.

Of all which pointes he was as innocent,
As is the babe that lacketh kindly breath:
And yet condemned by the Kings assent,
Most cruelly put to a shamefull death.
This fyerd my hart, as foulder doth the heath:
So that I could not but exclame and cry,
Against so great and open iniury.

For

For this I was commaunded to the tower,
The King my brother was so cruel harted:
And whan my brother Richard saw the hower
Was come, for which his hart so sore had smarted,
He thought it best take the time before it parted.
For he endeuoured to attaine the crowne,
From which my life must nedes haue held him down.

For though the King within a while had dyed,
As nedes he must he surkaited so oft,
I must haue had his children in my guide
So Richard should beside the crowne haue coft:
This made him ply the while the wax was soft,
To finde a meane to bring me to an ende,
For Realme rape spareth neither kin nor frend.

And whan he saw how reason can asswage
Through length of time my brother Edwards yre,
With forged tales he set him new in rage,
Till at the last they did my death conspire,
And though my truth sore troubled their desire,
For all the world did know mine innocence,
Yet they agreed to charge me with offence.

And couertly within the tower they calde,
A quest, to giue such verdite as they should:
Who what with feare and what with fauour thralde,
Durst not pronounce but as my brethern would.
And though my false accusers neuer could
Proue ought they said, I giltlesse was condemned:
Such verdites passe where iustice is contemned.

This feate atchiued yet could they not for shame
Cause me be kilde by any common way,
But like a wolfe the tiraunt Richard came,
(My brother, nay my butcher I may say)
Unto the tower when all men were away,
Saue such as were prouided for the feate,
Whoin this wise did straungely mee entreate.

His purpose was with a prepared string
To strangle mee: but I bestird me so,
That by no force they could me thereto bring,
Which caused him that purpose to forgo.
Howbeit they bound me whether I would or no.
And in a but of Malmesy standing by,
New christened me because I should not cry.

Thus vrgound I was yet for no due desert,
Except the zeale of iustice be a crime:
False Prophecies bewitcht king Edwards hart.
My brother Richard to the crowne would clime.
Note these three causes in thy rufull rime:
And boldly say they did procure my fall,
And death of deaths most straunge and hard of all.

And warne all Princes Prophecies to eschue,
That are to darke and doubtfull to be knowen:
What God hath said, that cannot but ensue,
Though all the world would haue it ouerthrowen.
When men suppose by fetches of their owne
To flye their fate, they further on the same,
Like quenching blasts which oft reuiue the flame.

Will Princes therefore not to thincke by murther,
They may auoide what Prophecies behight,
But by their meanes their mischiefes they may further,
And cause Gods vengeaunce heuier to alight:
Wo worth the wretch that strines with Gods forefight.
They are not wise, but wickedly do arre,
Which thincke ill deedes, due destenies may barre.

For if we thincke that Prophecies be true,
Wee must beleeue it cannot but betide,
Which God in them forsheweth shall ensue:
For his decrees vnchaunged do abide,
Which to be true my brethern both haue tried.
Whose wicked warks warne Princes to detest,
That others harmes may kepe them better blest.

FINIS.

BY that this tragedye was ended, night was so nere come that we could not conueniently tary together any lõger, and therefore saide maister Ferrers: It is best my maisters to stay here. For we be now come to ỹ end of Edward the fourths raigne. For the last whõ we finde vnfortunate therein, was ỹ Duke of Clarence: in whose behalfe I commende mutch that which hath bin noted.

Let vs therefore for this time leaue with him, and this day seuen nights hence, if your busines will so suffer, let vs all meete here together againe. And you shal see that in the meane season I will not onlye deuise vpon this my selfe, but cause diuers other of my acquaintaunce which can do verye well, to helpe vs forward with the rest. To this euery man gladlye agreed, howbeit (saide another) seing we shal end at Edwards the fourth end, let himselfe make an end of our dayes labour with the same Oration which master Skelton made in his name, the tenour wherof so farre as I remember is as followeth.

(.*.)

Howe

Howe kinge Edwarde the fourth throughe his surfetinge and vntemperate life, sodainly dyed in the midst of his prosperity, the ninth of Aprill Anno 1485.

MIseremini mei ye that be my frends,
This world hath formed me downe to fall:
How may I endure whan that euery thing ends:
What creature is borne to be eternall:
Now there is no more but pray for mee all,
Thus say I Edward that late was your King,
And xxii. yeares ruled this imperiall:
Some vnto pleasure and some to no liking:
Mercy I aske of my mysdoing,
What auayleth it frends to be my foe:
Sith I cãnot resist, nor amend ỳ our complayning,
Quia ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

I slepe now in mold as it is naturall,
As earth vnto earth hath his reuerture:
What ordayned God to be terrestriall,
Without recourse to the earth by nature,
Who to liue euer may himselfe assure:
What is it to trust to mutabilitye,
Sith that in this world nothing may endure:
For now am I gone that was late in prosperity.
To presume thereupon it is but vanity,
Not certaine, but as a chery faire full of wo,
Rayned not I of late in great prosperity,
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

Where

Where was in my life such an one as I,
While Lady Fortune with mee had continuaunce:
Graunted not she me to haue victory,
In England to raigne and to contribute Fraunce,
She toke me by the hand and led me a daunce,
And with her sugred lips on mee she smiled,
But what for dissembled countenaunce,
I could not beware till I was beguiled.
Now from this world she hath me exilde,
When I was lothest hence for to go,
And am in age who sayth but a child.
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

I had enough I held me not content,
Without remembraunce that I should dye:
And moreouer to encroch ready was I bent,
I knew not how long I should it occupy,
I made the tower strong I wist not why,
I knew not to whom I purchased Tattarsall.
I mended Douer on the mountaine hye,
And London I prouoked to fortify the wall.
I made Notingham a place full royall.
Windsore, Eltam, and many other mo,
Yet at the last I went from them all.
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

Where is now my conquest and victory?
Where is my riches and royall array?
Where be my coursers and my horses hye?
Where is my myrth, my solace, and my play?
As vanity to nought all is withred away:
O Lady Bes long for me may you call,

For

For I am departed vntill domes daye:
But loue you that Lorde that is soueraine of all.
Where be my Castels and buildings royall?
But Wyndsore alone now haue I no moe,
And of Eton the prayers perpetuall,
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

Eaton Colledge founded by H.

Why should a man be proud or presume hye
Saint Bernard therof nobly doth treate,
Saying a man is but a sacke of stercory,
And shall retourne vnto wormes meate:
Why what became of Alexander the great?
Or els of strong Sampson, who can tell,
Were not worms ordayned their flesh to freate:
And of Salomon that was of wit the well,
Absolon profered his heere for to sell,
Yet for his bewty wormes eate him also,
And I but late in honours did excell,
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

I haue played my pageant, now am I past,
Ye wote well all I was of no great elde.
Thus all thing concluded shall be at the last,
When death approcheth then lost is the field:
Than seeing this world me no lengar vpheldе,
For nought would conserue me here in this place,
In manus tuas domine my spirite vp I yelde,
Humbly beseching thee O God of thy grace.
O you curteous commons your hartes embrace
Beningly now to pray for me also,
For right well ye know your king I was.
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

FINIS.

Skelton Poet L. R.

VVhan this was saide, euery man for ỹ tyme tooke his leaue of other, and departed (for then it waxed darke) appointing a new day of meting which being come, wee met all together againe. And when wee had saluted one an other, then one tooke the booke and began to reade ỹ story of king Edward the fift: (for there we left) and when he came to ỹ apprehẽding of ỹ Lord Riuers: stay there I pray you (said I) for here is his complaint. For the better vnderstanding wherof, you must imagin ỹ he was accompanied with the Lord Richard Gray, Hawt and Clapham, whose infortunes he bewayleth after this manner.

How Sir Anthony VVoduile Lorde Riuers & Scales, Gouernour of Prince Edward, was with his Nephue Lorde Richard Gray and other causeleſſe imprisoned and cruelly murdered. Anno. 1483.

AS lely suiters letted by delayes
To shew their prince the meaning of their mynde,
That long haue bought their brokers yeas and nays
And neuer the nyer: do dayly wayte to finde
The princes grace, from waighty affayres vntwynde:
Which time attained, by attending all the yeare,
The wearied prince will than no suters heare:

Wy

My cause was such not many dayes ago,
For after bruite had blazed all abroade
That Baldwin through the ayde of other mo,
Of fame or shame fallen princes would vnloade,
Out from our graues we got without abode,
And preaced forward with the rufull rout,
That sought to haue their doings bulted out.

But whan I had long tended for my turne
To tell my tale as diuers other did:
In hope I should no lengar while soiourne
But from my suites haue spedily ben rid,
Whan course and place both orderly had bid
We shew my minde, and I prepard to saye,
The hearers pausd arose and went their way.

These doubtfull doings draue me to my dumps,
Uncertaine what should moue them so to do:
I feared least affections lothly lumps,
Or inward grudge had driuen them therto,
Whose wicked stings all stories truth vndo.
Oft causing good to be reported ill,
Or dround in suds of Læthes muddy swill.

For hitherto sly writers wily wits
Which haue engrossed princes chiefe affayrs,
Haue bene like horses snaffled with the bits
Of fancy, feare, or douts full depe dispairs,
Whose rains enchained to the chiefest chayrs,
Haue so ben strayned of those that bare the stroke
That truth was fayn to chowse els to choke.

This

This caused such as lothed lowd to lye,
To passe with silence sundrie princes liues,
Lesse fault it is to leaue, then leade awrye:
And better drownd, than euer bound in gyues,
For fatall fraud this world so fondly driues.
That what so euer writers brains may brue
Be it neuer so false, at length is tane for true.

What harme may hap by help of lying pens,
How written lies may lewdly be maintainde,
The lothly rites, the deuilish idoll dens:
With guiltlesse bloud of vertuous men bestainde,
Is such a proofe as all good harts haue plainde.
The taly grounds of stories throughly tries,
The death of Martyrs vengeance on it cries.

Far better therfore not to write at all,
Than stayne the truthe for any maner cause,
For this they meane to let my story fall:
(Thought I) and ere my time my volume clause,
But after I knewe it only was a pause,
Made purposely, most for the readers ease,
Allure thee Baldwin, highly it did me please.

For freshest wits, I know will sone be weary,
In reading long what euer booke it be,
Except it be vaine matter, straunge or mery,
Well saust with lies, and glared all with glee,
With which because no graue truth may agree,
The closest stile for stories is the meetest,
In rufull moans the shortest tourne is sweetest.

And

And sith the playnts alreadye by thet pende,
Are briefe enough, the nomber also small,
The tediousnesse I thinke doth none offende,
Saue such as haue no lust to learne at all,
Regarde none such: no matter what they bral.
Warne thou the wary least they hap to stũble.
As for the careleſſe, care not what they mũble.

My life is such as (if thou note it well)
May cause the witty welthy to beware.
For their sakes therfore plainly will I tell,
How false and combrous worldly honours are,
How cankred foes, bring careleſſe folke to care.
How tyrantes sufferes and not queld in tyme
Do cut their throats that suffer them to clyme.

Neither will I hide the chiefest point of all
Which wisest rulers least of all regarde,
That was and will be cause of many a fall.
This cannot be to erneſtly declarde
Because it is so seeld, and slackly heard.
The abuse and scorning of Gods ordinaunces,
Is chiefest cause of care and wofull chaunces.

Gods holy orders highly are abused
When men do chaunge their ends for straunge respects:
They scorned are, when they be cleane refused
For that they can not serue our fond affects,
The one our shame, the other our sinne directs.
It is a shame for Christians to abuse them,
But deadly sinne for scorners to refuse them.

I meane not this all simply of degrees
Ordaind by God for peoples preseruation,
But of his law, good orders, and decrees,
Prouided his creatures conseruation.
And specially the state of procreation
Wherin we here the number of them encrease
Which shall in heauen enioy eternall peace.

The only end why God ordayned this,
Was for the encreasing of that blessed number
For whome he hath prepard eternall blisse,
They that refuse it for the care or cumber
Being apt therto, are in a sinfull slumber:
No fond respect, no vaine deuised vowes
Can quit or bar what God in charge allowes.

It is not good for man to liue alone
Said God: and therfore made he him a make:
Sole life said Christ is graunted few or none,
All seed shevers are bound like wiues to take:
Yet not for lust, for lands, or riches sake,
But to beget and foster for their frute
That heauen and earth be stored with the suite.

But as this state is damnably refused
Of many apt and able therunto,
So is it likewyse wickedly abused
Of all that vse it as they should not doe:
Wherin are guilty all the greedy who
For gaine, for frendship, lands, or bondes wed,
And these pollute the vndefiled bed.

And

And therfore God through iuſtice cannot ceaſe
To plague theſe faults with ſundry ſorts of whips:
As diſagrement, healths or wealths decreaſe,
Or lothing ſore the neuer liked lips.
Diſdaine alſo with rigour ſometime nips
Preſuming mates, vnequally that match:
Some bitter leauen ſowers the muſky batch.

We worldly folke account him very wiſe
That hath the wit moſt welthily to wed.
By all meanes therfore alwaies we deuiſe
To ſee our iſſue rich in ſpouſals ſped.
We buy and ſell rich orphans: babes ſcant bred
Muſt mary ere they know what mariage means
Boyes marry old trots, old fooles wed yong queans.

We call this wedding which in any wiſe
Can be no mariage, but pollucion plaine.
A new found trade of humane marchandiſe,
The deuils net, a filthy fleſhly gayne:
Of kinde and nature an vnnaturall ſtaine,
A fowle abuſe of Gods moſt holy order,
And yet alloud almoſt in euery border.

Would God I were the laſt that ſhall haue cauſe
Againſt this creping cancar to complaine,
That men would ſo regard their makers lawes,
That all would leaue the lewdnes of their braine,
That holy orders holy might remaine.
That our reſpects in wedding ſhould not choke
The ende and fruite of Gods moſt holy poke.

The sage king Solon after that he saw,
What mischiefs folowe misslough he mariages,
To barre all baits, established this law.
No frend nor father shall geue heritages,
Coyne, cattell, stuffe, or other cariages
With any mayd for dowry or wedding sale,
By any meane on pain of banning bale.

Had this good law in England been in force
My father had not so cruelly been slaine.
My brother had not causles lost his corps.
Our mariage had not bred vs such disdaine,
My self had lackt great part of greuous paine,
We wedded wiues for dignitie and lands,
And left our liues in enuies bloudy hands.

My father highte Sir Richard Woduile: he
Espouse the Duches of Bedford, and by her
Had issue males my brother Iohn, and me
Called Anthony, king Edward did preferre
Vs farre aboue the state wherin we were.
For he espoused our sister Elizabeth,
Whom Sir Iohn Gray made widow by his death.

How glad were we, thinke you of this aliaunce:
So nerely coupled with so noble a king.
Who durst with any of vs be at desiaunce
Thus made of might the mightiest to wring:
But fie what cares do highest honours bring,
What carelesnesse our selues or frends to know,
What spite and enuy both of high and lowe.

Because

Because the king had made our sister Queene
It was his honor to preferr her kin.
And sith the readiest way, as wisest ween,
Was first by wedding welthy heyrs to wyn,
It pleased the prince by like meane to begin.
To me he gaue the rich Lord Scales his heir,
A vertuous maid in mine eye very fayre.

Be ioyned to my brother Iohn, the olde
Duches of Northfolke notable of fame:
Wy nephue Thomas (who had in his holde
The honor and right of Marquis Dorcets name)
Espoused Cicelie a right welthy dame,
Lord Bonuiles heyre: by wheme he was possest
In all the rites wher through that house was blest.

The honors that my father attaind were dyuers
First Chamberlain, than Constable he was,
I do omit the gainfullest, Earle Riuers,
Thus glistred we in glory clere as glas.
Such myracles can princes bring to passe
Among their lieges whom they minde to heaue
To honors false, who all their gests deceiue.

Honors are like that cruell king of Thrace,
With new com gests that fed his hungry horses,
Or like the tyrant Busiris whose grace
Offred his Gods all straungers strangled corses.
To forreiners so hard false honors force is
That all her bourders, straungers either gests
She spoyles to feede her Gods and gredy beasts.

Her Gods be those whom God by law or lot,
Or kinde by birth, doth place in highest rowmes,
Her beasts be such as gredely haue got
Office or charge to guide the sely gromes.
These officers in law or charge are bromes,
That swepe away the sweete frō simple wretches,
And spoyle the enriched by their crafty fetches.

These plucke downe those whom princes set aloft,
By wresting lawes, and false conspiracies:
Yea kings themselues by these are spoyled oft.
Whan willfull princes carelesly despise
To heare th'oppressed peoples beauy cries,
Nor will correct their polling theues, than God
Doth make those reues the reckles princes rod.

The second Richard is a proofe of this
Whom crafty Lawyers by their lawes deposed.
Another patern good king Henry is
Whose right by them hath diuersly been glosed,
Good whyle he grew, bad whan he was vnrosed,
And as they foudred these and diuers other.
With like deceit they vsed the king my brother.

While he preuailed they sayd he owed the crown,
All lawes and rights agreed with the same:
But whan by dykes he seemed to be down,
All lawes and right extremely did him blame
Nought saue vsurping traytour was his name.
So constantly the iudges construe lawes,
That all agree still with the stronger cause.

These as I said, and other like in charge
Are honors horses whom she feedes with gests.
For all whom princes frankly do enlarge
With dignities, these barck at in their breasts:
Their spight, their might, their falshod neuer rests
Till they deuour them: sparing neither bloud,
Ne lim ne life, and all to get their good.

The Earle of Warwicke was a praunsing courser
The hauty hart of his could beare no mate:
Our welth through him waxt many a time ꝑ woxser
So cankardly he had our kin in hate.
He troubled oft the kings vnsteady state
And that because he would not be his warde
To wed and worke, as he should list award.

He spited vs because we were preferd
By mariage to dignities so great,
But craftely his mallice he deferd
Till trayterously he found means to entreate
Our brother of Clarence to assist his feat:
Whome whan he had by mariage to him bound
Than wrought he straight our linage to confound.

Through slaũderous brutes he brued many a broile
Throughout ꝑ realme against ꝑ king my brother:
And raysed trayterous rebels thirsting spoile
To murder men: of whome among all other
One Robin of Riddesdale many a soule did smother
His rascall rable at my father wroth
Tooke slier and sonne, and quicke beheaded both,

This hainous act although the king deteſted,
Yet was he faine to pardon: for the rout
Of rebels all the realme ſo ſore infeſted,
That euery way aſſaild, he ſtoode in doubt:
And though he were of courage high and ſtout,
Yet he aſſayed by faire meane to aſſwage
His enemies ire, reueild by rebels rage.

But Warwicke was not pacified thus,
His conſtant rancor cauſles was extreme,
No meane could ſerue the quarell to diſcus,
Till he had driuen the king out of the realme.
Neither would he then be waked from his dreame.
For whan my brother was com and placed again,
He ſtinted not till he was ſtoutly ſlaine.

Than grew the king and Realme to quiet reſt,
Our ſtocke and frends ſtil ſpring higher and higher
The Queene with children fruitfully was bleſt:
I gouernd them, it was the kings deſier.
This ſet their vncles furiouſly on fier,
That we ꝑ Queenes bloud wer aſſigned to gouerne
The prince, not they, ꝑ kings own bloud & brethern.

This cauſed the Duke of Clarence ſo to chafe
That with the king he brainles fell at bate:
The counſaile warely for to kepe him ſafe
From raiſing tumults as he did of late,
Impriſoned him: where through his brothers hate
He was condemnde, and murdred in ſuch ſort
As he him ſelfe hath truly made report.

Was

Was none abhorred these mischiefs more than I,
Yet could I not be therwith discontented,
Considering that his rancour touched me ny.
Els would my conscience neuer haue consented
To wish him harme, could he haue bene contented.
But feare of hurt, for sauegard of our state
Doth cause more mischief than desert or hate.

Such is the state that many wish to beare,
That either we must with others blond be staind,
Or leade our liues continually in feare,
You mounting mindes behold here what is gaind
By combrous honour, painfully attaind:
A damned soule for murdring them that hate you,
Or doutfull life, in daunger lest they mate you.

The cause (I thinke) why some of high degree
Do deadly hate all sekers to assend,
Is this: The cloyne contented can not be
With any state, till time he apprehend
The highest top: for therto clymers tend.
Which seldome is attaind without the wracke
Of those betwene, that stay and beare him back.

To saue them selues they therfore are compeld
To hate such climers, and with wit and power
To cõpasse meanes wherthrough they may be queld
Ere they ascend their honours to deuour.
This causde the Duke of Clarence frowne and lowre
At me and other, whom the king promoted
To dignities: wherin he madly doted.

For seing

For seing we were his dere allied frends,
Our furderaūce should rather haue made him glad
Than enmy like to wyshe our wofull ends.
We were the nereſt kinſfolke that he had.
We ioyed with him, his ſorrow made vs ſad:
But he eſtemed ſo much his painted sheath
That he diſdaind the loue of all beneath.

But ſe how sharply God reuengeth ſinne:
As he maligned me and many other
His faithfull frends, and kindeſt of his kin,
So Richard Duke of Gloceſter, his very brother,
Maligned him and beaſtly did him ſmother.
A deueliſh dede, a moſt vnkindly part,
Yet iuſt reuenge for his vnnaturall hart.

Although this brother queller, tyrant fell
Enuied our ſtate as much and more than he:
Yed did his cloaking flattery ſo excell
To all our frendesward chiefly vnto me,
That he appeard our truſty ſtay to be:
For outwardly he wrought our ſtate to furder,
Where inwardly he minded nought ſaue murder.

Thus in appearaunce who but I was bleſt:
The chiefeſt honors heaped on my head:
Beloued of all, enioying quiet reſt.
The forward prince by me alone was led,
A noble impe, to all good vertues bred:
The king my liege without my counſaile knowne
Agreed nought: though wiſeſt were his owne.

But

But quiet blisse in no state lasteth long
Assailed still by mischief many wayes:
Whose spoyling battry glowing hote and strong.
No flowing welth, no force nor wisdome staies
Her smoakeles poulder beaten souldiers slaies.
By open force soule mischief oft preuails,
By secret sleight, she seeld her purpose fails.

The king was bent to much to foolish pleasure,
In banqueting he had so great delight:
This made him grow in grosnes out of measure,
Which, as it kindleth carnall appetite,
So quencheth it the liuelynes of the spirite.
Wherof ensue such sicknes and diseases
As none can cure saue death that all displeases.

Through this fault furdered by his brothers fraud
(Now God forgiue me if I iudge amisse)
Or through that beast his ribald or his baud
That larded still these sinfull lusts of his,
He sodainly forsooke all worldly blisse.
That loathed leach, that neuer welcome death,
Through Spasmous humours stopped vp his breath.

That tyme lay I at Ludloe Wales his border,
For with the prince the king had sent me thyther
To stay the robberies, spoyle, and soule disorder,
Of diuers outlawes gathered there together:
Whose banding tended no man wist well whither
Whan these by wisdome safly were suppressed,
Came wofull newes, our soueraigne was deceassed.

The griefe

The grief wherof when reason was allwaged,
Because the Prince remained in my guide,
For his defence great store of men I waged,
Doubting the stormes which at such time betide.
But while I there thus warely did prouide,
Commaundement came to send them home againe
And bring the king thence with his houshold traine.

This charge sent from the counsaile & the Queene,
Though much against my minde I beast obayed:
The deuill him selfe wrought all the drift I weene,
Because he would haue innocents betrayed:
For ere the king were halfe his waye conuayed,
A sort of traytours falsely him betrapt
I caught afore, and close in prison clapt.

The Duke of Glocester that incarnate deuill
Confederd with the Duke of Buckingham,
With eke Lord Hastings, hasty both to euill
To meete the king in mourning habite came,
(A cruell Wolfe though clothed like a Lambe)
And at Northampton, where as than I bayted
They tooke their Inne as they on me had wayted.

The king that night at Stonystratford lay,
A towne to small to harbour all his trayne:
This was the cause why he was gone away
While I with other did behinde remaine.
But will you see how falsely frends can faine?
Not Sinon sly, whose fraude best fame rebukes,
Was halfe so suttle as these double Dukes.

First to

Firſt to mine Inne, commeth in my brother falſe
Embraceth me: well met good brother Scales,
And wepes withall: the other me enhalſe
With welcome coſin, now welcome out of wales
O happy day, for now all ſtormy gales
Of ſtrife and rancour vtterly are ſwaged,
And we our own to liue or die vnwaged.

This proferde ſeruice ſauſt with ſalutations
Immoderate, might cauſe me to ſuſpect:
For commonly in all diſſimulations
Th'exces of glauering doth the guile detect:
Reaſon refuſeth falſehode to direct,
The will therfore for feare of being ſpied
Exceedeth mean, becauſe it wanteth guyde.

This is the cauſe why ſuch as fayne to wepe
Do howle outright, or wayling cry ah,
Tering them ſelues, & ſtraining ſighs moſt depe.
Why ſuch diſſemblers as would ſeme to laugh
Breth not tihhee, but braye out, hah hah hah.
Why beggers fayning brauery are the proudſt
Why cowards bragging boldneſſe, wãgle loudſt

For commonly all that do counterfayte
In any thing, excede the naturall mean,
And that for feare of fayling in their feat.
But theſe conſpirers couched all ſo cleane,
Through cloſe demeanour, that their wyles did weane
My hart from douts, ſo many a falſe deuice
They forged freſh, to hyde their enterpriſe.

They

They supt with me, propounding frendly talke
Of our affairs, still geuing me the prayse.
And euer among the cups to me ward walke:
I drinke to you good Cuz ech traytour saies,
Our banquet done when they should go their ways
They tooke their leaue, oft wishing me good night
As hartely as any creature might.

A noble hart they say is Lyon like,
It can not couche, dissemble, crouch nor fayne,
How villanous were these, and how vnlike?
Of noble storke the most ignoble stayne.
Their woluish harts, their trayterous forky braine
Either proue them base, of rascall race engendred
Or from hault lynage bastardlike degendred.

Such polling heads as prayse for prudent pollicy
False practises, I wish were pact on poales.
I meane the bastard law broode, which can molifye
All kinde of causes in their crafty nolles.
These vndermine all vertue, blynde as molles,
They bolster wrong, they racke and strain the right
And prayse for law both malice, fraud, and might.

These quenche the worthy flames of noble kynde,
Prouoking best borne to the baselt vices,
Through crafts they make the bouldest courage blinde,
Disliking highly valiant enterprises:
And praysing vily villanous deuices.
These make the Boze a Hog, the Bull an Ore,
The Swanne a Goose, the Lyon a Wolfe or Fore.

The

The Lawyer Catesby and his crafty feers
A rout that neuer did good in any Realme,
Are they that had transformed these noble peers:
They turnde their blood to melancholicke fleume.
Their courage hault to cowardise extreame
Their force and manhode into fraud and malice,
Their wit to wyles: stout Hector into Paris.

These glauerers gone, my selfe to rest I layde,
And doubting nothing soundly fell a slepe:
But sodainly my seruants sore afraide
Awaked me: and drawing sighes full depe,
Alas (quoth one) my Lord we are betrayde.
How so (quoth I) the Dukes are gone their waies,
They haue barred ꝑ gates, & borne away the keyes.

While he thus spake, there came into my mynde
This fearfull dreame, wherout I waked was:
I sawe a Riuer stopt with stormes of winde
Where through a Swan, a Bull, & Bore did passe.
Fraunching the fish and fry, with teath of brasse,
The Riuer dried vp saue a litle streame
Which at the last did water all the Realme.

Me thought this streame did drown ꝑ cruel Bore,
In little space, it grew so depe and brode:
But he had kild the Bull and Swan before.
Besides all this I sawe an oughly tode
Crall toward me, on which me thought I trode:
But what became of her, or what of me
My sodayne waking would not let me see.

Thele

These dreames considered with this sodain newes
So diuers from their doings ouer night,
Did cause me not a litle for to muse,
I blest me, and ryse in all the hast I might,
By this, Aurora spred abroade the light.
Which fro the ends of Phebus beams she tooke
Who than the Bulls chief gallery forsooke.

When I had opened the window to looke out
There might I see the stretes ech where beset,
My Inne on ech side compassed about
With armed watchmen, all escapes to let
Thus had these Neroes caught me in their net.
But to what ende, I could not throwly gesse,
Such was my plainnes, such their doublenesse.

My conscience was so clere I could not doube
Their deadly drift, which lesse apparant lay,
Because they cauld their men retourne the rout
That pode toward Stonystratford as they say,
Because the Dukes will first be there to day:
For this (thought I) they hinder me in east,
For giltlesse myndes do easely deeme the best.

By this the Dukes were come into mine Inne
For they were lodged in an other by,
I gote me to them thinking it a sinne
Within my chamber cowardly to lye.
And merely I asked my brother why
He vsed me so? he sterne in eutill sadnes
Cried out: I arrest thee traytour for thy badnes,

How so

How so (quoth I) whence riseth your suspition?
Thou art a traitour (quoth he) I the arrest
Arrest (quoth I) why where is your commission?
He drew his weapon so did all the rest
Crying: yeld the traitour. I so sore distrest
Made no resistaunce: but was sent to ward
None saue their seruauntes assigned to my gard.

This done they sped them to the King in poste,
And after their humble reuerence to him done,
They traiterously began to rule the roste,
They picked a quarel to my sisters sonne
Lord Richard Gray: the King would not be wonne
To agree to them, yet they against all reason,
Arrested him they laide for hainous treason.

Sir Thomas Vaughan and Sir Richard Haule
Two worthy knights were likewise apprehended,
These all were gilty in one kinde of faule,
They would not like the practise then pretended:
And seing the king was herewith sore offended,
Backe to Northampton they brought him againe
And thence discharged most part of his traine.

There lo Duke Richard made himselfe protector
Of king and Realme by open proclamation,
Though neither king nor Queene were his elector,
Thus he presumed by lawlesse vsurpation.
But will you see his deepe dissimulation?
He sent me a dish of deinties from his borde
That day, and with it, this faire frendly worde.

Commend me to him all things shalbe well,
I am his frend, bid him be of goood cheare:
These newes I prayed the messenger go tell
My Nephue Richard, whom I loued full deare.
But what he ment by well now shall you heare:
He thought it well to haue vs quickly murdered,
Which not longe after thorowly he furdered.

For strait from thence we closely were conuayed
Frō iayle to iayle Northward we wist not whither:
Where after we had a while in sonder strayed,
At last we met at Pomfret all together.
Syr Richard Ratcliffe bad vs welcome thither,
Who openly, all law and right contemned
Beheaded vs before we were condemned.

My cosin Richard could not be content
To leaue his life, because he wist not why,
Good gentleman that neuer harme had ment,
Therefore he asked wherefore he should dye:
The priest his ghostly father did replye
With weeping eyes: I know one wofull cause,
The realm hath neither righteous lords nor lawes.

Sir Thomas Vaughan chasing cryed still:
This tyrant Glocester is the graceless G.
That will his brothers children beastly kill.
And least the people thorough his talke might see
The mischiefs toward, and therets not agree
Our tormentour that falsе periured knight
Bad stop our mouthes, with wordes of high dispight.

Thus

Thus dyed we giltlesse proceſſe heard we none,
No cauſe alleagde, no Iudge, nor yet accuſer,
No queſt empaneld paſſed vs vppon.
That murdrer Ratcliffe, law and rights refuſer,
Did all to flatter Richard his abuſer.
Unhappy both that euer they were borne,
Through giltleſſe bloud that haue their ſoules forlorne.

In part I graunt I well deſerued this,
Becauſe I cauſed not ſpredy execution
Be done on Richard for that murder of his,
When firſt he wrought king Henries cloſe confuſion.
Not for his brothers hatefull perſecution.
Theſe cruell murders painefull death deſerued
Which had he ſuffred, many had bin preſerued.

Warne therefore all that charge or office beare
To ſee all murdrers ſpeedely executed:
And ſpare them not for fauour or for feare:
By guiltles bloud the earth remaines polluted.
For lacke of Iuſtice kingdomes are tranſmuted.
They that ſaue murdrers from deſerued paine,
Shall through thoſe murdrers miſerably be ſlaine.

FINIS.

When I had read this, they liked it very wel, one wished ꝯ the combat which he foughte with the bastard of Burgoine, and the honour which he wan both with speare & axe should not be forgotten. Another moued a question about a great matter, and ꝯ is the variaunce of the Chronicles about the Lord Thomas Graye Marquise Dorcet: whō Fabian euery wher calleth ꝯ queenes brother, sir Thomas Moore and Hall call him the Queenes sonne as hee was in very deede. Fabian saith he was gouernour of ꝯ Prince, and had ꝯ conueiaunce of him frō Ludlo towards London. The other (whom we follow) say he was than at London wt the Queene prouiding for the kings coronation, and toke Sanctuary with her as sone as hee heard of the apprehending of his vncle. This disagreing of writers is a great hindraūce of ꝯ truth, and no smal combraunce to such as be diligent readers, besides the harme that may happen in succession of heritages. It were therefore a worthye and good deede for the nobility, to cause all the recordes to be sought, and a true and perfect Chronicle there out to be written. Unto which we refer ꝯ deciding of this & of all other like controuersies, geuing this to vnderstand in the meane time, that no man shall thincke his title either better or worse by any thing that is written in any part of this treatise. For the onely thing which is purposed herein, is by example of others miseries, to dissuade al men frō al sinnes and vices. If by the way we touch any thing concerning

cerning titles, we follow therein Halles Chronicle. And where we seeme to swarue from his reasons and causes of diuers doinges, there we gather vpon coniecture such things as seeme most probable, or at the least most conuenient for the furderaunce of our purpose. When the reader would haue proceeded in the Chronicle which straighte intreateth of the villanous destruction of the Lord Hastings, I willed him to surceas, because I had there his tragedye very learnedly penned. For the better vnderstanding wherof, you must imagin that you see him newly crepte out of his graue, and speaking to mee as followeth.

Howe the Lorde Hastings was betrayed by trusting to much to his euil counsailour Catesby, and vilanously murdered in the Tower of London by Richard Duke of Glocester, the 13. of Iune Anno. 1483.

I Am that Hastings whose to hastye death,
They blame that know wherefore I lost my breath.
With others fearing least my headlesse name
Be wronged, by partiall bruite of flattering fame.
Hearing O Baldwin that thou meanst to penne,
The liues and falls of English noble men.
My selfe here present do present to thee
My life, my fall, and forced destenye.

Me leare to staine thy credite by my tale.
In Lethes floud, long since, in Stigian vale.
Selfe loue I drowne. what time hath fined for true.
And ceaseth not, (though stale) still to renue:
Recount I will. whereof take this for proofe.
That blase I will my praise, and my reproofe.
Wee naked ghosts are but the very man
Nor of our selues more than we ought we scan.

The heauens hye, and earthly vale belowe,
Yet ring his fame, whose deedes so great did grow.
Edward the fourth ye know vnnamed I meane.
Whose noble nature so to mee did leane,
That I his stalke was, I his onely ioy,
And euen what Pandare was to him of Troy.
Which moued him first, to create me chamberlaine.
To serue his sweetes, to my most sower paine.

Wherein, to lustily praised for secretnesse
(For now my guilt with shriking I confesse)
To him to true, to vntrue to the Queene,
Such hate I wan, as lasted long betweene
Our families. Shores wife was my nice cheat,
The holy hore, and eke the wily peat.
I fed his lust with louely peeces so,
That Gods sharpe wrath I purchast, my iust wo.

See here of nobles newe the diuers course.
Some vertue rapseth, some clime by sluttish sorts.
The first, though onely of themselues begon,
Yet circlewise into themselues do ron.

Wich.

Within themselues their force vnited so,
Both endlesse is, and stronger gainst their foe,
For, when endth hit that neuer hath begon?
Or how may that that hath no end, be vndone?

Th'other as by wicked meanes they grue,
And raigned by flattery or violence: so sone rue.
First tombling step from honours old, is vice.
Which once stept downe, some linger, none arise
To former type, But they catch vertues spray,
Which rayseth them that clime by lawfull way.
Beware to rise by seruing Princely lust.
Surely to stand, one meane is rising iust.

Which learne by mee, whom let it helpe to excuse,
That ruthfull now my selfe I do accuse
And that my Prince I euer pleased with such,
As harmed none, and him contented much.
In vice some fauour, or lesse hate let win,
That I ne wyred to worser end my sin.
But vsed my fauour to the safety of such,
As surye of later warre to line did grutch.

For as on durt (though durty) shineth the sonne:
So, euen amids my vice, my vertue shoane.
My selfe I spared with any his cheate to staine,
For loue or reuerence so I could refraine.
Gisippus wife erst Titus would desire
With frendships breach. I quenche that brutish fire.
Manly hit is, to loth the pleasing lust.
Small vaunt to flye, that of constreint thou must.

These faults except, if so my life thou skan,
Lo none I hurt but surdzed euery man.
My chamber England was, my staffe the law:
Whereby sauns rigour, all I held in awe.
So louing to all, so beloued of all,
As, (what ensued vpon my bloudy fall
Though I ne felt) yet suerly this I thincke.
Full many a trickling teare their mouths did drinke.

Disdaine not Princes easie accesse, meeke cheare.
We know, then Angels statelier port ye beare
Of God himselfe: to manly a charge for spirites.
But then, my Lords, consider, he delights
To vayle his grace to vs poore earthly wants,
To simplest shrubs, and to the dunghill plants.
Expresse him then, in might and mercies meane.
So shall ye winne, as now ye rule the realme.

But all to long I feare I do delaye
The manye means, whereby I did bewray
My zealous will, to earne my Princes grace.
Least thou differ, to thincke me kinde percase.
As nought may last, so Fortunes chaunging cheare
With pouting lokes gan lower on my fire,
And on her wheele, aduaunst hye in his roome
The Warwicke Earle, male of Christendome.

Besides the tempting prowesse of the foe,
My Princes brother did him then forgo.
The cause was liked, I was his linked allye.
Yet nor the cause, nor brothers treacherye,

Nor en-

Nor enmies force, nor bande of mingled bloud:
Wade Hastings beare his Prince other minde then good.
But tane and scaped from Warwicks griping pawes,
With mee he fled through fortunes frowardst flawes.

To London come, at large we might haue seemed,
Had not we then the Realme a prison deemed.
Ech bushe a barre, ech spray a banner splayed,
Ech house a fort our passage to haue stayed.
To Linne we leape, where while we awaite the tide,
My secrete frendes in secrete I supplied,
In mouth to mainteine Henry sixt their King,
By deede to deuorce Edward to bring in.

The restles tyde, to bare the empty bay,
With waltring waues roames wãbling forth. Away
The mery mariner hales, The bragging boy,
To masts hye top vp hies. In signe of ioy
The wauering flag is vaunst. The surging seas
Their swelling ceasse: to calmest euen peace
Sinketh downe their pride. With drunkennes gainst all care
The seamen armed, awaye their noble fare.

On bord we come. The massy anchors waide,
One English ship, two Hulkes of Holland, ayde
In such a pinche. So small tho was the traine,
Such his cõstraint, that now, that one with paine
Commaũd he might, who late might many moe:
Then ghastly Greekes erst brought to Tenedo.
So nought is ours that we by hap may lose,
What nearest seemes, is farthest of in woes.

As ba-

As banished wights, such ioyes we mought haue made.
Eas'd of aye threatning death, that late we dradde.
But once our countreis sight (not care) exempt,
No harbour shewinge, that mought our feare relent,
No couert caue, no shrub to shroude our liues,
No hollow wood, no slight, that oft depriues
The mighty his pray, no sanctuary left
For exiled Prince, that shroudes ech slaue for theft:

In prison pent, whose woody walles to passe
Of no lesse perill than the dying was:
With the Ocean moated, battred with the waues,
(As chaind at oares the wretched Galley slaues,
At mercy sit of sea and ennies shot,
And shonne wt death that they with slight maye not)
But grenish waues, and heauye lowring skies
All comfort els forclosed our exiled eyes:

Loe loe from highest top, the slauish boy
Sent vp, with sight of lande our harts to ioy:
Descries at hand whole fleete of Easterlings.
As than whot ennies of the Britishe Kings.
The mouse may sometime helpe the Lion in neede:
The bittle Bee once spilt the Aegles breede.
O Princes seeke no foes. In your distresse,
The earth, the seas, conspyre your heauinesse.

Our foe discryed by slight we shon in hast,
And lade with Canuas nowe the bending mast.
The ship was rackt to try her sayling then,
As Squirels clime the troupes of trusty men.

The

The ſtereſman ſeekes a redier courſe to ronne,
The ſouldier ſtirs, the gonner hies to gonne.
The Flemings ſweate, the Engliſh ſhip diſdains
To waite behinde to beare the Flemings trains.

Forth flyeth the barke, as from the violent goonne
The pellet pearſeth all ſtayes and ſtops eſt ſoone.
And ſwift ſhe ſwyndgthe, as oft in ſunny day,
The Dolphin fleetes in ſeas in mery May.
As we for liues, ſo Th'eaſterlings for gaine,
Th'wack on the ſayles, and after make amaine.
Though heauy they were, and of burthen great:
A King to maiſter pet, what Swyne nold ſweat?

So mid the dale the greyhound ſeing ſtart
The feareful hare, purſueth. Before ſhe fierteth,
And where ſhe turnth, he turnth her there to beare.
The one pray pricketh, the other ſakties feare.
So were we chaſed, ſo fled we afore our foes.
Bet flight then fight in ſo vneuen cloſe.
I end. Some thincke perhaps, to long he ſtaieth
In perill preſent ſhewing his fixed faith.

This ventred I, this vrged I did ſuſtaine,
To try my truth, my life I did diſdaine.
But loe, like tryall againſt his ciuill foe.
Faiths worſt is tryall, which is reſerued to woe.
I paſſe our ſcape, and ſharpe returning home,
Where we were welcomd by our wonted fone.
To battaile maine diſcends the Empyres right,
At Barnet ioyne the hoaſtes in bloudy fight.

There

There ioynd three battailes ranged in ſuch array,
As mought for terrour Alexander fray.
What ſhould I ſtay to tell the long diſcourſe?
Who wan the palme? who bare away the worſe?
Suffiſeth to ſay by my reſerued band,
Our enemies fled, we had the vpper hand.
My iron army held her ſteady place,
My Prince to ſhield, his feared foe to chaſe.

The like ſucceſſe befell mee in Tewkeſbury field.
My furious force, there forſd perforce to yeeld
My Princes foe: and render to my king
Her onely ſonne, leaſt he more hate might bring.
Thus haſt thou a mirrour of a ſubiects minde,
Such as perhaps is rare againe to finde:
The caruing cuts, that cleaue the truſtye ſteele,
My faith, and due allegiaunce, could not feele.

But out alas, what praiſe may I recount,
That is not ſtaind with ſpot, that doth ſurmount
My greateſt vaunt? for bloudy warre to feete
A Tiger was I, all for peace vnmeete,
A ſouldiers hands muſt oft be dyed with goare,
Leaſt ſtarke with reſt, they ſinewd waxe and hoare.
Peace could I winne by warre, but peace not vſe.
Few dayes enioy he, who warlike peace doth chuſe.

When Crofts a knight preſented Henries heire
To this our Prince, in furious moode enquere
Of him he gan, what folly or phrenſye vaine,
With arms forſt him to inuade his Realme?

Whom

Whom aunſwering that he claimd his fathers right:
With gauntet ſmit, commaunded from his ſight:
Clarence, Gloceſter, Dorcet, and I Haſting ſlue.
The guilt whereof we ſhortly all did rue.

Clarence, as Cirus, drownd in bloudlike wyne,
Dorcet I furthered to his ſpeedy pyne.
Of me, my ſelfe am ſpeaking preſident,
Nor eaſier fate the briſtled Boare is lent.
Our blouds haue payd the vengeaunce of our guilt,
His kryed bones, ſhall drople for bloud he hath ſpilt.
O waitſome murther, that attainteth our fame,
O horrible traitours wanting worthy name.

Who as miſchieuouſly of all men deſerue,
As they merite well who domens liues preſerue.
If thoſe, therefore we recken heauenly wights,
Theſe may we well deeme feends, and damned ſpyits.
And while on earth they walke, diſguiſed deuils,
Swayne foes of vertue, factours for all euils.
Whoſe bloudy hands torment their goared harts,
Through bloudſheds horrour, in ſoundeſt ſlepe he ſtarts.

O happy world were the Lions men,
All Lions ſhould at leaſt be ſpared then.
No ſuerty now, no laſting leage is bloud.
A meacocke is he, who dreadth to ſee bloud ſhedde.
Old is the practiſe of ſuch bloudy ſtrife,
While it, were armies ii. the illues of firſt wife,
With armed hart and hand, the one bloudy brother,
With cruell chaſe purſueth and murdreth th'other.

Which who abhorreth not? yet who ceaseth to sue?
The bloudy Caynes their bloudy spye renue.
The horror yet is like in common frapes.
For in ech murther, brother brother slapes.
Traitours to nature, countrey kin and kinde.
Whom no band serueth in brothers loue to binde.
O simple age, when slaunder slaughter was.
The tongues small euil, how doth this mischiefe passe?

Hopest thou to cloake thy couert mischiefe wrought?
Thy conscience, Captif, shall proclaime thy thought.
A vision, Chaucer sheweth, discloseth thy cryme.
The fore descry the crowes and chattring pyen,
And shall thy fellow felons, not bewray
The guiltlesse death, whom guilty hands do slay?
Unpunished scaped for haynous crime some one,
But vnauenged, in minde or body none.

Uengeaunce on minde, the freating furies take,
The sinnefull corps, like earthquake agewes shake.
Their frowning lokes, their troubled minds bewray,
In hast they ronne, and mids their race they stay,
As gidded Roe. Amids their speach they whist,
At meate they muse. No where they may persist
But some feare netleth them. Ay hang they so.
So neuer wanteth the wicked murtherer wo.

An infant rent with Lions ramping pawes?
Why slaunder? Lions? They feare the sacred lawes
Of royall bloud. Ay me more brute than beast,
With enfants flyes, (Liraons pye) to feast?

O tyrant Tigers, O insaciate wolues,
O English curtesie, monstrous mawes and gulfes.
Onely because our Prince displeasde we sawe
With him, we slue him straight before all lawe.

Before our Prince commaunded once his death,
Our bloudy swords on him we did vnsheath.
Preuenting law, and euen our Princes hest,
Wee hid our weapons in the ponglings brest.
Whom not desire of reigne did driue to field,
But mothers pride, who longd the Realme to weld.
But straight my death shall shewe my worthy meede,
If first to one other murther I proceede.

While Edward liued, dissembled discord lurked:
In double harts yet so his reuerence worked.
But when succeeding tender feeble age,
Gaue open gap to tyrants rushing rage:
I holpe the Boare, and Buck, to captiuate
Lord Riuers, Gray, Sir Thomas Vaughan and Hawte.
If land would help the sea, well earnd that ground
Hit selfe, to be with conquering waues surround.

Their speedy death by priuy dome procured,
At Pomfret: tho my life short while endured.
My selfe I slue, when them I damned to death,
At once my throate I riued, and reft them breath.
For that selfe day, before or neare the bower
That withred Atropos nipe the springing flower
With violent hand, of their forth running lyfe:
My head and body, in Tower twinde like knyfe.

By

By this my paterne all ye peers beware.
Oft hangth he himselfe, who others weenth to snare.
Spare to be ech others butcher. Feare the Kite,
Who soareth a loft, (while frog and mouse do fight
In ciuill combat, grappling boyde of feare
Of foreine foe) at once all both to beare.
Which plainer by my pitied plaint to see,
A while a new your listning lend to mee.

To true it is two sondry assemblies kept,
At Crosbies place, and Baynards Castel sett.
The Dukes at Crosbies, but at Baynards wee.
The one to Crowne a King the other to bee.
Suspicious is secession of foule frends,
When eithers drift to thothers mischiefe tends,
I feared the ende, my Catesbies being there
Discharged all douts. Him held I most entyre.

Whose great preferment by my meanes, I thought
Some spurre, to pay the thankfulnes he ought.
The trust he ought me, made me trust him so,
That priuy he was both to my weale and wo.
My harts one halfe, my chest of confidence,
Mine onely trust, my ioye dwelt in his presence.
I loued him Baldwin, as the apple of mine eye.
I lothed my life when Catesby would me dye.

Flye from thy chanell Thames forsake thy streames,
Leaue the Adamaunt Iron, Phoebus lay thy beames:
Ceasse heauenly Spheares at last your weary warke,
Betray your charge, retourne to Chaos darke.

At least

At leaſt, ſome ruthles Tiger hang her whelpe,
My Cateſbie ſo with ſome excuſe to help.
And me to comfort, that I alone, ne ſeme
Of all dame natures wozkes left in extreme.

A Golden treaſure is the tried frend.
But who may Gold from counterfaits defend?
Truſt not to ſoone, noz yet to ſoone miſtruſt.
With th'one thy ſelfe with th'other thy frend thou hurtſt.
Who twyneth betwixt, and ſteareth the golden meane,
Noz raſhly loueth, noz miſtruſteth in vayne.
In frendſhip ſouraigne it is as mithzidate
Thy frend to loue as one whome thou mayſt hate.

Of tickle credit ne had ben the miſchiefe,
What neded Virbius miracle doubled life?
Credulitie ſurnamed firſt the Aegean ſeas.
Miſtruſt, doth treaſon in the truſtieſt rayſe.
Suſpicious Romulus, ſtaind his walls firſt reard
With bzothers bloud, whō foz light leape he feard.
So not in bzotherhood ielouſie may be bozne,
The iealous cuckold weares the infamous hozne.

A beaſt may pzeach by triall, not fozeſight.
Could I haue ſhond light credit, nere had light
The dzeaded death, vpon my guilty head.
But fooles aye wont to learne by after reade.
Had Cateſby kept vnſtaind the truth be plight,
Yet had ye enioyed me, and I yet the light
All Derbies douts I clered with his name.
I knew, no harm could hap me without his blame.

But see the fruites of tickle light beliefe.
The ambitious Dukes corrupt the traitour theefe,
To groape me, if allured I would assent,
To bin a partner of their curste entent.
Wherto, when as by no meanes frendship vaylde,
By tyraunt force behold they me assaylde.
And summond shortly a sounsaile in the tower,
Of June the fiftenth, at apointed hower.

Alas, are counsels wryed to catch the good?
No place is now exempt from sheading blood,
Sith counsels, that were carefull to preserue
The guiltlesse good, are weaues to make thē starue.
What may not mischief of madman abuse?
Religions cloake some one to vice doth chuse,
And maketh God protectour of his crime.
O monstrous world, well ought we wish thy tyme.

The fatall skies, roll on the blackest day,
When doubled bloudshed, my blood must repay.
Others none forceth. To me sir Thomas Hawarde
As spurre is buckled, to prouoke me forward.
Derbie who feared the parted sittings yore.
Whether, much more he knew by experiēce hoare,
Or better mynded, clearlyer truthe could see:
At midnight darke this message sends to me.

Hastings away, in slepe the Gods forshow
By dreadfull dreame, fell fates vnto vs two.
We thought a Boare with tuske so rased our throate,
That both our shoulders of the blood did smoake.

Arise

Arise to horse, straight homeward let vs hie.
And sith we our foe we can not matche, O flye.
Of Chaunteclere you learne dreames soth to know
Thence wise mē cōster, more then ꝑ cock doth crow.

While thus he spake, I held within myne arme
Shores wyfe, the tender peece, to kepe me warme.
Fye on adultery, fye on lecherous lust.
Marke in me ye nobles all, Gods iudgements iust.
A Pandare, Murtherer, and Adulterer thus,
Onely such death I die, as I ne blushe.
Now least my dame mought thinke appall my hart
With eger moode vp in my bed I start.

And, is thy Lord (quoth I) a soothsayer?
A wise man now become? a dreame reader?
What though so Chaūteclere crowed? I reck it not:
On my part pleadeth as well dame Partelot.
Uniudged haugth yet the case betwixt them twayn.
Ne was his dreame cause of his hap I say.
Shal dreaming douts from prince my seruing slacke?
Nay, then mought Hastings life and liuing lacke.

He parteth. I sleepe, my minde surcharged with sinne,
As Phœbus beames by misty cloud kept in,
Ne could misgeue, ne dreame of my mishap.
As blocke I tumbled to myne enemies trap.
Securitie causles through my fayned frende,
Reft me foresight of my approching end.
So Catesby clawed me, as when the Cat doth play.
Dalieng with mouse whome straight she meanes to slay.

The morow come, the lateſt light to me,
On palfray mounted, to the tower I hye.
Accompanied with that Hawardmy mortall foe,
To ſlaughter led, thou God didſt ſuffer ſo.
(O depe diſſemblers, honouring with your cheare,
Whome in hid hart ye trayterouſly teare.)
Neuer had Realme ſo open ſigns of wracke,
As I had ſhewed me of my heauy hap.

The viſion firſt of Stanley, late deſcryed.
Then mirth ſo extreme, that neare for ioy I dyed.
Were hit, that Swanlike I forefong my death,
Or mery minde forſaw the looſe of breath
That long it coueited, from this earths annoye.
But euen as ſiker as th'end of woe is ioye,
And glorious light to obſcure night doth tend:
So extreame mirth in extreme moane doth end.

For why, extreames are haps rackt out of courſe.
By violent might far ſwinged forth perforce.
Which as they are pearcingſt while they violētſt moue,
For that they are neare to cauſe that doth thē ſhoue:
So ſooneſt fall from that their higheſt extreame,
To th'other contrary that doth want of meane.
So lawghed he erſt, who lawghed out his breath.
So lawghed I, whan I lawghd my ſelfe to death.

The pleaſingſt meanes boade not the luckieſt ends.
Not aye, found treaſure to like pleaſure tends.
Mirth meanes not mirth all time, thyſe happy hire
Of wit, to ſhun the exceſſe that all deſire.

But this

But this I paſſe, I hie to other like.
My palfrey in the playneſt paued ſtreete,
Thrise bowed his boanes, thrise kneled on the flower,
Thrise shond (as Balams aſſe) the dreaded tower.

What? should I chinke he had ſence of after haps?
As beaſtes forshew the drought or rainy drops,
As humours in them want or els abound,
By influence from the heauens, or chaunge of ground?
Or do we interprete by ſucceſſe ech ſigne?
And as we fanſie of ech hap deuine?
And make that cauſe, that kinne is to th'effect?
Not hauing ought of conſequence reſpect?

Bucephalus kneeling onely to his Lord,
Shewed onely he was, monarche of the world.
Why may not then the ſteede forſhew by fall,
What caſuall hap the ſitter happen ſhall?
Darius horſe by braying brought a realme.
And what letteth, why he me is (as the aſſe) Gods meane,
By ſpeaking ſigne, to ſhew his hap to come,
Who is deafe hearer of his ſpeaking domme?

But forward yet. In tower ſtreete I ſtayed
Where (could I haue ſeene) loe Haward all bewrayed
For as I commond with a prieſt I met:
Away my Lord quoth he. your time ne is yet
To take a prieſt. Loe, Synon might be ſeene,
Had not the Troyans bares fooliſhe forthright eyen,
But ſince the time was come that I ſhould dye,
Some grace it was to die with wympled eye.

Ne was this all. For euen at Towerwharfe,
Neare to thoſe walles within the which I ſtarke,
Where erſt, in ſorowe ſowſt and depe diſtreſſe,
I emparted all my pining penſiuneſſe
With Haſtings: (ſo my purſeuaunt men call)
Euen there, the ſame to meete it did me fall.
Who gan to me moſt dolefully renewe,
The wofull conference had erſt in that Lieu.

Haſtings (quoth I) accoꝛding now they fare,
At Pomfret this daye dying, who cauſd that care.
My ſelf haue all the woꝛld at my will,
With pleaſures cloyed, engoꝛged with the fill.
God graunt it ſo quoth he, why doubteſt thou tho
Quoth I: and all in chafe, to him gan ſhewe
In ample wyſe, our dyfe with tedious tale.
And entred ſo the tower to my bale.

What ſhould we thinke of ſignes? They ar but baps
Howe may they then, be ſignes of afterclaps?
Doth euery chaunce foꝛſhew woꝛ cauſe ſome other?
Oꝛ ending at it ſelfe, extendth no furder?
As th'ouerflowing floude ſome mount doth choake,
But to his aide ſome other floud it yoake:
So, if with ſignes thy ſinnes once ioyne, beware.
Els wherto chaunces tend, doe neuer care.

Had not my ſinne deſerued my death as wreake,
What might my myzth haue hurt? oꝛ hoꝛſes decke?
Oꝛ Hawardes bitter ſcoffe? oꝛ Haſtinges talke?
What meane then foole Aſtrologers to calke?

That

That twinckling sterres sling down the fixed fate?
And all is guided by the sterry state?
Perdye, a certaine charge assignd they haue
To shyne, and times diuide, not fate to graue.

But graunt they somwhat giue: is at one instant
Of euery babe the birth in heauen so skand,
That they that restlesse roll, and neuer staye,
Should in his life beare yet so violent swaye:
That, not his actions onely next to birth,
But all his life, and death be sweyed therwith?
Howe may one motion make so sundry effectes?
Or one impression tend to such respectes?

Some rule there is yet. Els, why were differd
Til nowe, these plagues, so lõgere now deserude?
If for they are trifles, they ne seeme of care:
But toyes with God the stateliest scepters are.
Yet in them to plaine, doth appeare foreset,
The certaine rule and fatall limites set,
Yet thinke we not, this sure foresetting fate.
But Gods fast prouidence for ech princely state.

And hath he erst restraind his prouidence?
Or is he nygard of his free dispence?
Or is he vncertaine foreset drifts to drive?
That not dame Chaũce but he all goods may giue?
A heathen God they hold, who fortune keepe,
To deal them haps, while God they ween a sleepe.
Mock Gods they are, and many Gods induce,
Who fortune layne to father their abuse.

Howe ſo it be, it mought haue warned me.
But, what I could not, that in me ſeeke.
Who runne in race, the honour like to wynne,
Whoſe faireſt forme nought may deforme but ſinne.
Alas, when moſte I did deſie all dread,
By ſingle heare deaths ſworde hong ouer my head.
For herke the ende and liſten now my fall.
This is the laſt, and this the fruit of all.

To Counceil chamber come, a whyle we ſtayd
For him, without whom nought was done or sayd.
At laſt he came, and courteouſly excuſed,
That he ſo long our patience had abuſed.
And pleaſantly began to paint his cheare,
And ſayd. My lord of Elye, would we had here
Some of the ſtrawberies, whereof you haue ſtoare.
The laſt delighted me ſo as nothing more.

Would, what ſo you wyſhe, I mought as well commaunde,
My Lorde (quoth he) as thoſe. And out of hand.
His ſeruant ſendeth to Elye place for them.
Out goeth from vs the reſtleſſe deuill againe.
Belike (I thinke) ſcarce yet perſwaded full,
To worke the miſchiefe that did madde his ſcull.
At laſt determynd, of his bloudy thought
And force ordaynd, to worke the wyle he ſought:

Frowning he enters, with ſo chaunged cheare,
As for myld May had chopped fowle Ianuere.
And lowring on me with the goggle eye,
The whetted tuſke, and furrowed forehead hie,

His

His Crooked shoulder hyllellike set vp,
With frothy Jawes, whose foame he chawed and supd,
With angry lookes that flamed as the fyer:
Thus gan at last to grunt the grymest syre.

What merite they, who me, the kingdomes staye,
Contriued haue councell, trayterously to slaye?
Abashed all sate. I thought I mought be bold,
For conscience clearenesse, and acquaintaunce old.
Their hire is plaine quoth I. Be death the least,
To who so seketh your grace so to molest.
Withouten staye: the Queene, and the whore Shores wyle,
By witchcraft (quoth he) seeke to wast my life.

Loe here the wythered and bewytched arme,
That thus is spent by those two Sorceresse charme.
And bared his arme and shewed his swynishe skinne.
Such cloakes they vse, that seeke to clowd their sinne.
But out alas, it serueth not for the rayne.
To all the house the colour was to playne.
Nature had giuen him many a maymed marke,
And it amonges, to note her monstrous warke.

My doubtfull hart distracted this replye.
For th'one I cared not. Th'other nipd so nie
That whyst I could not. But forthwith brake forth.
If so it be, of death they are doutlesse worth.
If, traytour quoth he: plaiest thou with ifs and ands?
Ile on thy body auowe it with these hands.
And therwithall he mightely bounced the boyd.
In rushd his byll men one himselfe bestird,

Laying

Laying at Lord Stanley, whoſe haine he had inerly cleft
Had he not downe beneath the table crept.
But Elye, Yorke, and I, were taken strayght.
Impriſoned they: I ſhould no longar wayt,
But charged was to ſhriue me, and ſhift with haſt.
My Lord muſt dine, and now midday was paſt.
The Boares firſt diſhe, not þ boares head ſhould be.
But Haſtinges head the boariſhe beaſt would ſee.

Why ſtaye I his dyner? vnto the chapell ioyneth
A greeniſh hill, that body and ſoule oft twyneth.
There on a block my head was ſtriken of.
As Baptiſts head, for Herode bloudy gnoſſe.
Thus liued I Baldwyn, thus died I, thus I fell.
This is the ſumme. which all at large to tell
Would volumes fyll. whence yet theſe leſſons note
Ye noble Lords, to learne and keune by roate.

By fylthy riſing feare your names to ſtayne.
If not for vertues loue, for dread of payne.
Whome ſo the myndes vnquiet ſtate vpheaues,
Be it for loue or feare: whenfancy reaues
Reaſon hir right, by mocking of the wit:
If once the cauſe of this affection flit,
Reaſon preuayling on the vnhidled thought:
Down falth he who by fanſy clombe aloft.

So hath the ryſer fowle no ſtaye from fall,
No not of thoſe that rayſd him firſt of all.
His ſuretie ſtandes in mainteining the cawſe
That heaued him firſt. which reſt by reaſons lawes,

Not

Not onely saith he to his former state,
But liueth for euer in his princes hate.
And marke my Lordes, God for aduitery sleath
Though ye it thinke to sweet a sinne for death.

Serue truely your Prince and feare no rebels might.
On Princes halues the mighty God doth fight.
O much more then forsweare a forein foe,
Who seeketh your realme and countrey to vndoe.
Murther detest, haue hands vnstaind with bloude.
Aye with your succour do protect the good.
Chace treason where trust should be wed to your frend
Your hart and power, to your liues last end.

Flye tickle credite, shonne alike distrust.
To true it is, and credite is you must:
The Ialous nature wanteth no stormy strife,
The simple soule aye leadeth a sower life.
Beware of flatterers, frends in outward showe.
Best is of such to make your open foe.
What all men seke, that all men seke to sayne.
Some such to be, some such to seeme, them payne.

Marke Gods iust iudgments, punishing synne by synne.
And slippery state wherin aloft we swimme.
The prouerbe, all daye vp if we ne fall,
Agreeth well to vs hie heaued worldlinges all.
From commen sort vpraisd, in honours weed
We shyne: whyle fortune faire, (whome none erst feed
To stand with staye and forswear tickilnesse:)
Sowseth vs in myre of our vtie brittelnesse.

And learne ye princes by my wronged spyte,
Not to misconster what is meant aright,
The whinged words to oft preuent the wyt,
When silence cesseth afore the lips to sit.
Alas, what may the wordes yeeld worthy death?
The words worst is, the speakers stinking breath.
Words are but wynd, why cost they then so much?
The guilty eyck, when they to smartly touche.

Forth irreturnable flyeth the spoken word,
Be hit in scoffe, in earnest, or in bourd.
Without returne, and vnreceiued, hit hangs.
And at the takers mercy, or rygour stands.
Which if he sowerly wrest with wrathfull cheare,
The shiuering word turns to the speakers feare.
If frendly curtesy do the word expounde,
To the speakers comfort sweetly it doth redounde.

Euen as the vapour which the fier repels,
Turns not to earth, but in myd aer dwels.
Where while it hangth, if Boreas frosty flawes
With rigour tacle it: not to rayne it thawes,
But thonder, lightnings, rattling hayle or snow
Sends downe to earth, whence first it rose below,
But if kayre Phebus with his countenaunce sweete
Resolue it, downe the dewe, or Manna fleeteth.

(The Manna dew, that in the eastrne lands,
Excelth the labours of the bees small hands.)
Els for her Memnon gray Auroras teares,
On the earth it stilleth, the partner of her feares.

Or sendeth sweete showers to glad their mother earth,
Whence first they tooke their first inconstant birth.
To so great griefes, ill taken woordes do grow.
Of woords well taken, such delightes do flowe.

This learned, thus be here at length an end.
What since ensued, to the I will commend.
Now farewell Baldwin, shield my tome name,
From sclaunderous trompe of blasting black defame.
But ere I part, hereof thou record beare.
I clayme no part of vertues reckned here.
My vice my selfe, but God my vertues take.
So hence depart I, as I entred, naked.

Thus ended Hastings both his life and tale,
Contayning all his worldly blisse and bale.
Happy he liued, to happy but for sinne,
Happy he died whome right his death did bring.
Thus euer happy For there is no meane
Twixt blissefull liues and mortall deathes extreame.
Yet feared not his foes to staine his name.
And by these sclaunders to procure his shame.

In rousty armure as in extreame shift,
They clad them selues, to cloake their diuelish drift.
And forthwith for substanciall citezins sent,
Declaring to them, Hastings forged entent
Was to haue slayne the Duke: and to haue seised.
The kings yong person, slaying whome he had pleasd.
But God of iustice had withturnd that fate,
Which where it ought, light on his proper pate.

Then

Then practiſed they by proclamation ſpred,
Nought to forget, that nought defame him dead.
Which was ſo curious, and ſo clerckly pend,
So long with all: that when ſome did attend
His death ſo ponge: they ſawe that long before
The Shroude was shaped, then babe to die was boare.
So wonteth God to blynde the worldly wyſe,
That not to ſee, that all the world eſpies.

One hearing it, cried out. A goodly caſt,
And well contriued, fowle caſt away for haſt.
Wherto another gan in ſcoffe replye,
Firſt pend it was by enſpiring prophecye.
So can God reape vp ſecrete miſchiefes wrought,
To the confuſion of the workers thought.
My Lords, the tub, that drownd the Clarence Duke,
Drownd not his death, nor yet his deathes rebuke.

Your politike ſecretes gard with truſty loyaltie
So ſhall they lurke in moſt aſſured ſecrecie.
By Haſtinges death, and afterfame, ye learne,
The earth for murther crieth out vengeaunce ſterne.
Flye from his faultes, and ſpare to hurte his fame.
The Eager houndes forbeare their ſlayne game.
Deade, deade, Auaunt Curres from the conquered chaſe.
Ill mought he liue who loueth the dead to race.

Thus liued this Lord, thus died he, thus he ſlept.
Vids forward race when firſt to reſt he ſlept,
Enuious death that bounceth as well with mace
At Kayſars courtes, as at the pooreſt gates:

When

When nature ſeemd to ſlow, by this ſloape meane,
Conueyghed him ſooner to his liues extreame.
Happy, in preuenting woes that after happd,
In ſlomber ſwete his liuing lightes he lappd.

Whoſe haſty death, if it doe any grieue:
Knowe he, he liued to dye, and died to liue.
Untimely neuer comes the liues laſt mete.
In cradell death may rightely claime his det.
Straighte after birth due is the fatall beere.
By deaths permiſſion the aged linger here.
Euen in the ſwathbands out commiſſion goeth
To looſe thy breath, that yet but pongly bloweth.

Happy, thrife happy, who ſo looſeth his breath,
That like he gaineth by his godly death.
As Haſtings here. Whome tyme and truth agree,
To engraue by fame in ſtrong eternitie.
Who ſpareth not ſpeaking, w danger of his bloud:
Yet loe this noble Lord did thinke it good
To cleare the innocent not to ſpare to ſpeake,
Although his ſhoulders w his bloud ſhould reake.

Worthy to lyue, who liued not for himſelfe
But priſed his fame more then this worldly pelfe.
Whoſe name and line, if any yet preſerue,
We wiſh they liue like honour to deſerue.
Whether thou ſeke by martiall proweſſe prayſe,
Or Pallas politie high thy name to rayſe,
Or truſty ſeruice honour to attaine:
Haſtings forelen. Tracke here his bloudy trayne.

FINIS. Maiſter D.

When I had read this, one saide the admonition giuen in the history was profitable for the auoyding of the vices conteyned in the sayde historie, and for the imitating of the vertues in the same mẽtioned and commended. Then said the reader: The nert here whome I fynde miserable are king Edwardes twoo sonnes, cruelly murdered in the Tower of London: Haue you their tragedy? No surely (saide I) The Lord Vaulx vndertooke to penne it, but what hee hath done therein I am not certayne, & therfore I let it passe till I knowe farder.

I haue here the Duke of Buckingham, king Richards chiefe instrument, written by maister Thomas Sackuille. Reade it we praye you sayde they: with a good will (quoth I) but first you shall heare his preface or induction. Hath hee made a preface (saide one) what meaneth he therby, seing none other hath vsed ỹ like order? I wil tell you the cause thereof (saide I) which is this: After that hee vnderstoode that some of the counsail would not suffer the booke to be printed in such order as wee had agreed and determined, he purposed to haue gotten at my hands, all the tragedies that were before the Duke of Buckinghams, which he would haue preserued in one volume. And from ỹ time backwarde euen to the time of William the Conquerour, hee determinet to continue and perfecte all the storye himselfe, in such order as Lydgate (folowing Bochas) had already vsed. And therefore to make a meete

meefe induction into the matter, hee deuised this poesie: which in my iudgement is so well penned, that I would not haue any Verse thereof left out of our volume. Now that you know the cause and meaning of his doing, you shall also heare what he hath done. His Induction beginneth thus.





THE INDVCTION.

THe wrathfull winter proching on a pace,
With blustring blasts had all ybarde the treen,
And old Saturnus with his frosty face,
With chilling cold had pearst the tender greene:
The mantels rent, wherein enwrapped beene
The gladsome groues that now lay ouerthrowne,
The tapets torne, and euery tree downe blowne.

The soyle that earst so seemely was to seen
Was all despoyled of her beauties hewe:
And soote fresh flowers (wherewith the Somers queen
Had clad the earth) now Boreas blasts downe blewe.
And small foules flocking, in their songe did rewe
The winters wrath, wherewith ech thinge dismaid
In wofull wise bewayld the Somer paid.

Hawthorne had loſt his motley ſpuery,
The naked twigs were ſhiuering all for cold:
And dropping downe the teares abundantly,
Ech thing (me thought) with weeping eye me told
The cruell ſeaſon, bidding me withhold
My ſelfe within for I was gotten out
Into the fields whereas I walkt about.

When loe the night with miſty mantles ſpred
Gan darke the day, and dim the azure ſkies,
And Venus in her meſſage Hermes ſped
To bloudy Mars, to will him not to ryſe,
While ſhe her ſelfe approcht in ſpeedy wyſe:
And Virgo hyding her diſdainfull breſt
With Thetis now had layd her downe to reſt.

Whiles Scorpio dreading Sagittarius dart,
Whoſe bow preſt bent in fight, the ſtring had ſlipt,
Downe ſlyd into the Ocean flud apart,
The Beare that in the Iriſh ſeas had dipt
His griſly feete, with ſpeede from thence he whipt:
For Thetis haſting from the Virgins bed.
Purſued the Beare, that eare ſhe came was fled.

And Phaeton now neare reaching to his race
With gliſtring beams, gold ſtreaming where they bent,
Was preſt to enter in his reſting place.
Erithius that in the cart firſt went
Had euen now attaind his iourneis ſtent.
And faſt declining hid away his head,
While Titan chaucht him in his Purple bed.

And pale

And pale Cinthea with her borrowed light
Beginning to supply her brothers place,
Was past the none steede sixe degrees in sight
When sparkling stars amid the heavens face
With twinkling light shone on the earth apace,
That while they brought about the nights chare,
The darke had dimde the day ere I was ware.

And sorrowing I to seeche Sommer flowers,
The liuely greene, the lusty leafe forlorne,
The sturdy trees so shattred with the showers,
The fields so fade that floorisht so be forne,
It taught me well all earthly things be borne
To dye the death for nought long time may last.
The Sommers beauty yelds to winters blast.

Then looking vpward to the heauens leames
With nights stars thicke powdred euery where,
Which erst so glistned with the golden streames
That chearefull Phoebus spred downe from his sphere,
Beholding darke appressing day so neare:
The sodaine sight reduced to my minde,
The sondry chaunges that in earth we finde.

That musing on this worldly wealth in thought,
Which coms and goes more faster than we see
The flickring flame that with the fyre is wrought,
My busie minde presented vnto mee
Such fall of Piers as in the realme had bee:
That oft I wisht some would their woes describe.
To warne the rest whom Fortune left aliue.

And strait forth stalking with redoubled pace
For that I saw the night drew on so fast,
In blacke all clad there fell before my face
A piteous wighte, whom wo had all forewast,
Forth on her eyes the Cristall teares out brast,
And sighing sore her hands she wrong and fold,
Tare all her heare that ruth was to behold.

Her body small forwithred and forspent,
As is the stalke that sommers drought oppresst,
Her wealked face with wofull teares be sprent,
Her coulour pale, (as it seemed best)
In wo and plaint reposed was her rest.
And as the stone that drops of water weares,
So dented were her cheekes with fall of teares.

Her eyes swollen with flowinge streames aflote,
Wherewith her lokes thrown vp ful piteously,
Her forcelesse hands together oft she smote,
With dolefull shrikes that eckoed in the skye:
Whose plaint such sighes did strait accompany,
That in my dome was neuer man did see
A wight but halfe so wo begone as shee.

I stoode agast beholding all her plight,
Tweene dread and dolour so distreinde in hart,
That while my heares vpstarted with the sight,
The teares out streamd for sorrow of her smart:
But when I saw no ende that could appart
The deadly dewle, which she so sore did make,
With dolefull voice then thus to her I spake.

Unwrappe

Unwrap thy woes what euer wight thou bee
And stint in time to spill thy selfe with plaint,
Tell what thou art, and whence, for well I see
Thou canst not dure with sorrow thus attaint.
And with that word of sorrow all forfaint
She loked vp, and prostrate as she lay
With piteous sound to thus she gan to say.

Alas, I wretch whom thus thou seest distreyned
With wasting woes that neuer shall aslake,
Sorrowe I am, in endlesse torments payned,
Among the furies in the infernall lake:
Where Pluto God of hell so grisly blacke
Doth hold his throane, and Lætheus deadly taste
Doth rieue remembraunce of ech thing forepast.

Whence come I am, the very destenye
And luckelesse lot for to bemone of those,
Whom Fortune in this maze of misery
Of wretched chaūce most woful myrrours chose
That when thou seest how lightly they did lose
Their pompe, their power, and that they thought most sure,
Thou maiest sone deeme no earthly ioy may dure.

Whose rufull voice no soner had outbrayed
Those wofull words, wherewith she sorrowed so,
But out alas she shright and neuer stayed,
Fell downe, and all to dasht her selfe for wo.
The cold pale dread my limbs gan ouergo,
And I so sorrowed at her sorrowes eft,
That what with griefe and feare my wits were reft.

I stretcht my selfe, and strait my hart reuiues,
That dread and dolour erst did so appale,
Like him that with the feruent feuer striues
When sickenesse seekes his castell health to skale:
With gathred spyrites so foyst I feare to quale.
And rearing her with anguish all forwome,
My spyrits returnd, and then I thus begon.

O Sorrow alas sith Sorrow is thy name,
And that to thee this dyere doth wel pertaine.
In vaine it were to seeke to ceasle the same:
But as a man himselfe with sorrow staine,
So I alas do comfort thee in paine,
That here in sorrow art forsonke so deepe
That at thy sight I can but sigh and weepe.

I had no soner spoken of a like
But that the storme so rumbled in her byell,
As Eölus could neuer roare the like,
And showers downe rainde from her eyes so fast,
That all bedreint the place, till at the last
Well eald they the dolour of her minde,
As rage of raine doth swage the stormy winde.

For forth she paced in her fearefull tale:
Come, come, (quoth she) and see what I shall showe,
Come heare the playninge and the bitter bale
Of worthy men, by Fortune ouerthrowe.
Come thou and see them rewing all in rowe.
They were but shades that erst in minde thou rolde.
Come, come with mee, thine eyes shall them beholde.

What could

What could these words but make mee more agast:
To heare her tell whereon I muse while ere:
So was I mazde therewith: till at the last,
Musing vpon her words, and what they were,
All sodainly well lessoned was my feare:
For to my minde returned how she teld
Both what shee was, and where her won shee held.

Whereby I knewe that she a Goddesse was,
And therewithall resorted to my minde
My thought, what late presented me the glas
Of brittle state, of cares that here we finde,
Of thousand woes to seely men assinde:
And how she now bid me come and beholde
To see with eye that erst in thought I rolde.

Flat downe I fell, and with all reuerence
Adored her, perceyuing now that she
A Goddesse sent by godly prouidence,
In earthly shape thus showd her selfe to me,
To wayle and rue this worlds certainty:
And while I honourd thus her godheds might,
With playning voice these words to me she shright.

I shall the guide first to the grielly lake,
And thence vnto the blissfull place of rest.
Where thou shalt see & heare the plaint they make.
That whilome here bare swing among the best.
This shalt thou see, but great is the vnrest
That thou must bide before thou canst attaine
Vnto the dreadfull place where these remaine.

And with these words as I vprayled stoode,
And gan to followe her, that straighte forth paste,
Ere I was ware, into a desert wood
We now were come: where hand in hand imbraste,
She led the way, and through the thicke so traste,
As but I had bin guided by her might,
It was no way for any mortall wight.

But loe, while thus amid the desert darke,
Wee passed on with steps and pace vnmeete:
A rumbling roare confusde with howle and barke
Of Dogs, shoke all the ground vnder our feete,
And stroke the din within our eares so deepe,
As halfe distraught vnto the ground I fell,
Besought retourne, and not to visite Hell.

But she forthwith vplifting mee a pace
Remoued my dread, and with a stedfast minde
Bad me come on, for heare was now the place,
The place where wee our trauaile end should finde.
Wherewith I rose, and to the place assinde
Astoinde I stalke, when straight we approched nere
The dreadfull place, that you will dread to here.

An hydeous hole all daste, withouten shape,
Of endles depth, orewhelmde with ragged stone,
With ougly mouth, and grielly iawes doth gape,
And to our sight confounds it selfe in one.
Here entred we, and yeding forth, anone
An horrible lothly lake we might discerne
As blacke as pitch, that cleped is Auern:

A deadly

A deadly gulfe where nought but rubbish grows,
With fowle blacke swelth in thickned lumps that lyes,
Which vp in th'ayre such stinking vapors throws
That ouer there, may flye no fowle but dyes,
Choakt with the pestlent sauours that arise.
Hither we come, whence forth we still did pace,
In dreadfull feare amid the dreadfull place.

And first within the porch and lawes of hell
Sate deepe Remorse of conscience, all be spent
With teares: and to herselfe oft would she tell
Her wretchednes, and cursing neuer stent
To sob and sighe: but euer thus lament,
With thoughtful care, as she that all in vaine
Would weare and wast continually in paine.

Her eyes vnstedfast rolling here and there,
Whurld on ech place, as place that vengeaunce brought,
So was her minde continually in feare,
Tolled and tormented with tedious thought
Of those detested crimes which she had wrought:
With dreadfull cheare and lookes throwen to the skye,
Wishing for death, and yet she could not dye.

Next saw we Dread all trembling how he shooke,
With foote vncertaine profered here and there:
Benumbd of speach, and with a ghastly looke
Searcht euery place all pale and dead for feare,
His cap borne vp with staring of his heare,
Stoynd and amazde at his owne shade for drede,
And fearing greater daungers than was nede.

And next

And next within the entry of this lake
Sate fell Reuenge gnashing her teeth for ire,
Deuising meanes how she may vengeaunce take,
Neuer in rest till she haue her desire:
But frets within so forforth with the fier
Of wreaking flames, that now determines she,
To dye by death, or vengde by death to be.

When fell Reuenge with bloudy foule pretence
Had showd her selfe as next in order set,
With trembling limbs we softly parted thence,
Till in our eyes another sight we met:
When fro my hart a sigh forthwith I fet
Rewing alas vpon the wofull plight
Of Misery, that next appeard in sight.

His face was leane, and somedeale pyned away,
And eke his hands consumed to the bone,
But what his body was I cannot say,
For on his carkas rayment had he none
Saue clouts and patches pieced one by one.
With staffe in hand, and scrip on shoulder cast,
His chiefe defence against the winters blast.

His foode for most, was wild fruites of the tree,
Unlesse sometime some crums fel to his share:
Which in his wallet long God wot kept hee,
As on the which full daintely would fare
His drincke the running streame: his cup the bare
Of his palme closde, his bed the hard cold ground.
To this poore life was Misery ybound.

Whose wretched state when we had well beheld
With tender ruth on him and on his feres,
In thoughtfull cares, forth then our pace we helde.
And by and by, another shape apperes
Of greedye care, still brushing vp the breres,
His knuckles knobde, his flesh deepe dented in,
With tawed hands, and hard ytanned skin.

The morrow gray no soner hath begon
To spreade his light euen peeping in our eyes,
When he is vp and to his worke yrun,
But let the nights blacke mistye mantles rise,
And with foule darke neuer so much disguise
The fayre bright day, yet ceaseth he no while,
But hath his candels to prolong his toile.

By him lay heauy slepe the cosin of death
Flat on the ground, and still as any stone,
A very corps, saue yelding forth a breath,
Small kepe take he whom Fortune frowned on
Or whom she lifted vp into the trone
Of high renowne, but as a lyuing death,
So ded aliue, of life hee drew the breath.

The bodies rest, the quiet of the hart,
The trauailes ease, the still nights feare was hee,
And of our life in earth the better part,
Reuer of sight, and yet in whom we see
Things oft that tyde, and oft that neuer bee.
Without respect esteeming equally
King Cresus pompe, and Irus pouerty.

And next

And next in order sad Olde age we founde
His beard all hoare, his eyes hollow and blind.
With drouping chere still poring on the ground,
As on the place where nature him assinde
To rest, when that the sisters had vntwind
His vitall thred, and ended with their knife
The fleeting course of fast declyning life.

There heard we him with broke and hollow plainte
Rewe with himselfe his ende approching fast,
And all for nought his wretched minde torment.
With sweete remembraūce of his pleasures past,
And fresh delites of lusty youth forwaste.
Recounting which, how would he sob and shrike:
And to be yong againe of loue beseke.

But and the cruell fates so fixed be
That time forepast cannot retourne againe,
This one request of loue yet prayed hee:
That in such withred plight, and wretched paine,
As elde (accompanied with his lothsome traine)
Had brought on him, all were it woe and grieke.
He might a while yet linger forth his lieke.

And not so soone descend into the pit:
Where death, when he the mortall corps hath slaine,
With retchlesse hand in graue doth couer it,
Thereafter neuer to enioye againe
The gladsome light, but in the ground ylaine,
In depth of darknesse wast and weare to nought,
As he had neuer into the world bin brought.

But who

But who had seene him sobbing, how he stoode
Unto himselfe and how he would bemone
His youth forepast, as thought it wrought him good
To talke of youth, all were his youth foregone,
He would haue mused, & meruayled much whereon
This wretched age should life desire so faine,
And knowes full well life doth but length his paine.

Crookebackt he was, toothshaken, and blere iyed,
Went on three feete and sometime crept on foure,
With olde lame bones, that ratled by his syde,
His scalpe all pild, and he with eld forlore:
His withred fist still knocking at deathes dore,
Fumbling and dziueling as he drawes his breath,
For dziele the shape and messenger of death.

And fast by him pale malady was plaste,
Sore sicke in bed, her coulour all foregone,
Bereft of stomacke sauour and of taste,
Ne could she brooke no meate but broths alone,
Her breath corrupt, her keepers euery one
Abhorring her, her sicknes past recure,
Detesting Physicke, and all Physicks cure.

But oh the dolefull sight that than we see,
We tournd our looke and on the other side
A grielly shape of famine mought we see,
With greedy lookes, and gaping mouth that cryed,
And roarde for meate as she should there haue dyed,
Her body chin and bare as any bone,
Whereto was left nought but the case alone.

And that

And that alas was gnawen on euery where,
All full of holes, that I ne mought refraine
From teares to see how shee her armes could teare
And with her teeth gnash on the bones in vaine:
When all for nought she faine would so sustaine
Her staruen corps, that rather seemde a shade,
Then any substaunce of a creature made.

Great was her force whom stone wal could not stay,
Her tearing nayles snatching at all she sawe:
With gaping iawes that by ne meanes ymay
Be satisfyed from hunger of her mawe,
But eates her selfe as she that hath no lawe:
Gnawing alas her carkas all in vaine,
Where you may count ech sinow, bone, and vaine.

On her while we thus firmely fixt our eyes,
That bled for ruth, of such a wery sight,
Loe sodainly she shright in so huge wise,
As made hell gates to shiuer with the might.
Wherewith a dart we sawe how it did light.
Right on her brest, and therewithall pale death
Enthrilling it to reue her of her breath.

And by and by a dumm dead corps we sawe,
Heavy and cold, the shape of death a right,
That dauntes all earthly creatures to his lawe:
Against whose force in vaine it is to fight
Ne Piers, ne Princes, nor no mortall wight,
No townes, ne realmes, Cities, ne strongest tower,
But all perforce must yelde vnto his power.

His dart

His dart anon out of the corps he toke,
And in his hand (a dreadfull sight to see)
With great triumphe eftsones the same he shoke,
That most of all my feares affrayed mee:
His body dight with nought but bones perdye
The naked shape of man there sawe I plaine,
All saue the flesh, the sinow, and the vaine.

Lastly stoode Warre in glittering armes yclad,
With visage grim, sterne lokes, and blackly hewed
In his right hand a naked sword he had,
That to the hilts was all with bloud embrued:
And in his left (that Kinge and kingdomes rewed)
Famine and yre he held, and therewithall
He razed townes, and threw downe towers and all.

Cities he sakt, and realms that whilome flowred,
In honour, glory, and rule aboue the best,
He ouerwhelmde, and all their fame deuoured,
Consumde, destroyde, wasted, and neuer ceast,
Till he their wealth, their name and all oppressed.
His face forehewed with wounds, and by his syde,
There hunge his targe with gashes deepe and wyde.

In mids of which, depainted there we founde
Deadly debate, all full of snaky heare,
That with a bloudy fillet was ybounde,
Outrerthing nought but discord euery where.
And round about were portrayde here and there
The hugie hostes, Darius and his power,
His Kings, Princes, his Piers, and all his flower.

Whom great Macedo vanquisht there in fight,
With deepe slaughter, despoyling all his pride,
Pearst through his realms, and daunted all his might.
Duke Hannibal beheld I there beside,
In Cannas field, victor how he did ride,
And woful Romaines that in vaine withstoode
And consull Paulus couered all in blood.

Yet sawe I more the fight at Trasimene.
And Treberie field, and eke whan Hanniball
And worthy Scipio last in arms were seene
Before Carthago gate, to try for all
The worlds Empyre, to whom it should befall.
There saw I Pompey, and Cæsar clad in arms,
Their hoasts allyed and all their ciuill harms.

With Conquerers hands forbathde in their owne blood,
And Cæsar weeping ouer Pompeis head.
Yet saw I Scilla and Marius where they stood,
Their great cruelty, and the deepe bloudshed
Of frends: Cyrus I sawe and his hoast dead,
And how the Queene with great despite hath flonge
His head in bloud of them she ouercome.

Xerxes the Percian King yet sawe I there
With his huge host that dyancke the riuers drye,
Dismounted hils and made the vales vpere,
His host and all yet sawe I slaine perdye.
Thebes I sawe all razde how it did lye
In heapes of stones, and Tyrus put to spoyle,
With walls and towers flat euened with the soyle.

But

But Troy alas (me thought) aboue them all,
It made myne eyes in very teares consume:
When I behelde the wofull werd befall,
That by the wrathfull will of God was come:
And loues vnmoued sentence and foredoome
On Priam king, and on his towne so bent.
I could not lin, but I must there lament.

And that the more sith desteny was so sterne
As force perforce, there might no force auayle,
But she must fall: and by her fall we learne,
That cities, towers, wealth, world, & al shal quaile.
No mãhood, might, nor nothing mought preuaile,
All were there prest full many a prince and piere
And many a knight that solde his death full dere.

Nor worthy Hector worthiest of them all,
Her hope, her ioy, his force is now for naught.
O Troy, Troy, there is no boote but bale,
The hugie horse within thy wals is brought:
Thy turrets fall, thy knights that whilome fought
In arms amid the field, are slaine in bed,
Thy Gods defilde, and all thy honour dead.

The flames vprising, and cruelly they creepe
From wall to roofe, till all to cinders waste,
Some fire the houses where the wretches sleepe,
Some rush in here, some run in there as fast.
In euery where or sworde or fire they taste.
The wals are torne, the towers whurld to the ground,
There is no mischiefe but may there be found.

Cassandra yet there sawe I how they haled
From Pallas house, with sperred tresse vndone,
Her wists fast bound, and with Greeks rout empaled:
And Priame eke in vaine how he did ronne
To armes, whome Pyrrhus with dispite hath done
To cruell death, and bath'de him in the bayne
Of his sons bloud before the altare slayne.

But how can I destriue the dolefull sighe,
That in the shield so liuely faire did shyne?
Sith in this woꝛld I thinke was neuer wighe
Could haue set foꝛth the halfe, not halfe so fine.
I can no moꝛe but tell how there is seene
Faire Ilium fall in burning red gleedes downe,
And from the soyle great Troy Neptunus towne.

Herefrom when scarce I could my eyes withdꝛawe
That filde with teares as doth the spꝛinging well,
We passed on so farre foꝛth till we sawe
Rude Acheron, a lothsome lake to tell
That boyles and bubs vp swelth as blacke as hell.
Where griesly Charon at their fixed tyde
Still ferries ghosts vnto the farder syde.

The aged God no sooner Soꝛow spied,
But hasting strait vnto the bancke apace
With hollowe call vnto the rout he cried,
To swarue apart, and geue the Goddesse place,
Strait it was done, when to the shoare we pace,
Where hand in hand as we than linked fast,
Within the boote we are together plaste.

And forth we launch full fraughted to the brinke,
Whan with the vnwonted waight, the rusty keele
Began to cracke as if the same should sinke.
We hoyse vp mast and sayle, that in a while.
We fet the shore, where scarcely we had while
For to ariue, but that we hard anone
A three sound barke confounded all in one.

We had not long forth past, but that we sawe,
Blacke Cerberus the hydeous hound of hell,
With bristles reard, & with a three mouthed iawe,
Foredinning the ayer with his horrible yell.
Out of the diepe darke caue where he did dwell,
The Goddesse straite he knewe, and by and by
He ceast and couched, whils that we passed by.

Thence come we to the horrour and the hell,
The large great kingdomes, & the dreadfull raigne
Of Pluto in his trone where he did dwell,
The wide waste places, and the hugie playne:
The waylings, shrikes, and sundry sorts of payne,
The sighes, the sobs, the diepe and deadly groane,
Earth, ayer, and all resounding plaint and mone.

Here pewed the babes, and here the maydes vnwed
With folded hands their sory chaunce bewayld,
Here wept the guiltlesse slayne, and louers dead,
That slew themselues when nothing els auayld:
A thousand sorts of sorrowes here that wayld
With sighes and teares, sobs shrikes, and all yfere,
That (oh alas) it was a hell to heare.

 We

We staied vs straie, and with a rufull feare,
Behelde this heauy sight, while from mine eyes,
The vapored teares down stilled here and there,
And sorrow eke in farre more wofull wise.
Tooke on with plaint, vpheauing to the skies
Her wretched hands, that with her cry the rout
Gan all in heapes to swarme vs round about.

Loe here (quoth Sorowe) Princes of renowne,
That whilom sate on top of Fortunes wheele
Nowe laide full low, like wretches whurled downe,
Euen with one frowne that staied but with a smile,
And nowe beholde the thing that thou erewhile,
Saw only in thought, & what thou now shalt heare
Recompt the same to Kesar, King, and Pier.

Then first came Henry Duke of Buckingham,
His cloake of blacke all pilde and quite forworne,
Wringing his hands, and Fortune oft doth blame,
Which of a Duke hath made him now her scorne.
With gastly lookes as one in maner lorne,
Oft spred his armes, streche h Ads he ioynes as fast,
With rufull cheare, and vapored eyes vpcast.

His cloake he rent, his manly breast he beat,
His heare all torne about the place it lay,
My hart so molte to see his griefe so great,
As kelingly me thought it dropt awaye:
His eyes they whurlde about withouten staye,
With stormy sighes the place did so complaine,
As if his hart at ech had burst in twayne.

Thrise

Thrise he began to tell his dolefull tale,
And thrise the sighes did swalow vp his voice,
At ech of which he shriked so withall
As though the heauens riued with the noyse:
Till at the last recouering his voice,
Supping the teares that all his brest berainde
On cruell Fortune weping thus he plainde.

FINIS.

The complaint of Henry Duke of Buckingham.

WHo trusts to much to honours highest throne
And warely watcth not slye dame Fortunes snare:
Or who in court wil beare the swinge alone,
And wisely weigh not how to wield the care,
Beholde be me, and by my death beware:
Whome flattering Fortune falsely so begylde,
That loe she slewe, where erst full smoth she smylde.

And Sackuile sith in purpose now thou hast
The wofull fall of princes to descriue,
Whome fortune both vplift and eke downe cast,
To shewe thereby the vnsuertie in this life,
Marke well my fall, which I shall shew beliue.
And paint it forth that all estates may knowe:
Haue they the warning, and bemine the woe,

For noble bloud made me both Prince and Pier
Yea pierles too, bad reason purchast place,
And God with gifts endowed me largely heare.
But what auailes his gifts wher failes his grace?
My mothers sire sprong of a kingly race
And cald was Edmund Duke of Somerset,
Bereft of life ere time by nature set.

Whose faithfull hart to Henry first so wrought
That neuer he him in weale or woe forsooke,
Till lastly he at Tewkesbury field was cought
Where with an axe his violent death he tooke:
He neuer could king Edwards party brooke,
Till by his death he voucht that quarrell good,
In which his sire and graundsire spilt their bloud.

And such was erst my fathers cruell chaunce,
Of Stafford Earle by name that Humfrey highte
Who euer prest did Henries part auaunce,
And neuer ceast till at saint Albones fight
He lost his life as than did many a knight:
Where eke my graundsire Duke of Buckingham
Was wounded sore and hardly scapt vntane.

But what may boote to stay the sisters three?
When Atropos perforce will cut the thred:
The dolefull day was come when you might see
Northampton field with armed men orespred,
Where fate would algates haue my graundsire dead:
So rushing forth amids the fiercest fight,
He liued and died there in his maisters right.

In place of whome as it befell my lot,
Like on a stage, so stept I in straite way,
Enioying there but wofully God wot,
As he that had a slender part to play:
To teach therby, in earth no state may stay,
But as our partes abridge or lenght our age
So passe we all while others fill the stage.

For of my selfe the very fate to plaine,
I was sometime a prince withouten peere,
When Edward fift began his rufull raigne,
Ay me, than I began that hatefull peare,
To compasse that which I haue bought so deare:
I bare the swinge, I and that wretched wight,
The Duke of Glocester that Richard hight.

For when the fates had reft that royall prince
Edward the fourth, chief mirrour of that name,
The Duke and I fast ioyned euer since,
In faithfull loue, our secret drifts to frame:
What he thought best, to me so seemde the same,
My selfe not bent so much for to aspire,
As to fulfill that greedy Dukes desire.

Whose restlesse mynde sore thirsting after rule,
When that he sawe his nephewes both to bene
Through tender yeares as yet vnfit to rule,
And rather ruled by their mothers kin.
There sought he first his mischiefe to begin,
To plucke from them their mother frends assinde,
For well he wist they would withstand his mynde.

To follow which he ran so headlong swift,
With eigre thirst of his desired draught,
To seke their deaths that sought to dash his drift,
Of whom the chief ꝑ Queenes allies he thought,
That bent therto with mounts of mischiefe fraught
He knew their liues would be so soze his let,
That in their deaths his onely help he set.

And I moste cursed caitife that I was,
Seing the state vnstedfast howe it stoode,
His chiefe complice to bring the same to passe,
Unhappy wretch consented to their blood:
Yea kings and Piers that swim in worldly good,
In seeking bloud the end aduert you playne,
And see if bloud ey alke not bloud againe.

Considre Cyrus in your cruell thought,
A makelesse prince in riches and in might,
And weigh in mynde ꝑ bloudy dedes he wrought,
In sheading which he set his whole delight:
But see the guerdon lotted to this wight,
He whose huge power no man might ouerthrowe,
Tomyris Queene with great dispite hath slowe.

His head dismembred from his mangled corps,
Her selfe she cast into a vessell fraught
With clottered bloud of them that felt her sorce.
And with these words a full reward she taught:
Drinke now thy fill of thy desired draught.
Loe marke the fine that did this prince befall:
Marke not this one, but marke the ende of all.

Beholde

Beholde Cambises and his fatall daye,
Where murders mischief mirrour like is lese:
While he his brother Mergus cast to slay,
A dreadfull thing his wits were him bereft.
A sword he caught wherwith he pearced eft
His body gored, which he of lyfe benooms:
So iust is God in all his dreadfull dooms.

O bloudy Brutus rightly didst thou rewe,
And thou Cassius iustly came thy fall,
That with the sword wherwith thou Cæsar slewe
Murdrest thy selfe, and reft thy life withall.
A mirrour let him be vnto you all
That murderers be, of murder to your meede:
For murder crieth out vengeaunce on your seede.

Loe Bessius he that armde with murderers knife,
And traytours hart against his royall king,
With bloudy hands bereft his maisters life,
Auert the fine his foule offence did bring:
And loathing murder as most lothly thing
Beholde in him the iust deserued fall,
That euer hath, and shall betide them all.

What booted him his false vsurped raigne?
Wherto by murder he did so ascend?
When like a wretch led in an yron chayne
He was presented by his chiefest frend
Unto the foes of him whome he had slayne:
That euen they should venge so fowle a gile,
That rather sought to haue his bloud yspilt:

Take

Take heede ye princes and ye prelates all
Of this outrage, which thoughe it slepe a while.
And not disclosde, as it doth seeld befall,
Yet God that suffreth silence to beguyle
Such gilts, wherwith both earth and ayre ye file,
At last discries them to your fowle deface,
You see th'examples set before your face.

And dieply graue within your stony harts,
The direry dewle that mighty Macedo,
With tears unfolded wrapt in deadly smarts,
When he the death of Clitus sorrowed so,
Whome erst he murdred with the deadly blowe
Raught in his rage upon his frend so deare,
For which beholde loe how his pangs appeare.

The launced speare he wrythes out of the wound,
From which the porple blood spins in his face:
His heynous gilt when he returned found,
He throwes himselfe upon the corps alas.
And in his armes how oft doth he imbrace
His murdred frend: and kissing him in vayne,
Forth flowe the fluds of salt repentant rayne.

His frends amazde at such a murder done,
In fearfull flocks begin to shrinke away.
And he therat with heapes of griefe forgone.
Hateth him selfe, wishing his later daye.
Now he likewise perceiued in like staye,
As is the wylde beast in the desert bred,
Both dreading others and himselfe adred.

He calles

He calles for death, and loathing lenger life,
Bent to his bane, refuseth kindely foode:
And ploungde in depth of death and dolours strife,
Had queld him self, had not his frends withstoode.
Loe he that thus hath shed the guiltles bloud,
Though he were King and Kesar ouer all
Yet chose he death to guerdon death withall.

This prince whose pier was neuer vnder sonne
Whose glistering fame the earth did ouerglyde,
Which with his power welny the world had won,
His bloudy hands himselfe could not abyde,
But fully bent with famine to haue died:
The worthy prince deemed in his regarde,
That death for death could be but iust rewarde:

Yet we that were so drowned in the depth
Of diepe desire to drinke the guiltlesse bloud,
Like to the wolfe, with griedy lookes that lepth
Into the snare, to feede on deadly foode,
So we delighted in the state we stoode,
Blinded so far in all our blinded trayne
That blinde we sawe not our destruction playne.

We spared none whose life could ought forlet
Our wicked purpose to his passe to come.
Fower worthy knightes we headed at Pomfret:
Guiltlesse (God wote) withouten lawe or dome.
My hart euen bledes to tell you all and some,
And how Lord Hastings when he feared least,
Dispiteously was murdred and oppress.

Thele:

These rocks vpraught, ỳ threatned most our wrecke
We seemde to saple much surer in the streame:
And fortune faring as she were at becke
Layde in our lap the rule of all the realme.
The Nephewes strait deposde were by the Came.
And we aduaunst to that we bought full deare,
He crowned king, and I his chiefest Peer.

Thus hauing wonne our long desired pray,
To make him king that he might make me chief,
Down throwe we streit his sely Nephewes tway,
From princes pompe, to wofull prisoners life:
In hope that now stint was all furder strife.
Sith he was king and I chiefe stroke did beare,
Who ioyed but we, yet who more cause to feare?

The giltlesse bloud which we vniustly shed,
The royall babes deuested from their trone,
And we like traytours raigning in their sted,
These heauy burdens palled vs vpon,
Tormenting vs so by our selues alone,
Much'like the felon that pursued by night,
Starts at euch bush as his foe were in sight.

Now doubting state, now dreading losse of life,
In feare of wracke at euery blast of wynde,
Now start in dreames through dread of murthers knyfe,
As though euen then reuengement were assynde.
With restlesse thought so is the guilty minde
Turmoyld, and neuer seeleth ease or stay,
But liues in feare of that which followes aye.

Well

Well gaue that Iudge his dome vpon the death
Of Titus Glelius that in bed was slayne:
When euery wight the cruell murder leyth
To his two sonnes that in his chamber layen,
That Iudge, that by the yooke perceiueth plaine,
That they were founde fall sleping in their bed,
Hath deemde them giltlesse of this bloud yshed.

He thought it could not be, that they which brake
The lawes of God and man in such outrage
Could so forthwith themselues to slepe betake:
He rather thought the horrour and the rage
Of such an haynous gilt, could neuer swage.
Nor neuer suffer them to slepe or rest,
Or dreadles breath one breath out of their brest.

So gnawes the griefe of conscience euermore
And in the hart it is so diepe ygraue,
That they may neither slepe nor rest therfore,
Ne thinke one thought but on the dread they haue.
Still to the death foretolled with the wane
Of restlesse woe, in terrour and dispeire.
They lead a life continually in feare.

Lyke to the deare that striken with the dart,
Withdrawes himselfe into some secrete place,
And feeling grene the wounde about his hart,
Startlesse with pangs till he fall on the grasse,
And in great feare lies gasping there a space,
Forth braying sighes as though ech pang had brought
The present death which he doth dread so oft:

So we

So we vexe wounded with the bloudy thought,
And gnawing wo̅yne that grieued our cõscience so,
Neuer tooke ease, but as our hart oppbrought
The stayned sighes in witnesse of our woe,
Such restles cares our faire did well beknowe,
Wherewith abour deserued fall the feares
In euery place rang death within our eares.

And as ill grayne is neuer well ykept.
So fared it by vs within awhile:
That which so long with such vareſſ we reapt,
In dreade and daunger by all wit and wyle,
Loe see the fine, when once it felt the whele
Of slipper fortune, stay it nought no stowne,
The wheele whurts vp, but straut it whurleth down

For hauing rule and riches in our hand,
Who durst gainsay the thing that we auerde?
Will was wyledoone, our lust for law did stand,
In sort so straunge that who was not afeard
When he the sound but of king Richard heard?
So hatefull wart the hearing of his name,
That you may deeme the residue of the same.

But what auailde the terrour and the feare,
Wherewith he kept his liege vnder awe?
It rather wan him hatred euery where,
And fained faces forst by feare of lawe:
That but while fortune doth with fauour blawe
Flatter through feare: for in their hart lurkes aye
A secrete hate that hopeth for a daye.

Recor-

Recordeth Dionisius the King,
That with his rigour so his realme oppressed,
As that he thought by cruell feare to bring
His subiects vnder, as him liked best:
But loe the dread wherewith himself was stressed,
And you shall see the fine of forced feare,
Most myrrour like in this proud prince appeare.

All were his head with crowne of golde ypyrad,
And in his hand the royall scepter set:
And he with princely purple richly clad,
Yet was his hart with wretched cares opfret:
And inwardly with deadly feare beset,
Of those whome he by rigour kept in awe,
And sore oppressed with might of tyraunts lawe.

Against whose feare, no heapes of golde and glie,
No strength of gard, nor all his hired power,
Ne proude high towers that preased to the skie,
His cruell hart of saftie could assure:
But dreading thē whom he should deme most sure,
Himself his beard with burning brād would ceare,
Of death deserude so vexed him the feare.

This might suffise to represent the fine
Of tyraunts force, their feares, and their vnrest,
But heare this one, although my hart repine
To let the sound once sincke within my brest:
Of fell Phereus, that aboue the rest,
Such lothsome crueltie on his people wrought,
As (oh alas) I tremble with the thought.

Some

Some be encased in the coates of Beares,
Among wilde beasts deuoured so to be:
And some for pray vnto the hunters speares,
Like sauage beasts withouten ruth to die.
Sometime to encrease his horrible crueltie,
The quicke with face to face engraued bee,
Ech others death that ech mought liuing see.

Loe what more cruell horrour mought be found,
To purchase feare, if feare could stay his raigne?
It booted not, it rather strake the wounde
Of feare in him to feare the like againe.
And so he did full oft and not in vayne:
And in his life his cares could witnesse well
But most of all his wretched end doth tell.

His owne deare wife whom as his life he loued,
He durst not trust, nor proch vnto her bed,
But causing first his slaue with naked sworde
To go before, himselfe with trembling dread
Strait foloweth fast, and whurling in his head
His rolling eyen, he searcheth here and there
The diepe daunger that he so sore did feare.

For not in vayne it ran still in his breast,
Some wretched hap should hale him to his end.
And therfore alway by his pillow prest
Had he a sword, and with that sword he wende,
In vayne (God wote) all perils to defende.
For loe his wife forepyked of his raigne,
Sleping in bed this cruell wretch hath slaine.

What

What should I more now seeke to say in this
Or one iote farder linger fourth my tale:
With cruell Nero, or with Phalaris,
Caligula, Domitian, and all
The cruell route: or of their wretched fall:
I can no more, but in my name auert
All earthly powers beware of tyrants hart.

And as our state endured but a throw,
So best in vs the stay of such a state
May best appeare to bang on ouer throw,
And better teach tyraunts deserued hate
Than any tyraunts death tofore or late.
So cruell seemde this Richard third to mee,
That loe my selfe now loathde his cruelte.

For when alas, I sawe the tyrannt king
Content not onely from his Nephues twayne
To rine worlds blisse, but also all worlds being,
Sauns earthly gilt ycausinge both be slaine,
My hart agriefde that such a wretch should raigne,
Whose bloudy brest so saluaged out of kinde,
That Phalaris had neuer so bloudy a minde.

Ne could I broke him once within my brest,
But with the thought my teeth would gnasche withall:
For though I earst were his by sworne behest,
Yet when I saw mischiefe on mischiefe fall,
So deepe in bloud to murther Prince and all
Ay then thought I, alas, and wealaway,
And to my selfe thus mourning would I say.

If neither loue, kinred, ne knot of bloud,
His owne alleageaunce to his Prince of due,
Nor yet the state of truste wherein he stoode,
The worlds defame, nor nought could forme him true
Those giltlesse babes, could they not make him rue?
Nor could their youth, nor innocence withall
Moue him from reuing them their life and all?

Alas it could not moue him any iote,
Ne make him once to rue or wet his eye,
Stird him no more than that that stirreth not:
But as the rocke or stone that wil not plye,
So was his hart made hard with cruelye,
To murther them, alas I weepe in thoughe,
To thincke on that which this fell wretch hath wrought.

That now when he had done the thing he sought,
And as he would, compliſht and compast all,
And sawe and knewe the treason he had wrought
To God and man, to slay his Prince and all,
Then seemde he first to doubt and dread vs all,
And me in chief, whose death al meanes he might
He sought to worke by malice and by might.

Such heapes of harms vpharbard in his brest
With enuious hart my honour to deface,
And knowing he that I which woted best
His wretched drifts, and all his wretched case,
If euer sprang within me sparke of grace,
Must needes abhorre him and his hatefull race:
Now more and more can cast mee out of grace.

Which

Which sodaine chaunge when I by secrete chaunce
Had well perceiued by prooke of enuious frowne,
And saw the lot that did me to aduaunce
Him to a King that sought to cast mee downe,
To late it was to linger any stowne:
Sith present choise lay cast before mine ye,
To worke his death or I my selfe to dye.

And as the knight in field among his foes,
Beset with swords, must slay or there be slaine:
So I alas lapt in a Thousand woes,
Beholding death on euery syde so plaine,
I rather chose by some sly secrete trayne
To worke his death, and I to liue thereby,
Than he to liue, and I of force to dye.

With heauy choise so hastened me to chose,
That I in part agrieued at his disdaine,
In part to weake the dolefull death of those
Two tender babes, his seely nephewes twayne,
By him alas commaunded to be slaine,
With painted cheare humbly before his face,
Straight toke my leaue and roade to Brecknocke place.

And thereas close and coucrte as I might,
My purposed practise to his passe to bring,
In secret drifts I lingered day and night:
All how I might depose this cruell King,
That seemd to all so much desperd a thing,
As thereto trusting I emprise the same:
But to much trusting brought me to my bane.

For while I now had Fortune at my becke
Mistrusting I no earthly thing at all,
Unwares alas, least looking for a checke,
She mated me in tourninge of a ball:
When least I feard, the nearest was my fall,
And when whole hoasts were prest to stroy my fone,
She chaungde her cheare and left me post alone.

I had vprayse a mighty bande of men,
And marched forth in order of array,
Leading my power amid the forest Dene,
Against the tyraunt banner to display:
But loe my souldiers cowardly shranke away,
For such is fortune when she list to frowne,
Who semes most sure, him soonest whurls she down

O let no Prince put trust in commontie,
Nor hope in fayth of giddy peoples minde,
But let all noble men take heede by mee,
That by the proofe to well the paine do finde:
Loe, where is truth or trust: or what could binde
The vaine people, but they will swerue and swaye,
As chaunce brings chaunge, to driue and draw that way:

Rome thou that once aduaunced vp so hye,
Thy stay, patron, and flower of excellence,
Hast now throwne him to depth of miserye,
Exiled him that was thy whole defence,
Ne compterst it not an horrible offence,
To reuen him of honour and of fame,
That wan it thee when thou hadst lost the same.

Beholde

Behold Camillus, he that erſt reuiued
The ſtate of Rome, that dying he did finde,
Of his owne ſtate is now alas depriued,
Baniſht by them whom he did thus det binde:
That cruell folke vnthanckfull and vnkinde,
Declared well their falſe inconſtancie,
And Fortune eke her mutabilitie.

And thou Scipio, a mirrour maiſt thou be
To all nobles, that they learne not to late,
How they once truſt the vnſtable commontie.
Thou that recureds the torne diſmembred ſtate,
Euen when the conquerer was at the gate,
Art now exilde, as though thou not deſerued
To reſt in her, whom thou hadſt ſo preſerued.

Ingratefull Rome haſt ſhewed thy crueltie,
On him, by whom thou liueſt yet in fame.
But nor thy deede, nor his deſert ſhall dye,
But his owne words ſhal witnes ay the ſame:
For loe his graue doth thee moſt iuſtly blame.
And with diſdaine in Marble ſayes to thee:
Unkinde countrey my bones ſhalt thou not ſee.

What more vnworthy than this his exile?
More iuſt than this the wofull plaint he wrote?
Or who could ſhew a plainer proofe the while,
Of moſt falſe fayth, than they thus forgot
His great deſerts? that ſo deſerued not?
His cinders yet loe, doth he them denye,
That him denyed amongſt them for to dye.

Melciades, O happy hadst thou be,
And well rewarded of thy country men,
If in the field when thou hadst fozst to flye
By thy prowes, three hundzed thousand men,
Content they had bin to exile thee then:
And not to cast thee in prison so,
Laden with gyues to ende thy life in woe.

Alas how hard and steely harts had they
That not contented there to haue thee dye,
With fettred gyues in prison where thou lay,
Increast so far in hatefull crueltye,
That burial to thy cozps, they eke denye:
Ne will they graunt the same till thy sonne haue
Put on thy gyues to purchase thee a graue.

Loe Hanniball as longe as fixed fate,
And brittle Foztune had ozdained so,
Who euermoze aduaunst his countreye state
Then thou that liuedst foz her and foz no moe:
But when the stozmy waues began to growe,
Without respect of thy deserts erwhile,
Art by thy countrey throwen into exile.

Unfrendly Foztune shall I the nowe blame:
Oz shall I fault the fates that so ozdaine:
Oz art thou Ioue the causer of the same:
Oz crueltie her selfe doth she constraine:
Oz on whom els alas shall I complaine:
O trustlesse wozld I can accusen none,
But fickle fayth of commontie alone.

The Polipus nor the Chameleon straunge,
That tourne themselues to euery hewe they see
Are not so full of vaine and tickle chaunge
As is this false vnstedfast commontye.
Loe I alas with mine aduersitye
Haue tryed it true, for they are fled and gone.
And of an oast there is not left me one.

That I alas in this calamitie
Alone was left, and to my selfe mought plaine
This treason, and this wretched cowardye,
And eke with teares beweepen and complaine
My hatefull hap, still loking to be slaine.
Wandring in woe and to the Gods on hye
Cleapinge for vengeaunce of this treachery.

And as the Turtle that hath lost her mate,
Whom griping sorrow doth so sore attaine,
With dolefull voice and sound that she doth make
Mourning her losse fills all the groue with plaint,
So I alas forsaken, and forfaint,
With restlesse foote the wood rome vp and downe,
Which of my dole all shiuering doth resowne.

And being thus alone and all forsake,
Amid the thicke, forewandred in despayer,
As one dismayed ne wist what way to take,
Untill at last gan to my minde repaier,
A man of mine called Humfrey Banastaier:
Wherewith mee feeling much recomforted,
In hope of succour to his house I fled.

Who being one whom erſt I had vp brought
Euen from his youth, and loued and liked beſt.
To gentry ſtate auaunting him from nought.
And had in ſecrete truſt aboue the reſt,
Of ſpeciall truſt nowe being thus diſtreſt
Full ſecretly to him I mee conueyed
Not doubting there but I ſhould find ſome ayde.

But out alas on cruell trecherie,
When that this captife once an inkling hard,
How that King Richard had proclaimde, that he
Which me deſcryed ſhould haue for his rewarde
A thouſand pounds, and farther be preferde,
His truth ſo turnde to treaſon, all diſdainde
That faith quite fled, and I by truſt was trainde.

For by this wretch I being ſtrait betrayed,
To one Iohn Mitton ſhyrife of Shropſhire then,
All ſodenly was taken, and conuayed
To Saliſbury, with rout of harneſt men,
Unto King Richard there encamped then:
Faſt by the Citye with a mightye boaſt
Withouten dome where head and life I loſt:

And with theſe wordes as if the axe euen there
Diſmembred had his head and corps apart,
Dead fell he downe: and we in wofull feare
Stoode mazed when he would to life reuert:
But deadly griefs ſtill grew about his hart,
That ſtill he lay, ſometime reuiued with paine,
And with a ſighe becomming dead againe,

Midnigh

Midnight was come, when every vitall thing
With sweete sound sleepe their weary limis did rest,
The beasts were stil, the litle byrds that sing,
Now sweetely slept besides their mothers brest:
The olde and all were shrowded in their nest.
The waters calme, the cruell Seas did ceas,
The woods, the filds, & all thinges held their peace.

The golden stars were whyrld amid their race,
And on the earth did laugh with twinkling light,
When ech thing nestled in his resting place,
Forgat dayes paine with pleasure of the night:
The Hare had not the greedy hounds in sight,
The fearefull Deare of death stoode not in doubt,
The Partridge wept not of the Falcons foote.

The ougly Beare now minded not the stake,
Nor bowe the cruell mastines do him teare,
The stag lay still unrousd from the brake,
The fomy Boare feard not the hunters speare:
All thing was still in desert, bush and brear.
With quiet hart now from their trauayles rest,
Soundly they slept in midst of all their rest.

When Buckingham amid this plaint oppressd,
With surging sorrowes and with pinching paines
In sort thus sowned, and with a sighe he ceasd.
To tellen forth the trechery and the traynes,
Of Banastar, which him so sore distraines.
That from a sigh he falls into a sounde,
And from a sound lyeth raging on the grounde.

So twy-

So twitching were the pangs that he allayed,
And he so sore with rufull rage distraught.
To thincke vpon the wretch that him betrayed,
Whom erst he made a gentleman of nought
That more and more agreued with this thought,
He stormes out sighes, and with redoubled sore,
Stroke with the furies rageth more and more.

Who so hath seene the Bull chased with darts,
And with deepe wounds foregalde and gored so,
Till he oppressed with the deadly smarts,
Fall in a rage and run vpon his foe,
Let him I saye, behold the raging woe
Of Buckingham, that in these gripes of griefe
Rageth gainst him that hath betrayed his life.

With bloud red eyen he stareth here and there,
Frothing at mouth, with face as pale as cloute:
When loe my limbs were trembling all for feare,
And I amazde stoode still in dread and doubt,
While I mought see him throwe his armes about:
And gainst the ground himselfe plounge with such force
As if the life forthwith should leaue the corps.

With smoke of sighs sometime I might beholde
The place all dimde, like to the morning mist:
And strait again the teares how they downe rolde
Alongst his cheekes, as if the riuers hist:
Whose flowing streames ne were no soner whist,
But to the stars such dreadfull shoutes he sent,
As if the troneal mighty Ioue should rent,

And I

And I the while with ſpites welny bereft,
Beheld the plight and panges that did him ſtraine.
And how the blonde his deadly coulour left,
And ſtrait returnd with flaming red againe:
When ſodainly amid his raging paine,
He gaue a ſigh and with that ſigh he ſayed,
Oh Bauaſtar, and ſtrait againe he ſtayed.

Dead laye his corps as dead as any ſtone,
Till ſwelling ſighes ſtorming within his breſt
Upraiſde his head, that downeward fell anone,
With lookes vpcaſt, and ſighes that neuer ceaſt:
Forth ſtreamde the teares records of his vnreſt,
When he with ſhrikes thus groueling on the groũd,
Vbrayed theſe words with ſhrill and dolefull ſounde.

Heauen and earth and ye eternall lamps
That in the heauens wrapt, will vs to reſt,
Thou bright Phœbe, that cleareſt the nights damps
Witneſſe the plaints that in theſe pangs oppreſt
I wofull wretch vnlade out of my breſt.
And let me yeelde my laſt words ere I part,
You, you, I call to record of my ſmart.

And thou Alecto feede mee with thy foode
Let fall thy ſerpents from thy ſnaky heare,
For ſuch reliefe well ſits mee in this moode,
To feede my plaint with horrour and with feare,
While rage afreſhe thy venomde worme areare.
And thou Sibilla when thou ſeeſt mee faint,
Addreſſe thy ſelfe the gyde of my complaint.

And thou

And thou O Ioue, that with thy deepe forsome
Dost rule the earth, and raigne aboue the skies,
That wreakest wrongs. and giuest the dreadfull dome
Against the wretch that doth thy name despise,
Receiue these words and wreake them in such wyse,
As heauen and earth maye witnesse and beholde,
Thy heapes of wrath vpon this wretch vnfolde.

Thou Banaster gainst thee I clepe and call
Unto the Gods, that they iust vengeaunce take
On thee, thy bloud, thy staynes stocke and all:
O Ioue to thee aboue the rest I make
My humble plaint, guide mee that what I speake,
May be thy will vpon this wretch to fall,
On the Banastar, wretch of wretches all.

O would to God the cruell dismall day,
That gaue me light first to beholde thy face,
With foule eclipse had reft my sighte away:
The vnhappye houre, the time, and eke the day:
The Sunne and Moone, the sters, and all that was
In their aspects helping in ought to thee,
The earth and ayre, and all accursed bee.

And thou captife, that like a monster swarued,
From kinde and kindnes, hast thy maister lorne,
Whom neither truth, nor trust wherein thou serued,
Ne his deserts, could moue, nor thy fayth sworne,
How shall I curse, but wishe that thou vnborne
Had bin, or that the earth had rent in twaye,
And swallowed thee in Cradel as thou laye.

To this

To this did I euen from thy tender youth
Witsaue to bring the vp: did I beare foꝛe
Beleeue the oath of thy vndoubted troth:
Aduaunce the vp, and trust the euermoꝛe:
By trusting thee that I should dye therefoꝛe:
O wꝛetch, and woꝛse than wꝛetch, what shal I sayꝛ
But cleape and curse gainst thee and thine foꝛ ay.

Hated be thou disdaynd, of euery wight,
And pointed at where euer that thou go.
A trapterous wꝛetch, vnwoꝛthy of the light,
Be thou esteemed: and to encrease thy wo,
The sounde be hatefull of thy name also:
And in this soꝛt with shame and sharpe repꝛoch,
Leade thou thy life till greater griefe appꝛoch.

Dole and dispayꝛe, let those be thy delight,
Wꝛapped in woes that cannot be vnfolde,
To wayle the day, and weepe the weary night,
With rainye eyen and sighes cannot be tolde,
And let no wight thy woe seeke to withholde:
But count the woꝛthy (wꝛetch) of soꝛowes stoꝛe,
That suffring much, oughtest still to suffer moꝛe.

Deserue thou death, yea be thou deemed to dye
A shamefull death. To ende thy shamefull life:
A sight longed foꝛ, ioyfull to euery eye,
When thou shalt be arraigned as a thief,
Standing at barre, and pleading foꝛ thy life,
With trembling tongue in dꝛead and dolours rage,
Lade with white locks, and fourescoꝛe yeares of age.

Yet shall

Yet shall not death deliuer thee so soone
Out of thy woes, so happye shalt thou not be:
But to the eternall Ioue this is my boone,
That thou maist liue thine eldest sonne to see,
Reft of his wits, and in a soule Boyes stye
To ende his dayes in rage and death distrest,
A worthy tombe where one of thine should rest.

Yet after this yet pray I more thou may
Thy seconde sonne see drowned in a dyke,
And in such sort to close his latter day,
As heard or seene erst hath not bin the like:
Istrangled in a puddle not halfe so deepe
As halfe a foote that such hard losse of life,
So cruelly chaunst, may be the greater griefe.

And not yet shall thy huge sorrowes cease;
Ioue shall not so withold his wrath fro thee,
But that thy plagues may more and more encrease,
Thou shalt still liue that thou thy selfe maist see
Thy deare daughter stroken with leprosye:
That she that erst was all thy whole delight,
Thou now maist loath to haue her come in sight.

And after that, let shame and sorrowes grief
Feede forth thy yeares continually in woe,
That thou maist liue in death, and dye in life,
And in this sort, forwatde and wericd so,
At length thy ghost to part thy body fro:
This pray I Ioue, and with this later breath.
Vengeaunce I aske vpon my cruel death.

This

This said, he flong his retchlesse arms abroade,
And groueling flat vpon the grounde he laye,
Which with his teeth he all to gnasht and gnawde:
Deepe groanes he fet, as heer that would awaye.
But loe in vaine he did the death assaye:
Although I thincke was neuer man that knewe,
Such deadly pains where death did not ensue.

So stroue he thus a while as with the death,
Now pale as leade and cold as any stone.
Now still as calme, now stormíng forth a breath.
Of snoaky sighes, as breath and all were gone:
But euery thinge hath ende: so he anone
Came to himselfe when with a sighe outbrayed,
With wofull cheare these wofull wordes he sayd.

Ah where am I, what thinge, or whence is this?
Who reft my wits? or how do I thus lye?
My limbs do quake, my thought agasted is,
Why sigh I so? or whereunto do I
Thus graule on the grounde? and by and by
Vprayse he stoode, and with a sigh hath stayde,
When to himselfe returned thus he saide.

Sufficeth now this plaint and this regrete,
Whereof my hart his bottome hath vnfraught:
And of my death let piers and Pyrres wete
The worlds vntrust, that they thereby betaught.
And in her wealth, sith that such chaunge is wrought,
Hope not to much, but in the mids of all
Thincke on my death, and what may them befall.

So

So long as Fortune would permit the same,
I liued in rule and riches with the best:
And past my time in honour and in fame.
That of mishap no feare was in my brest:
But false Fortune when I suspected least,
Did tourne the wheele, and with a dolefull fall
Hath me bereft of honour life and all.

Loe what auayles in riches flouds that flowes:
Though she so smilde as all the world were his:
Euen kings & Kesars biden Fortunes throwes,
And simple sort must beare it as it is.
Take heede by mee that blithde in baleful blisse:
My rule, my riches, royall bloud and all,
When Fortune frownd the feller made my fall.

For hard mishaps that happens vnto such,
Whose wretched state erst never fell no chaũge,
Agreue them not in any part so much,
As their distresse to whom it is so straunge,
That al their liues nay passed pleasures raunge:
Their sodaine woe that ay wield wealth at will,
Algates their harts more pearcingly must thril.

For of my byrth, my bloud was of the best,
First borne an Earle, then Duke by vne discẽt:
To swing the swap in Court among the rest,
Dame Fortune me her rule most largely lent:
And kinde courage so my corps had blent,
That loe on whom but me did she most smyle:
And whom but me loe, did she most beggle:

Now hast thou harde the whole of my vnhap
My chaunce, my chaunge, the cause of all my care:
In wealth and woe, how fortune did me wrap,
With worlde at will to winne me to her snare.
Bid kings, bid Kesars, by all states beware,
And tell them this from me that tried it true.
Who reckelesse rules, right sone may hap to rue.

FINIS. T. S.

HOw like you this my maisters (quoth I) very well said one: the tragedy excelleth: ẏ inuention also of the induction, and the descriptions, are notable. But where as he fayneth to talke with the prynces in hell, that I am sure wyll be misliked, because it is most certaine, that some of their soules be in heauen. And although he herein do follow allowed Poets, in their descriptiõ of hel, yet it sauoreth so muche of Purgatorie, whiche the Papistes haue digged therout, that the ignoraunt may thereby be deceiued. Not a whit I warrant you said I) For hee meaneth not by his Hell the place either of damned soules, or of such as lye for their fees, but rather the graue, wherein the dead bodies of all sorts of people do rest till time of ẏ resurrection. And in this sence is hell taken often in ẏ scriptures, & in the writings of learned Christians. And so (as he himself hath tolde me) he meaneth, & so wold haue it taken. Tush (quoth another) what stand we here vpon? it is a poesy and no deuinitie,

and it is lawfull for Poets to fayne what they list, so it be appertinent to the matter: And therfore let it passe euen in such sort as you haue read it. With a good will (quod I) But whereas you say a poet may faine what he list: In dede my thinke it should be so, and ought to be well taken of ỹ hearers: but it hath not at all times bene so allowed. Ye saye troth quoth the Reader: For here followeth in the story, that after the death of this Duke, one called Collingbourn, was cruelly put to death for making of a rime. I haue his tragedy here (saide I) For the better perceiuing wherof, you must imagin that you see him a marueilous well fauoured man, holding in his hand his own hart, newly ripped out of his breast & smoaking forth the liuely spirit: & with his hand, beckening to and fro, as it wer to warne vs to auoyde: and with his faint tongue and voyce, saying as couragiously as he may, these wordes that followe.

How Collingbourn was cruelly executed for making a foolishe ryme.

BEware, take heede, take heede, beware, beware
You Poets you, that purpose to rehearce
By any arte what tyrants doings are,
Erinnis rage is growen so fell and fearce
That vicious actes may not be touchet in verse:
The Muses fredome, graunted them of elde,
Is barde, sly reasons treasons hie are helde.

Berough

Be rough in rime, and then they say you rayle,
As Iuuenal was, but that makes no matter:
With Ieremy you shall be had to iayle,
Or foyst with Martial, Cæsars faults to flatter.
Clarkes must be taught to clawe and not to clatter:
Free Hellicon and franke Pernassus hyls,
Are helly haunts, and ranke pernicious ils.

Touch couertly in terms, and then you taunt
Though prayse Poets, allway did the like,
Controll vs not, els traytour vyle auaunt,
What passe we what the learned do mislike?
Our sinnes we see, wherin to swarme we seke.
We passe not what the people say or thinke.
Their shittle hate maketh none but cowards shrinke

We knowe (say they) the course of fortunes wheele,
How constantly it whyrleth still about,
Arrearing now, while elder headlong reele.
How all the riders alway hang in doubt.
But what for that? we count him but a loute
That sticks to mount, and basely like a beast
Liues temperatly for feare of blockam feast.

In deede we would of all be deemed Gods
What euer we do: and therefore partly hate
Rude preachers that dare threaten vs plagues and rods,
And blase the blots wherby we stayne our state:
But nought we passe what any such do prate.
Of course and office they must say their pleasure,
And we of course must heare and mend at leasure.

But when these pelting poets in their rymes
Shall taunt, or iest, or paint our wicked workes,
And cause the people knowe and curse our crimes,
This oughly fault, no tyrant lyues but vykes.
Wherfore we loth such tauiters worse than Turks.
Whose meaning is to make vs know our misse,
And so to mend, but they but doate in this.

We knowe our faults as well as any other,
We also doubt the daungers for them due:
Yet still we trust so right to guyde the rother,
That scape we shall the scourges that ensue.
We thinke we know mo shiftes than other knewe.
In vayne therefore for vs are counsailes writ:
We know our faults and will not mend a whit.

These are the feats of the vnhappy sort,
That preace for honours, wealth, & pleasure vaine.
Ceasse therfore Baldwin, ceasse I thee exhort,
Withdraw thy pen, for nothing shalt thou gayne
Saue hate, with losse of paper, ynke and payne.
Fewe hate their faultes, all hate of them to hears.
And fautiest, from fault would seme most cleare.

Thy entent I knowe is honest, playne, and good,
To warne the wyse, to fray the fond fro ill:
But wicked worldlings are so witles wood.
That to the worst they all things construe still.
With rigour oft they recompence good will:
They racke the wordes till time their shnowes burst,
In doubtfull sences, straining still the worst.

A painfull proofe taught me the truth of this,
Through tyrants rage, and fortunes cruell tourne:
They murdred me, for medling things amisse.
For wotst thou what? I am that Collingbourne
Which made the ryme, wherof I may wel mourne.
The Cat, the Rat, and Louell our Dog,
Do rule all England vnder a Hog.

Wherof the meaning was so plaine and true,
That euery foole perceiued it at furst:
Most liked it, for most that most things knewe,
In bugger mugger, muttred what they durst.
The tyrant prince, of most was held accurst,
Both for his owne, and for his counsails faults,
Of whom was three the naughtiest of all naughts.

Catesby was one whome I called a Cat,
A crafty Lawyer catching all he coulde.
The second Ratcliffe, whome I named a Rat,
A cruell beast to gnaw on whome he should.
Lord Louell barkt and bit whom Richard would,
Whome I therfore did rightly terme our Dog,
Wherwith to ryme I calde the king a Hog.

Till he the crowne had caught, he gaue the Boze,
In which estate would God he had deceased,
Than had the realme not ruined so sore.
His nephewes raigne should not so sone haue ceassed,
The noble bloud had not bene so decreased.
His Rat, his Cat, and Bloudhound had not noyed
Such liegemen true, as after they destroyed.

Their lawleſſe acts, good ſubiects did lament,
And ſo did I, and therfore made the rymes
To ſhowe my wit how well I could inuent,
To warne withall the careleſſe of their crymes,
I thought the fredome of the auncient times
Stoode ſtill in force. Ridentem dicere verum
Quis vetat? Nay nay, Veritas eſt peſsima rerum.

Belike no tyrants were in Horace dayes,
And therefore Poets freely blamed vice,
Witneſſe their Satyrs ſharpe, and tragicke playes,
With chiefeſt princes chiefly had in price.
They name no man, they myxe their gall with ſpice,
No more do I, I name no man outright,
But riddle wiſe, I meane them as I might.

When bruite had brought this to their gilty eares,
Whoſe right ſurnames were noted in the rime,
They all conſpired like moſt gredy Beares.
To charge me ſtraight w̄ this moſt greuous crime:
And damned me the gallowe tree to clime,
And then ſtrangled, in quarters to be cut,
Which ſhould on high ouer London gates be put.

This iudgement geuen ſo behement and ſore
Made me exclame againſt their tyranny.
Wherwith encenſt, to make my pain the more,
They practiſed a ſhamefull bilany:
They cut me downe aliue and cruelly,
Ript vp my paunch and bulke to make me ſmart,
And lingered long ere they tooke out my hart.

Here

Here tyrant Richard played the eager Hog,
His gnashing tuskes my tender gristles shore:
His bloudhound Louell playde the ravening Dog,
His wuluish teeth, my giltlesse carkasse tore:
His Rat, and Cat, did what they might, and more,
Cat Catesby clawed my guts to make me smart,
The Rat Ratcliffe gnawed me to the hart.

If Iewes had kilde the iustest king alive,
If Turkes had burnt vp churches, Gods, and all,
What greater payne could cruell harts contryue,
Than that I suffred, for this trespas small?
I was no prince nor pier, but yet my fall
Is worthy to be thought vpon for this,
To see how cankard tyrants mallice is.

To teach also all subiects to take heede
They medle not with magistrates affaires,
But pray to God to mende them if it nede:
To warne also all Poets that be strayers,
To kepe them close in compasse of their chayers,
And whan they touch, ỳ they would wishe amended,
To sause them so, that fewe nede be offended.

And so to mixe their sharpe rebukes with mirth,
That they may pearce, not causing any payne,
Saue such as followeth euery kindely birth,
Requited strait, with gladnesse of the gayne.
A Poet must be pleasaunt, not to playne,
Faults to controll, ne yet to flatter vice
But sound and sweete, in all things ware and wise.

Collingbourne.

The Grekes do paint a Poets office whole
In Pegasus, their fayned horse with wyngs,
Whome shaped so Medusaes bloud did foale,
Who with his feete strake out the Muses spryngs
Fro flintie rockes to Hellicon that clings.
And then flewe vp into the starry skye,
And there abides among the Gods on hye.

For he that shall a perfect Poet be,
Must first be bread out of Medusaes bloud:
He must be chast and vertuous as was she,
Who to her power the Ocean God withstoode.
To th'ende also his dome be iust and good,
He must (as she) looke rightly with one eye
Truth to regarde and write nothing awrye.

In courage eke he must be like a horse,
He may not feare to register the right.
What though some frown therof he may not force,
No bit nor reyne his tender iawes may twight.
He must be armed with strength of wit and spite.
To dash the rocks, darke causes and obscure,
Till he attayne the springs of truthe most pure.

His hooues also must pliant be and strong,
To riue the rockes of lust and errors blynde,
In braynlesse heades, that alway wander wrong:
These must he bryse with reasons playne and kynde,
Till springs of grace do gush out of the mynde,
For till affections from the fond be driuen,
In vayne is truth tolde, or good counsayle geuen.

Like

Like Pegasus a Poet must haue wings,
To slip to heauen or where him liketh best:
He must haue knowledge of eternall things,
Almighty Ioue must harber in his brest,
With worldly cares he may not be oppressed,
The wyngs of wit and skill must heaue him hier,
With great delight to satisfie desier.

He must also be lusty, fre, and swift
To trauaile farre to viewe the trades of men,
Great knowledge often is gotten by the shift:
Things that impart he must be quicke to pen,
Reprouing vices sharpely now and then.
He must be swift when touched tyrants chafe,
To gallop thence to kepe his carkas safe.

If I had well these qualities considered,
Especially that which I touched last,
With spedy flight my feete should haue deliuered
My feble body from a most boistous blast,
They should haue caught me, ere I had be cast,
But to much trust vnto a tyrants grace,
I neuer shronke, nor chaunged port or place.

I thought the Poets auncient liberties
For pleas had bene allowed at the barre,
I had forgot how new found tyrannies
With truthe and fredome were at open warre,
That lust was lawe, that might did make and marre,
That among tyrants this is and euer was
Sic volo, sic iubeo, stet pro ratione voluntas.

Where

Where lust is lawe it boteth not to pleade,
No priuilege nor liberties auayle.
But with the learnde whom law & wisdome leade,
Although through rashnes Poets hap to rayle,
A plea of dotage may all quarels quayle:
Their olde licence their writings to expounde,
Doth quit thē clere from faults by Momus found.

This fredome olde ought not to be debard
From any wight that speaketh ought, or writeth.
The authors meaning should of right be herd,
He knoweth best to what end he enditeth:
Words somtime beare more thē the hart behiteth.
Admit therfore the authors exposition,
If playne for truth: it forst, for his submission.

In case of sclaunder the lawes require no more
Saue to amende that seemed not well sayde:
Or to vnsay the slaunders sayd afore,
And aske forgeuenes for the hasty brayde:
To heretikes no greater payne is layde
Then to recant their errours or retract:
And worse than these can be no writers acte.

Yes (quoth the Cat) thy rayling words be treason,
And treason is farre worse then heresy.
Then must it follow by this awkwarde reason,
That kings be more than God in maiestie,
And soules be lesse then bodies in degree.
For heretikes both soules and God offend,
Traytours but seeke to bring mans life to end.

I speake

I speake not this to abase the haynous fault,
Of trayterous acts abhorde by God and man,
But to make playne their iudgement to be naught
That heresie for lesser sinne do ban,
I curse them both as depe as any can,
And alway did: yet through my foolysh rime,
They stayned me with that moste hatefull crime.

I neuer ment the king or counsayle harme,
Unles to wyshe them safety were offence,
Against their power I neuer lifted arme,
Neither pen nor tongue for any ill pretence.
The rime I made, though rude, was sound in sence,
For they therin whom I so fondly named,
So ruled all that they were foule defamed.

This was no treason but the very troth,
They ruled all, none could deny the same:
What was the cause then why they were so wroth?
What, is it treason in a riming frame
To clip, to stretch, to adde, or chaunge a name?
And this reserued, there is no rime nor reason,
That any craft can clout to seeme a treason.

For where I meant the king by name of Hog,
I onely alluded to his badge the Bore:
To Louels name I added more our Dog,
Because most dogs haue borne that name of yore:
These metaphors I vse with other more,
As Cat, and Rat, the halfe names of the rest,
To hyde the sence which they so wrongly wrest.

I pray

I pray you nowe what treason finde you here
Enough: you rubbed the gilty on the gaule,
Both sence and names do note them very nere.
I graunt that was the chiefe cause of my faule,
Yet can you finde therin no treason at all:
There is no worde against the prince or state,
No harme to them whom all the realme did hate.

But sith the gilty alwayes are suspicious,
And dread the ruine that must sewe by reason,
They cannot chose but count their cousaile vicious
That note their faults, and therfore call it treason:
All grace and goodnes with the lewde is geason.
This is the cause why they good things do wrest
Wher as the good take ill things to the best.

And therfore Baldwin boldly to the good
Rebuke their fait, so shalt thou purchase thankes
As for the bad, thou shalt but moue their moode,
Though pleasauntly thou touch their naughty prankes:
Warne Poets all, no wyse to passe the banks
Of Hellicon, but kepe within the bound:
So shall their fredome vnto no harme redound.

Gods

FINIS.

GOds blessing on his hart that made this (said one) specially for reuiuing our auncient liberties. And I pray God it maye take such place with the Magistrates, ỹ they may ratifie our olde fredome, Amen said another, for that shalbe a meane both to staye and vpholde themselues from falling: and also to preserue many kinde true, zealous, & well meaning mindes from slaughter and infamy. If kyng Richarde and his counsaylours had allowed, or at the least but wynked at some such wits, what great commodities might they haue takē therby. First, they should haue knowen what the people misliked and grudged at, (which no one of their flatterers either wold or durst haue tolde them) and so mought haue foūd meane, either by amendement (which is best) or by some other pollicy to haue staied ỹ peoples grudge: the forerunner commenly of rulers destructions. Vox populi, vox dei, in this case is not so famous a prouerbe as true: The experience of all times do approue it. They should also haue bin warned of their own sinnes, which call continually for Gods vengeaunce, which neuer faileth to fall on their neckes sodainly and horribly, vnles it be staied with harty repentaunce. These weighty commodities mought they haue taken by Collingborns vaine ryme. But as all things worke to the best in thē that be good, so best things heape vp mischief in the wicked, & all to hastē their vtter destruction. For after this poore wretches lamentable persecution, (the common re-

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warde

warde of best endeuours straite folowed the fatal destruction both of this tyrant, and of his tormentours. Which I wyshe might be so set foorth, that they might be a warning for euer, to all in authoritie to beware how they vsurpe or abuse their offices. I haue here (quoth I) king Richardes tragedy. Reade it we praye you (quoth they) with a good will (quoth I) For the better vnderstanding wherof, imagine that you see him tormented with Dives in the diepe pit of hell, and thence howling this which foloweth.

How Richard Plantagenet Duke of Gloucester, murdered his brothers children vsurping the crown, and in the third yeare of his raigne, was most worthely depriued of life and kingdome in Bosworth plaine, by Henry Earle of Richmond, after called king Henry the seuenth, the 22. of August. 1485.

What hart so harde, but doth abhorre to heare
The rufull raigne of me the third Richard:
King vnkindly cald though I the crown did weare,
Who entred by rigour, but right did not regard,
By tyranny proceding in killing king Edward,
Fift of that name, right heire vnto the crowne,
With Richard his brother, Princes of renowne,

Of truth

Of trust they were committed vnto my gouernaunce,
But trust turned to treason to truly it was tried,
Both against nature duetie and allegiaunce,
For through my procurement moste shamefully they
Desire of a kingdome forgetteth all kinred, (died
As after by discourse it shalbe shewed here,
Howe cruelly these innocẽts in prison murdred were.

The Lords and Commons all with one assent,
Protectour made me both of land and king,
But I therwith alas was not content:
For minding mischiefe I ment another thing,
Which to confusion in short time did me bring,
For I desirous to rule and raigne alone,
Sought crowne and kingdome, yet title had I none.

To all piers and princes a president I may be.
The like to beware how they do enterprise,
And learne their wretched falles by my fact to forsee,
Which ruful stande bewayling my chaunce before their eyes,
As one cleane bereft of all felicities:
For right through might I cruelly defaced,
But might helped right, and me againe displaced.

Alas that euer prince should thus his honour staine
With the bloud of innocents most shamefull to be tolde
For these two noble imps I caused to be slayne,
Of yeares not full ripe as yet to rule and raigne.
For which I was abhorred both of yong and olde,
But as the dede was odious in sight of God and man,
So shame and destruction in the end I wan.

Both

Both God, nature, dutie, allegiaunce all forgot,
This vile and haynous acte vnnaturally cõspired:
Which horrible deede done, alas, alas, God wot
Such terrours me tormẽted, & so my spirites fired
As vnto such a murder & shameful deede required,
Such broyle dayly felt I breding in my brest,
Wherby more and more, increased myne vnrest.

My brothers children were right heires to the crowne
Whome nature rather bounde to defend than destroy,
But I not regarding their right nor my renowne
My whole care and study to this end did implore,
The crowne to obtayne, and them both to put downe:
Wherein I God offended, prouoking iust his ire,
For this my attempt and most wicked desire.

To cursed Cain compare my carefull case,
Which did vniustly slaye his brother iust Abell,
And did not I in rage make run that rufull race
My brother Duke of Clarence, whose death I shame to tell
For that so straunge it was, as it was horrible:
For sure he drenched was and yet no water neare,
Which straunge is to be tolde to all that shall it heare.

The but he was not whereat I did shoote,
But yet he stoode betweene the marke and me,
For had he lined, for me it was no boote
To tempt the thing that by no meanes could be,
For I third was then of my brethren three:
But yet I thought the elder being gone,
Then needes must I beare the stroke alone.

Deſyre of rule made me alas to rewe,
My fatall fall I could it not foreſee,
Puft vp in pryde, to hautye then I grewe,
That none my peare I thought now could be,
Diſdayning ſuch as were of highe degree:
Thus dailye ryſing and pulling other downe,
At laſt I ſhot how to win the crowne.

And daily deuiſing which was the beſt way
And meane how I might my Nephues both deuour
I ſecretely then ſent without further delay
To Brackinburie then lieutenaunt of the tower,
Requeſting him by letters to helpe vnto his power,
For to accompliſh this my deſyre and will,
And that he would ſecretly my brothers childrē kil.

He aunſwered plainly with a flat nay,
Saying that to dye he would not do that deede:
But finding then a proffer to my pray,
Well worth a frend (quoth I) yet in time of neede.
James Tyrrill highte his name, whō with al ſpeede,
I ſent againe to Brackinbury, as you heard before,
Commaunding him deliuer the keyes of euery dore.

The keyes he rendered but partaker would not be
Of that flagitious fact, O happye man I ſay,
As you haue heard before, he rather choſe to dye
Then on thoſe ſeely lambes his violent hāds to lay.
His conſcience him pricked, his Prince to betray:
O conſtant minde that wouldeſt not condiſcend
Thee may I prayſe, and my ſelfe diſcommend.

What though he refused, yet be sure you may,
That other were as ready to take in hand that thing,
Which watched and wayted as duly for their pray,
As euer did the Cat for the mouse taking,
And how they might their purpose best to passe bring:
Where Tyrrell he thoughte good to haue no bloud shed,
Becaſt them to kill by smothering in their bed.

The wolues at hande were ready to deuour
The seely lambes in bed whereas they laye
Abiding death and loking for the bower,
For well they wist, they could not scape away,
Ah woe is mee, that did them thus betray,
In assigning this vile deede to be done,
By Myles Forrest and wicked John Dighton.

Who priuely into their chamber stale,
In secret wise somewhat before midnight,
And gan the bed together tug and hale,
Bewrapping them alas in wofull plight,
Keeping them downe, by force, by power and might,
With haling, tugging, turmoyling, turnde and tost,
Till they of force were forced yeeld the ghost.

Which when I heard, my hart I felt was eased
Of grudge, of griefe of inward deadly paine,
But with this deede the Nobles were displeased,
And said: O God, shall such a tyraunt raigne,
That hath so cruelly his brothers children slaine?
Which brute once blowen in the peoples eares,
Their dolour was such, that they brast out in teares.

But

But what thing may ſuffiſe vnto the greedy man,
The more he bathes in bloud, the bloudier he is alway:
By proofe I do this ſpeake, which beſt declare it can,
Which onely was the cauſe of this Princes decaye.
The wolfe was neuer gredier than I was of my pray,
But who ſo vſeth murther full well affirme I dare,
With murther ſhall be quit, ere he thereof beware.

And marke the ſequel of this begon miſchiefe
Which ſhortly after was cauſe of my decay,
For high and lowe conceyued ſuch a griefe
And hate againſt mee, which ſought day by day,
All wayes and meanes that poſſiblye they may,
On mee to be reuenged for this ſinne,
For cruell murdering vnnaturallye my kinne.

Not onely kin, but king the truth to ſaye,
Whom vnkindly of kingdome I bereft,
His life from him I alſo raught awaye,
With his brothers, which to my charge was left.
Of ambition behold the worke and weft,
Prouoking me to do this haynous treaſon,
And murther them againſt all right and reaſon.

After whoſe death thus wrought by violence,
The Lords not lyking this vnnaturall deede,
Began on me to haue great diffidence,
Such brinning hate gan in their harts to breede,
Which made me doubt and fore my daunger dreede:
Which doubt and dreede proued not in vaine,
By that enſued alas vnto my paine.

For I supposing all things were as I wished.
When I had brought these seely babes to bane,
But yet in that my purpose far I missed:
For as the Moone doth chaunge after the wane,
So chaunged the harts of such as I had tane
To be most true, to troubles did me tourne,
Such rage and raucour in boyling breasts do burne.

And sodainly a bruite abroade was blowen,
That Buckingham the Duke both sterne and stout,
In field was readye, with diuers to me knowen,
To giue mee battaile if I durst come out:
Which daunted mee and put me in great doubt,
For that I had no armye then prepared,
But after that I litle for it cared.

But yet remembring, that oft a litle sparke
Suffered doth grow vnto a great flame,
I thought it wisedome wisely for to warke,
Musstered then men in euery place I came.
And marching forward daily with the same,
Directly towards the towne of Salisburie,
Where I gat knowledge of the Dukes armie.

And as I passed ouer Salisburye downe,
The rumour ran the Duke was fled and gone,
His host dispersed beyond Shrewesburye towne,
And he dismayed was lefte there post alone,
Bewayling his chaunce and making great moane:
Towards whom I hasted withall expedition,
Making due search and diligent inquisition.

But at

But at the firſt I could not of him heare,
For he was ſcaped by ſecrete bywayes,
Unto the houſe of Humfrey Banaſtar,
Whom he had much preferred in his dayes,
And was good Lord to him in all aſſayes:
Which he full euill requited in the ende,
When he was driuen to ſeeke a truſty frend.

For it ſo happened to his miſhap, alas,
When I no knowledge of the Duke could heare
A proclamation by my commaundement was
Publiſhed and cryed throughout euery ſhyre,
That who ſo could tell where the Duke were,
A thouſand marke ſhould haue for his paine,
What thing ſo hard but money can obtaine?

But were it for money, meede, or dreede,
That Banaſtar thus betrayed his gheſt,
Diuers haue diuerſly deuined of this deede,
Some deeme the worſt, and ſome iudge the beſt,
The doubt not diſſolued nor plainly expreſt,
But of the Dukes death he doubtles was cauſe,
Which dyed without iudgemente or order of lawes.

Lo this noble Duke I brought thus vnto bane,
Whoſe doings I doubted and had in great dred,
At Banaſtars houſe I made him to be tane,
And without iudgement be ſhorned by the head,
By the ſhriue of Shropſhire to Saliſbury led.
In the market place vpon the ſcaffolde newe,
Where all the beholders did much his death rewe.

And after this done I brake vp my hoste,
Greatly applauded with this heauy hap,
And forthwith I sent to euery Sea coste
To foresee all mischieues and stop euery gap,
Before they should chaunce or light in my lap,
Geuing them in charge to haue good regarde,
The Sea coast to keepe with good watch and warde.

Directing my letters vnto euery shriue,
With straite commaundement vnder our name,
To suffer no man in their partes to ariue
Nor to passe forth out of the same,
As they tendered our fauour, and voide would our blame,
Doing therein their paine and industry,
With dilligent care and vigilant eye.

And thus setting things in order as you heare:
To preuent mischieues that might then betide,
I thought my selfe sure, and out of all feare,
And for other things began to prouide:
To Notingham castle strait did I ride,
Where I was not very long space,
Straūg tydings came which did me sore amaze.

Reported it was, and that for certainty,
Th'erle of Richmonde landed was in Wales
At Milford hauen with an huge armye.
Dismissing his nauy which were many sayles:
Which at the first I thought flying tales.
But in the ende did otherwise proue,
Which not a litle did me vexe and moue.

Thus

Thus fawning Fortune gan on me to frowne,
And caſt on me her ſcornefull lowring looke:
Then gan I feare the fall of my renowne,
My hart it fainted, my ſinowes ſore they ſhooke,
This heauy hap a ſcourge for ſinne I tooke,
Yet did I not then vterly diſpayre,
Hoping ſtorms paſt the weather ſhould be fayre.

And then with all ſpeede poſſible I might,
I cauſed them muſter throughout euery ſhyre,
Determining with the Earle ſpeedely to fight,
Before that his power much encreaſed were,
By ſuch as to him great fauour did beare:
Which were no ſmal nōber by true report made,
Daily repayring him for to ayde.

Directing my letters to diuers noble men,
With earneſt requeſt their power to prepare,
To Notingham caſtle whereas I lay then,
To ayde and aſſiſt me in this waighty affayre:
Where ſtrait to my preſence did then repayre,
Iohn Duke of Northfolke, his eldeſt ſonne alſo,
With Th'erle of Northumberland and many other mo.

And thus being furniſht with men and munition,
Forward we marched in order of battaile ray,
Making by ſcouts euery way inquiſition,
In what place the Earle with his campe lay:
Towards whom directly we toke then our way,
Euermore minding to ſeeke our moſt auaile,
In place conuenient to giue to him battaile.

So long we laboured, at last our armies met
On Boſworth plaine beſides Leceſter towne,
Where ſure I thought the garland for to get,
And purchaſe peace, or els to loſe my crowne.
But fickle Fortune alas on me did frowne,
For when I was encamped in the fielde,
Where moſt I truſted I ſoneſt was begylde.

The brand of mallice thus kindling in my breſt
Of deadly hate which I to him did beare,
Pricked me forward, and bad mee not deſiſt,
But boldly fight and take at all no feare,
To win the field, and the earle to conquere:
Thus hoping glory great to gaine and get,
Mine army then in order did I ſet.

Betyde me life or death I deſperately ran,
And ioyned me in battaile with this Earle ſo ſtoute,
But Fortune ſo him fauoured that he the battaile wan
With force and great power I was beſet about,
Which when I did behold, in mids of the whole route
With dent of ſword I caſt me on him to be reuenged,
Where in the midſt of them my wretched life I ended.

My body was hurried and tugged like a dog,
On horſebacke all naked and bare as I was borne.
My head, hands, and feete, downe hanging like a hog,
With dirt and bloud beſprent, my corps all to torne,
Curſing the day that euer I was borne,
With greuous wounds be mangled moſt horrible to ſee,
So ſore they did abhorre this my vile crueltye.

Loe here

Loe here you may behold the due and iuſt reward
Of tyranny and treaſon which God doth moſt deteſt,
For if vnto my duety I had taken regarde,
I might haue liued ſtill in honour with the beſt,
And had I not attempt the thing that I ought leſte.
But deſyre to rule alas did me ſo blinde,
Which cauſed me to do againſt nature and kinde.

Ah curſed caytife why did I climbe ſo hye,
Which was the cauſe of this my balefull thrall.
For ſtill I thirſted for the regall dignitie,
But haſty ryſing threatneth ſodaine fall,
Content your ſelues with your eſtates all,
And ſeeke not right by wrong to ſuppreſſe,
For God hath promiſt eche wrong to redreſſe.

See here the fine and fall of mee,
And guerdon due for this my wretched deede,
Which to all Princes a myrrour now may be
That ſhall this tragicall ſtorye after reede,
Wiſhing them all by mee to take heede,
And ſuffer right to rule as it is reaſon,
For time tryeth out both truth and alſo treaſon.

Finis. F. Seg.

When I had read this, we had much talke about it. For it was thought not vehement enoughe for so violent a man as K. Richard had bin. The matter was wel enoughe liked of some, but the meetre was misliked almost of all.

And when diuers therefore would not allow it, what (quoth one): You knowe not whereuppon you sticke: els you woulde not so much mislike this because of the vncertaine Meetre. The cumlynes called by the Rhetoricians Decorum, is specially to be obserued in all thinges. Seing than that kinge Richard neuer kept measure in any of his doinges, seing also he speaketh in hell, whereas is no order: it were against the Decorum of his personage to vse eyther good meeter or order.

And therfore if his Oration were far worse, in my opinion it were more fitte for him. Mars and the Muses did neuer agree. Neither is to be suffered that theyr milde sacred Arte shoulde seeme to proceede from so cruell and prophane a mouth as his: seing they themselues do vtterly abhorre it.

And although we read of Nero, that he was excellent both in Musicke, and in versifyinge, yet do not I remember that euer I saw any songe or verse of his makinge: Minerua iustly prouiding ẏ no monument should remaine of any such vniust vsurpation. And therfore let this passe euen as it is which the writer I know both could and would amend in many places, saue for keeping the Decorum which he pur-

he purpolely hath obſerued herein.
In deede (quoth I) as you ſaye: It is not meete
ſo diſorderlye and vnnaturall a man as kinge Ri-
Richard was, ſhould obſerue any metrical order in
his talke: which notwithſtanding in manye places
of his Oration is very wel kept: it ſhall paſſe there-
fore euen as it is, though to good for ſo euill a per-
ſon. Then they willed mee to reade the blacke
Smith, with a good will (quoth I) but firſt
you muſt imagin that you ſee him ſtan-
ding on a ladder ouer ſhrined with
the Tybourne, a meete ſtage for
all ſuch rebels and traytours:
and there ſtoutlye ſaying
as followeth.

Michaell Ioseph

The wilful fall of blacke Smith,

and the foolishe ende of the Lord Awdeley in Iune. Anno 1496.

Who is more bould than is the blinde Beard?
Where is more craft than in the clowted shone?
Who catch more harme thã such as nothing feard?
Where is more guile then wher mistrust is none?
No plaisters helpe before the griefe be knowen,
So seemes by mee who could no wisedome leare,
Untill such time I bought my wit to deare.

Who being boistous stout, and brainlesse bolde,
Puft vp with pride, with fyer and furies fret,
Incenst with tales so rude and plainely tolde,
Wherein deceit with double knot was knit,
I trapped was as seely fishe in net,
Who swift in swimming, not doubtful of disceit,
Is caught in gin wherein is layde no bait.

Such force and vertue hath this dolefull plaint,
Set forth with sighes and teares of Crocodile,
Who seemes in sight as simple as a saint,
Hath layd a bayte the wareles to begile,
And as they weepe they worke disceit the while,
Whose rufull cheare the rulers so relent,
To worke in hast that they at last repent.

Take

Take heede therefore ye rulers of the lande,
Be blinde in sight and stop your other eare,
In sentence slow till skill the truth haue scande,
In all your doomes both loue and hate forbeare,
So shall your iudgement iust and right appeare:
It was a southfast sentence long agoe,
That hasty men shall neuer lacke much woe.

Is it not truth? Baldwin what sayest thou?
Say on thy minde, I pray the muse no more.
Me thincke thou starest & lokest I wot not howe,
As thoughe thou neuer sawest a man before:
By like thou musest why I teach this lore,
Els what I am that here so boldly dare,
Amonge the prease of Princes to compare.

Though I be bolde, I pray the blame not mee,
Like as men sowe, such corne needes must they reape,
And nature hath so planted in ech degree,
That Crabs like Crabs will kindly crall and crepe:
The suttle Fox vnlike the seely sheepe:
It is according to mine education,
Forward to prease in route and congregation.

Beholde my cote burnt with the sparkes of fyer,
My lether apron filde with horse shoe nayles,
Behold my hammer and my pincers here,
Behold my lookes a marke that seldome fayles:
My cheekes declare I was not fed with quailes,
My face, my clothes, my tooles with all my fashion,
Declare full well a Prince of rude creation.

A Prince

A Prince I said, a Prince I say againe,
Though not by byrth, by crafty vsurpation,
Who doubts but some men princehoode do obtaine,
By open force and wrongfull domination,
Yet while they rule are had in reputation:
Euenso by me, the while I wrought my feate,
I was a Prince at least in my conceite.

I dare the bolder take on me the name,
Because of him whom here I leade in hand,
Tychet Lord Awdley a Lord of byrth and fame,
Which with his strength and power serude in my bande,
I was a Prince while that I was so mande:
His Butterfly still vnderneath my shielde,
Displayed was from Wells to blackheath fielde.

But now behold he doth bewaile the same:
Thus after wits their rashnes do depraue,
Behold dismaide he dare not speake for shame,
He lokes like one that late came from the graue,
Or one that came forth of Trophonius caue,
For that in wit he had so little pith,
As he a Lord to serue a traytour Smith.

Such is the courage of the noble hart,
Which doth despyse the vyle and baser sort,
He may not touch that sauers of the cart,
Him listeth not with ech Jacke lout to sport,
He lets him passe for paying of his port,
The iolly Egles catch not litle flees,
The courtly silkes match seeld with homely frees

Bus

But surely Baldwin if I were allowde
To say the trouth, I could somewhat declare:
But clarkes will say, this Smyth doth waxe to proude,
Thus in precepts of wisedome to compare,
But Smiths must speake that clarkes for feare ne dare,
It is a thinge that all men may lament,
When clarkes keepe close the truth least they be shent.

The Hostler, Barber, Myller and the Smith,
Heare of the sawes of such as wisedom ken,
And learne some wit although they want the pith,
The clarkes pretende: and yet both now and then,
The greatest clarkes proue not the wisest men:
It is not right that men forbid should be,
To speake the truth all were he bonde or free.

And for because I haue vsed to fret and fome,
Not passing greatly whom I should displease,
I dare be bold a while to play the mome,
Out of my sacke some others faults to lease,
And let mine owne behinde my backe to peyse,
For he that hath his owne before his eye,
Shal not so quicke anothers fault espye.

I say was neuer no such wofull case,
As is when honour doth it selfe abuse:
The noble man that vertue doth imbrace,
Reprelleth pride, and humblenes doth vse,
By wisedome workes, and rashnes doth refuse
His wanton will and lust that bridell can,
In deede is gentle both to God and man.

But where the nobles wante both wit and grace,
Regard no reue, care not but for their lust,
Oppresse the poore, set will in reasons place,
And in their words and domes be founde vniust,
Wealth goeth to wracke till all lye in the dust:
There Fortune frownes, and spite beginneth to grow,
Till highe, and lowe, and all be ouerthrow

Then sith that vertue hath so good reward,
And after vice so vulye waiteth shame,
How hapth that Princes haue no more regard,
Their tender youth with vertue to enflame?
For lacke whereof their wit and will is lame,
Infect with folly, prone to lust and pride,
Not knowing howe themselues or theirs to guide.

Whereby it hapneth to the wanton wight,
As to a shippe vpon the stormy seas,
Which lacking sterne to guide it selfe a right,
From shore to shore the winde and tyde do teese,
Finding no place to rest and take his ease,
Till at the last it sinke vpon the sande:
So fare they all that haue not vertue cand.

The plowmã first his lande doth dresse and tourne,
And makes it apt ere the seede be sowe,
Whereby he is [illegible] like to reape good corne.
Where otherwise no seede but weede would growe:
By which ensample men may easely knowe,
When youth haue wealth before they can well vse it
It is no wonder though they do abuse it.

How can he rule well in a common wealth,
Which knoweth not him selfe in rule to frame:
How should he rule him selfe in ghostly health,
Which neuer learnd one lesson for the same:
If such catch harme their parents are to blame:
For needes must they be blynde, and blindly led,
Where no good lesson can be taught or read.

Some thinke their youth discret and wisely taught,
That brag, and boast, and weare their fether braue,
Can roist, and rout, both lowre, and looke aloft,
Can swere and stare, and call their felowes knaue,
Can pyll and poll, and catch before they craue,
Can carde and dyce, both cog and foyst at fare,
Play on vnthrifty, till their purse be bare.

Some teach their youth to pipe, to sing, and daunce,
To hauke, to hunt, to choose and kill their game,
To wynde their horne, & with their horse to praunce,
To play at tenis, set the lute in frame,
Run at the ring and vse such other game:
Which feates although they be not all vnfit,
Yet cannot they the marke of vertue hit.

For noble youth, there is nothing so meete
As learning is, to knowe the good from ill:
To know the tongues and perfectly endyte,
And of the lawes to haue a perfect skill,
Things to reforme as right and iustice will:
For honour is ordeined for no cause,
But see right mainteined by the lawes,

It ſpites my hart to heare when noble men
Cannot diſcloſe their ſecrets to their frend,
In ſauegarde ſure with paper, inke, and pen,
But firſt they muſt a ſecretary finde,
To whom they ſhow the bottome of their mynde:
And be he falſe or true, a blab or cloſe,
To him they muſt their counſayle nedes diſcloſe.

And where they rule that haue of lawe no ſkill,
There is no boote, they nedes muſt ſeeke for ayde:
Then ruled are they, and rule as others will:
As he that on a ſtage his part hath playd:
But he was taught nought hath he done or ſayde.
Such youth therfore ſeeke ſcience of the ſage,
As thinke to rule when that ye come to age.

Where youth is brought vp in feare and obedience,
Kept from ill company, vrged of their luſt,
Do ſerue God duely and know their allegiaunce,
Learne godly wiſdom which time nor age can ruſt:
There prince, people and piers nedes proſper muſt,
For happy are the people and bleſſed is that land,
Where truthe and vertue haue got the ouer hand.

I ſpeake this Baldwyn of this rufull Lord,
Whome I perforce do here preſent to thee,
He faynts ſo ſore he, may not ſpeake a worde,
I pleade his cauſe without rewarde or fee,
And am inforſt to ſpeake for him and mee.
If in his youth he had bene wiſely taught,
He ſhould not now his wit ſo dere haue bought.

For

For what is he that hath but half a wit,
But may well know that rebelles cannot spede,
Marke well my tale, and take good hede to it,
Recount it well and take it for good rede,
If it proue vntrue I will not trust my crede.
Was neuer rebell before the world, nor since,
That could or shall preuaile against his prince.

For ere the subiect beginneth to rebell,
Within himselfe let him consider well,
Forsee the daunger, and beat well in his brayne,
How hard it is his purpose to obtayne,
For if he once be entered to the brears,
He hath a raging wolfe fast by the ears.

And when he is once entred to rule ꝑ beastly rout,
Although he would he can no way get out.
He may be sure none will to him resorte,
But suche as are the vile and rascall sorte.
All honest men, as well the most as lest,
To tast of treason will vtterly detest.

Then let him way how long he can be sure,
Where faith nor frendship may no while endure:
He whome he trusteth most, to gayne a grote
Will fall him from and assay to cut his throte,
Among the knaues and slaues where vice is rooted,
There is no other frendship to be loked.

With slashers, slaues, and snuffers so falshod is in price
The simple faith is deadly sinne, and vertue counted vice.
And where the quarrell is so vile and bad,

What hope of ayde then is there to be had?
Thinks he that men will run at this or that,
To do a thing they knowe not how or what?

Nor yet what danger may thereof betide,
Where wisdome would they should at home abide,
Rather then seeke and knowe not what to finde.
Wise men will first debate this in their minde:
Full sure they are if that they go to wrecke,
Without all grace they loose both head and necke.

They lose their lands and goods, their childe & wife
With sorrow and shame shall leade a wofull life,
If he be slayne in field he dieth accurst,
Which of all wrecks we should accompt the worst:
And he that dieth defending his liege Lord,
Is blist and blist againe by Gods owne word.

And where the souldiers wages is unpayde,
There is the Captaine slenderly obayde,
And where the souldier is out of feare and drede,
He will be lacke when that there is most nede,
And priuately he seekes his ease and leasure,
And will be ruled but at his will and pleasure.

And wher some drawe forth, & other do draw back,
Therein the end must nedes be woe and wrack:
To hope for ayde of Lords it is but vayne,
Whose foretaught wit of treason knoweth the payne,
They knowe what power a prince hath in his land,
And what it is with rebels for to stand.

They

They knowe by treason honour is defaced,
Their offspring and their progeny disgraced,
They knowe to honour is not so worthy a thing,
As to be true and faithfull to their king,
Aboue cognisaunce or armes, or pedigrewe a far,
An vnspotted cote is like a blasing star:

Therfore the rebell is accurst and mad,
That hopeth for that which rebel neuer had:
Who trusting still to tales doth hang in hope,
Till at the last he hang fast by the rope,
For though that tales be told ỳ hope might feede,
Such foolish hope hath still vnhappy speede.

It is a custome that neuer will be broken,
In broyles the bag of lyes is euer open,
Such lying newes men daily will inuent,
As can the hearers fancy best content,
And as the newes do run and neuer cease,
So more and more they daily do encrease.

And as they encrease they multiply as fast,
That ten is ten hundred, ten thousand at the last.
And though the rebell had once got the fielde,
Thinkes he thereby to make his prince to yelde:
A princes power within his owne region,
Is not so sone brought vnto confusion.

For kings by God are strong and stoutly harted,
That they of subiects will not be subuerted:
If kings would yeld, yet God would them restrayn,

Of whom the prince hath grace and power to raigne:
Who straitly chargeth vs aboue all thing,
That no man should resist against his king.

Who that resisteth his dreade soueraigne Lorde,
Doth dampne his soule by Gods owne very worde.
A Christian subiect should with honour due,
Obey his soueraigne though he were a Iewe:
Wherby assured when subiects do rebell,
Gods wrath is kindled and threatneth fyre and hell.

It is soone knowen when Gods wrath is kyndled,
How they shall spede with whome he is offended:
If God gaue victory to whom he liketh best,
Why looke they for it whom God doth most detest?
For treason is hatefull and abhorred in Gods sight,
Example of Iudas that most wicked wight:

Which is the chiefe cause no treason prenailes,
For ill must he spede whom Gods wrath assayles:
Let traitours and rebels looke to speede then,
When Gods mighty power is subiect to men.
Much might be sayde that goeth more nere the pith,
But this sufficeth for a rurall Smith.

Baldwin when thou hearest my reason in this case,
Belike thou thinkest I was not very wyse,
And that I was accurst, or els lacked grace,
Which knowing the end of my fond enterprise,
Would thus presume against my prince to ryse:
But as there is a cause that moueth euery woe,
Somewhat there was wherof this sore did growe.

And

And to be playne and ſimple in this caſe,
The cauſe why I ſuch matter tooke in hand,
Was nothing els but pryde and lacke of grace,
Vaine hope of help, and tales both falſe and fond:
By meane wherof I did my prince withſtand,
Denied the taxe aſſeſt by conuocation
To mainteine warre againſt the Scottiſh nation.

Wherat the Cornishe men did much repine,
For they of gold and ſyluer were full bare,
And liued hardly digging in the Tyne,
They ſayde they had no money for to ſpare:
Began firſt to grudge and then to ſweare & ſtare,
Forgot their due obeyſaunce & raſhly fell to raving,
And ſaid they would not beare ſuch polling & ſuche (chauing.

They firſt accuſde ỹ king as authour of their griefe,
And then the biſhop Morton, & ſir Reinold Bray,
For they then were about the king moſt chief,
Becauſe they thought the hole fault in them lay:
They did protеſt to rid them out of the way.
Such thanke haue they that rule about a prince,
They beare the blame of other mens offence.

When I perceiued the commons in a roare,
Then I and Flamoke conſulted both together,
To whome the people reſorted more and more,
Lamenting and crying, helpe vs now or neuer,
Breake this yoake of bondage then are we free for euer:
Wherat we inflamed in hope to haue a fame,
To be their captaines tooke on vs the name.

Then might you heare the people make a shoute,
And crye, God saue the Captaines, and send vs all good spede
Then he that fainted was counted but a lout,
The ruffians ran abroade to sowe seditious seede:
To call for companie then there was no nede
For euery man laboured another to entice,
To be partaker of his wicked vice.

Then all such newes as made for our auayle,
Was brought to me, but such as sounded ill,
Was none so bolde to speake or yet bewayle:
Euerich was so wedded vnto his will,
That forth they cried with bowes, sword, and bill.
And what the ruffler spake the loute toke for a verdit
For ther ꝑ best was worst, ꝑ worst was best regarded

For when men go a madding, there still ꝑ viler part
Conspire together and will haue all the swaye,
And be it well or ill they must haue all the porte,
As they will do, the rest must neues obay,
They prate and prate as doth the Popingaye:
They crie and commaund the rest to kepe th'array,
Whiles they may range and rob for spoyle and pray.

And when we had prepared euery thing,
We went to Tawnton with all our prouision,
And there we slewe the prouost of Penryn,
For that on the subsedy he sate in commission:
He was not wyse, nor yet of greate discretion,
That durst approche his enemies in their rage,
When wit nor reason couldc their yre asswage.

From

From thence we went to Wels, where we were receiued
Of this Lorde Awdeley as of our chiefe captaine,
And so had the name, but yet he was deceiued,
For I in dede did rule the clubbish trayne,
My cartly knighres true honour did disdaine:
For like doth loue his like, it will be none other,
A chorle will loue a chorle before he will his brother.

Then from Wels to Winchester, and so to Blackheath field,
And there we encamped looking for more ayde,
But when none came, we thought our selues begilde,
Such Cornishmen as knew they were betrayde,
From their fellowes by night away they strayde:
There might we learne how vayne it is to trust,
Our fayned frends in quarels so vniust.

But we the sturdy captaines ẏ thought our power was strõg,
Were bent to trie our Fortune what euer should betide
We were the bolder, for that the king so long
Deferred battaile: which so increast our pryde,
That sure we thought the king himselfe did hide
Within the citie, therfore with courage hault,
We did determine the citty to assault.

But he working contrary to our expectation,
Was fully mynded to let vs runne our race,
Till we were from our domesticall habitation,
Where that of ayde or succour was no place,
And then to be plaged as it should please his grace,
But all doubtfull plaints, how euer they did sound,
To our best vayle we alway did expound.

When

When that the king sawe time, with courage bold
He sent a power to circumuent vs all:
Where we enclosed as simple sheepe in folde,
Were slaine & murdred as beasts in butchers stall,
The king him selfe, what euer chaunce might fall,
Was strongly encäped within saint Georges field,
And there abode till that he hard vs yelde.

Then down we kneled, and cried to saue our life,
It was to late our folly to bewayle,
There were we spoiled of armour, cote, and knife:
And we which thought with pride ỳ city to assaile,
Were led in prisoners naked as my naile,
But of vs two thousand they had slaine before,
And we of them three hundred and no more.

This my Lord and we the captaines of the West,
Tooke our Inne at Newgate, fast in fetters tide,
Where after triall we had but little rest,
My Lord thorow London was drawen on a slyde,
To Tower hill where with an axe he died,
Clad in his cote armour painted all in paper,
Torne and reuersed in spite of his behauer.

And I with Thomas Flamoke, & other of our bent
As traytours at Tyborne our iudgement did obay:
The people looked I should my fault lament,
To whom I boldly spake that for my fond assaye,
I was sure of fame that neuer should decaye:
Wherby ye may perceiue vayne glorie doth enflame
As well the meaner sort as men of greater name.

But

But as the ſickly patient, ſometime hath deſire
To taſt the things that phiſicke hath denied,
And hath both paine and ſorrowe for his hyre,
The ſame to me right well may be applied,
Which while I raught for fame, on ſhame did ſlyde.
And ſeeking fame, brought fourth my bitter bane,
As he that fyred the temple of Diane.

I tell thee Baldwin, I muſe right oft, to ſee
How euery man for wealth and honour gapeth,
How euery man would climbe aboue the ſkye,
How euery man th'aſſured meane ſo hateth,
How froward Fortune oft their purpoſe mateth:
And if they hap their purpoſe to obtaine,
Their wealth is woe, their honour care and payne.

We ſee the ſeruaunt more happy than his Lord,
We ſee him liue when that his Lord is dead,
He ſlepeth ſound, is merry at his boorde,
No ſorrow in his hart doth vexe his head:
Happy then is he that powertie can wed,
What gaine the mighty conquerours when they be dead
By all the ſpoile and bloud that they haue ſhed?

The terrible tower where honour hath his ſeate,
Is hie on rockes more ſlipper than the yce,
Where ſtill the whorling wynde doth roare and beate,
Where ſodain qualmes and perils ſtill aryſe,
And is beſet with many ſundry vice,
So ſtraunge to men when firſt they come thereat,
They be amaſed, and do they wote not what.

Hys

He that preuayles and to the tower can clyme,
With trouble & care muſt nedes abridge his dayes,
And he that ſlides may curſe the hower and time,
He did attempt to geue ſo fonde aſſaies,
And all his life to ſorrowe and ſhame obayes.
Thus ſlyde he downe or to the top aſcende,
Aſſure himſelfe repentaunce is the end.

Wherfore good Baldwine do thou record my name
To be enſample to ſuch as credit lies,
Or thirſt to ſucke the ſugred cup of fame,
Or do attempt againſt their prince to ryſe,
And charge them all to kepe within their ſyſe:
Who doth aſſaye to wreſt beyond his ſtrength,
Let him be ſure he ſhall repent at length.

And at my requeſt admoniſh thou all men,
To ſpend well ꝑ talent which God to thē hath lent,
And he that hath but one, let him not toyle for ten,
For one is to much, vnleſſe it be well ſpent:
I haue had the prooſe, therfore I now repent,
And happy are thoſe men, and bliſt and bliſt is he,
As can be well content to ſerue in his degree.

FINIS. Maiſter Cauyll.

IT is pity (quoth one) that the meeter is no better seing ỳ matter is so good: you may do very well to helpe it, and a little fyling would make it formall.

The authour him selfe (quoth I) coulde haue done that, but he woulde not, and hath desyred me that it maye passe in suche rude sorte as you haue heard it: for hee obserueth therein a dowble Decorum both of the Smith, and of hym selfe: for he thinketh it not meete for the Smyth to speake, nor for him selfe to wryte in any exact kynde of meeter. Well saide an other: the matter is notable to teach al people as wel officers as subiects to cõsider their estates, and to liue in loue and obedience to the hyeste powers, what so euer they be, whom God either by birth, lawe, succession, or vniuersall election, doth or shal authorise in his own roume to execute his lawes and iustice, among any people or nation: For by all these meanes God placeth his deputies. And in my iudgemẽt there is no meane so good either for the common quiet of the people, or for gods free choise, as the naturall order of enheritaunce by lineall discent: for so it is lefte in Gods handes, to create in the wõbe what prince he thinketh meetest for his purposes: The people also knowe their princes, and therefore the more gladly and willingly receiue and obey them. And although some realmes more carefull than wyse, haue entailed their crown to their male thinking it not mete for the feminine sexe to beare the royall office: yet if they consider all

circum-

circumstaunces, and the chiefest vses of a Prince in a realme, they shall see howe they are deceiued. For Princes are Gods lieutenauntes or deputies, to see gods lawes executed among their subiectes, not to rule according to their own lusts or deuises, but by the prescript of Gods lawes: so ỳ the chiefest poynt of a Princes office consisteth in obedience to God and to his ordinaunces, & what should let but that a woman may be as obedient vnto God as a mã? The second point of a princes office is to prouide for the impotent, nedy, and helples, as wydowes, orphanes, lame, and decrepite persons: and seing women are by nature tender harted, mylde, and pittifull, who may better then they discharge this duty? Yea but a woman lacketh courage, boldnesse, and stomacke, to withstande the aduersarie, and so are her subiects an open spoile to their enemies. Debora, Iaell, Iudith, Thomiris, and other do proue the contrary. But graunt it were so: what harme were that seing victory consisteth not in witte or force, but in Gods pleasure. I am sure that whatsoeuer prince doth his duty in obaying God, and causing iustice to be ministred according to Gods lawes, shall not onely lacke warre (be he man woman or childe) but also be a terrour to al other princes. And if God suffer any at any time to be assailed, it is for ỳ destruction of the assailer, whether he be rebell or forreyne foe, & to the honour & profite of ỳ vertuous prince, in whose behalfe rather then he shall miscary, God him selfe will fight with enfections & earthquakes

from

from the land and waters, and with stormes and lightenings from the ayre and skies. Woe warres haue bene sought through the wilfull & hautye courages of kings, and greater destructions happened to realmes thereby, than by any other meanes. And as for wisdome and pollicy, seing it consisteth in folowing the counsaile of many godly, learned, & long experienced heades, it were better to haue a woman, who considering her owne weakenes and inabilitie, should be ruled therby, than a man which presuming vpon his owne fond brayne, will heare no aduise saue his owne. You muse peraduenture wherfore I saye this. The frantike heades whiche disable our Queene, bicause she is a woman, & our king bicause he is a straunger, to be our princes & chief gouernours, hath caused me to say thus much. For what so euer man, woman, or childe, is by the consent of the whole realme established in the royal seate, so it haue not bene iniuriously procured by rygour of swoorde and open force, but quietly by title, eyther of enheritaunce, succession, lawfull bequeste, common consent, or election, is vndoubtedly chosē by God to be his deputie: and whosoeuer resisteth any such, resisteth against God himselfe, and is a ranke traitour and rebell, and shalbe sure to prosper as well as the Blacke Smith and other such haue done. All resist that wilfull breake any lawe, not being against Gods law, made by common consent for the wealthe of the realme, and commaunded to be kept by ỹ authoritie of the prince: or that deny to

paye

paye suche duties, as by consent of the high court of parliament, are appointed to the Prince for the defence and preseruation of the Realme. You haue saide very truely herein, (quoth I) and I trust this terrible example of the blacke Smithe, will put all men in mynde of their duties and teach them to be obedient to all good lawes, and lawfull contributions. The scriptures do forbid vs to rebell, or forcibly to withstand Princes, though they cõmaund vniust things: yet in any case we may not do them but receiue quietly at the princes hand whatsoeuer punishement God shal suffer to be layd vpon vs for our refusall, God will suffer none of his to be tempted aboue their strẽgth. But bicause these two persons last before rehersed were thought not onelye obscure in the matter, but also crabbed in the meeter, (I haue here redy to supply that which lacked in them) Shores wife, an eloquent wench, which shall finish out both in meter and matter, that which could not comlily be said in their persons.

Marke I pray you what shee sayth and tell me how you like it.

(.:.)

How Shores wife, king Edward the fowerths Concubine, was by king Richard despoyled of all her goodes, and forced to doe open penaunce.

(.˙.)

AMong the rest by Foztune ouerthzowen,
I am not least, that most may wayle her fate:
My fame and bzuite abzoade the wozld is blowen,
Who can fozget a thing thus done so late?
My great mischaunce, my fall, and heauy state,
Is such a marke wherat ech tongue doth shote,
That my good name is pluct vp by the roote.

This wandzing wozld bewitched me with wyles,
And won my wits with wanton sugred ioyes,
In Foztunes frekes who trustes her when she smiles,
Shall finde her false, and full of fickle toyes,
Her triumphes all but fill our eares with noyse,
Her flattring gifts are pleasures mixt with payne,
Yea all her woozds are thunders threatning rayne.

The fond desyze that we in glozie set,
Doth thirle our harts to hope in slipper hap,
A blast of pompe is all the fruite we get,
And vnder that lies hid a sodaine clap:
In seeking rest vnwares we fall in trap:
In groping flowers with nettles stong we are,
In labouring long, we reape the crop of care.

Shores wyfe.

Oh darke deceite with painted face for showe,
Oh poysoned bayte that makes vs eger still,
Oh fayned frend deceiuing people so,
Oh world of thee we cannot speake to ill,
Yet fooles we are that ben so to thy skill,
The plague and scourge that thousands daily feele,
Should warne the wise to shun thy whirling whele.

But who can stop the streame that runnes ful swift?
Or quench the fire that is crept in the strawe?
The thirsty drinkes, there is no other shift,
Perforce is such, that neede obeyes no lawe,
Thus bound we are in worldly yokes to drawe,
And can not stay, nor turne agayne in time,
Nor learne of those that sought to high to clyme.

My selfe for proofe, loe here I now appeare,
In womans weede with weping watred eyes,
That bought her youth and her delights full deare,
Whose lowde reproch doth sound vnto skies
And bids my corse out of the graue to rise,
As one that may no longer hide her face,
But needes must come and show her piteous case.

The shete of shame wherein I shrowded was
Did moue me oft to playne before this daye,
And in myne eares did ring the trumpe of brasse,
Which is defame that doth ech vice bewraye.
Yea though full dead and lowe in earth I laye,
I heard the voyce of me what people sayde,
But then to speake alas I was afrayde.

And

And now a time for me I see prepard,
I heare the liues and falles of many wights:
My tale therfore the better may be heard,
For at the torch the litle candell lights.
Where pageants be, small things fil out the sights,
Wherefore geue eare, good Baldwin do thy best,
My tragedy to place among the rest.

Because the truthe shall witnes well with thee,
I will rehearce in order as it fell,
My life, my death, my dolefull destenie,
My welth, my woe, my doing euery deale,
My bitter blisse, wherein I long did dwell:
A whole discourse by me Shores wyfe by name,
Now shalt thou heare as thou hadst seene the same.

Of noble bloud I cannot boast my byrth,
For I was made out of the meanest molde,
Myne heritage but seuen foote of the earth,
Fortune ne gaue to me the giftes of golde:
But I could brag of nature if I would,
Who filde my face with fauour fresh and fayre,
Whose beauty shone like Phœbus in the aire.

My shape some sayde was seemely to ech sight,
My countenaunce did showe a sober grace,
Myne eyes in lookes were neuer proued light,
My tongue in wordes were chast in euery case,
Myne eares were deafe, and would no louers place,
Saue that (alas) a prince did blot my browe,
Loe, there the strong did make the weake to bowe.

The maiestie that kinges to people beare,
The stately port, the awfull cheare they showe,
Doth make the meane to shrinke & couch for feare,
Like as the hound, that doth his maister knowe:
What then, since I was made vnto the bowe:
There is no cloake, can serue to hide my fault,
For I agreed the fort he should assault.

The Eagles force subdues ech bird that flies,
What mettall may resist the flaming fire?
Doth not the Sunne, dasill the clearest eyes,
And melt the yse, and make the frost retyre?
Who can withstande a puisaunt kings desire?
The stiffest stones are perced through with tooles,
The wisest are with princes made but fooles.

If kynde had wrought my forme in cõmon frames,
And set me foorth in colours blacke and browne,
Or beauty had bene parched in Phœbus flames,
Or shamefast wayes had pluct my fethers downe,
Then had I kept my fame and good renowne:
For natures giftes was cause of all my griefe.
A pleasaunt praye entiseth many a thiefe.

Thus woe to thee that wrought my peacocks pride,
By clothing me with natures tapistrie,
Wo worth the hewe wherin my face was died,
Which made me thinke I pleased euery eye:
Like as the sterres make men behold the skie,
So beauties showe doth make the wyse full fond.
And brings free harts full oft to endlesse bond.

But

But cleare from blame my frends cannot be found,
Before my time my youth they did abuse:
In mariage, a prentise was I bounde,
Then that meere loue I knewe not how to vse.
But welaway, that cannot me excuse,
The harme is mine though they deuised my care,
And I must smart and sit in slaunderous snare.

Yet giue mee leaue to pleade my cause at large,
If that the horse do runne beyonde his race,
Or any thing that keepers haue in charge
Do breke their course, wher rulers may take place
Or meate be set before the hungries face,
Who is in fault the offendour yea or no,
Or they that are the cause of all this woe?

Note well what strife this forced mariage makes, Forced mary
What lothed liues do come where loue doth lacke,
What scratching breers do grow vpō such brakes,
What commō weales by it are brought to wracke,
What beauy loade is put on pacients backe,
What straunge delights this braunch of vice doth breede
And marke what graine springs out of such a seede.

Compell the hauke to sit that is vnmande,
Or make the hound vntaught to drawe the Deere,
Or bring the free against his will in band,
Or moue the sad a pleasaunt tale to heare,
Your time is lost and you are neuer the neare:
So loue ne learnes of force the knot to knit,
She serues but those that ferle swete fancies fit.

The leſſe defame redounds to my diſpraiſe,
I was entiſte by traynes, and trapt by truſt:
Though in my power remayned yeas and nayes,
Unto my frendes yet needes conſent I muſt,
In euery thing, yee lawfull or vniuſt.
They brake the bowes and ſhake the tree by ſleight,
And bent the wand that mought haue growen full ſtreight.

What helpe is this, the pale thus broken downe,
The Deere muſt needes in daunger runne aſtray:
At me therefore why ſhould the worlde ſo frowne,
My weakenes made my youth a Princes pray.
Though wiſedome ſhould the courſe of nature ſtay,
Yet try my caſe who liſt, and they ſhall proue,
The ripeſt wits are ſooneſt thralles to loue.

What neede I more to cleare my ſelfe to much?
A King me wan, and had me at his call:
His royall ſtate his Princely grace was ſuch,
The hope of will (that women ſeeke for all,)
The eaſe and wealth, the gifts which were not ſmall,
Beſieged me ſo ſtrongly rounde about,
My power was weake I could not hold him out.

Duke Hanniball in all his conqueſt great,
Or Cæſar yet, whoſe triumphes did exceede,
Of all their ſpoyles which made them toyle and ſweate,
Were not ſo glad to haue ſo rich a meede,
As was this Prince when I to him agreed.
And yelded me a priſoner willingly,
As one that knew no way away to flye.

The

The Nightingale for all his merry voice
Nor yet the Larke that still delights to sing,
Did neuer make the hearers so reioyce,
As I with words haue made this worthy King:
I neuer iarde in tune was euery string,
I tempered so my tongue to please his eare,
That what I said was currant euery where.

I ioynde my talke, my iestures, and my grace
In witty frames that long might last and stand,
So that I brought the King in such a case,
That to his death I was his chiefest hand,
I gouerned him that ruled all this land:
I bare the sword though he did weare the crowne,
I strake the stroke that threw the mighty downe:

If iustice said that iudgement was but death,
With my sweete words I could ỳ King perswade,
And make him pause and take therein a breath,
Till I with suite the Cautors peace had made:
I knew what way to vse him in his trade,
I had the arte to make the Lion meeke,
There was no point wherein I was to seeke.

If I did frowne, who then did loke awrye:
If I did smile, who would not laugh outright:
If I but spake, who durst my words denye:
If I pursued, who would forsake the flight:
I meane my power was knowen to euery wight,
On such a height good hap had built my bower,
As though my sweete should neuer haue turnde to sower.

My husband then as one that knewe his good,
Refused to keepe a Princes Concubine,
Forseing the ende and mischefe as it stoode,
Against the King did never much repine,
He sawe the grape wherof he dranke the wyne,
Thoughe inward thought his hart did still torment,
Yet outwardlyse semde he was content.

To purchase praise and win the peoples zeale,
Yea rather bent of kinde to do some good,
I euer did vphold the common weale,
I had delight to saue the giltlesse bloud:
Eche suters cause when that I vnderstoode,
I did prefer as it had bin mine owne,
And helpe them vp that might haue bin orethrowne.

My power was prest to right the poore mans wrong,
My hands were free to giue where neede required,
To watch for grace I neuer thought it long,
To do men good I neede not be despred.
Nor yet with gifts my hart was neuer hyred.
But when the ball was at my foote to guide,
I playde to those that Fortune did abide.

My want was wealth, my woe was ease at will,
My robes was rich and brauer than the Sunne:
My Fortune then was far aboue my skill,
My state was great, my glasse did euer runne,
My fatall threede so happelye was sponne,
That then I sate in earthly pleasures clad,
And for the time a Goddesse place I had.

But I had not so sone this life possest,
But my good hap began to slip aside.
And Fortune then did me so sore molest,
That vnto plaints was tourned all my pride,
It booted not to rowe against the tyde:
Mine oares were weake my hart and strength did faile,
The winde was rough I durst not beare a saile.

What steps of strife belong to highe estate:
The climing vp is doubtfull to endure,
The seate it selfe doth purchase priuy hate,
And honours fame is fickle and vnsure,
And all she brings, is flowers that be vnpure:
Which fall as fast as they do sprout and spring,
And cannot last they are so vaine a thing.

We count no care to catch that we do wishe,
But what we win is long to vs vnknowen,
Till present paine be serued in our dishe,
We scarce perceiue whereon our griefe hath growen:
What graine proues well that is so rashly sowen:
If that a meane did measure all our deedes,
In steede of corne we should not gather weedes.

The setled minde is free from Fortunes power,
They neede not feare who looke not vp aloft,
But they that clime are carefull euery hower,
For when they fall they light not very softe:
Examples hath the wisest warned oft,
That where the trees the smallest braunches bere,
The stormes do blowe and haue most rigour there.

Where

Where is it ſtrong but nere the ground and roote?
Where is it weake but on the higheſt ſprayes?
Where may a man ſo ſurely ſet his foote,
But on thoſe bowes that groweth low alwayes?
The little twigs are but vnſtedfaſt ſtayes,
If they breake not they bend with euery blaſt,
Who truſts to them ſhal neuer ſtand full faſt.

The winde is great vpon the higheſt hilles,
The quiet life is in the dale be lowe,
Who treades on ife ſhall ſlide againſt their wills,
They want not cares that curious artes would know.
Who liues at eaſe and can content him ſo,
Is perfect wiſe, and lets vs all to ſchole,
Who hates this loze may well be called a foole.

What greater griefe may come to any life,
Than after ſweete to taſt the bitter ſower?
Oz after peace to fall at warre and ſtrife,
Oz after myrth to haue a cauſe to lower?
Under ſuch propps falſe foztune builds her bower,
On ſodaine chaunge her flittring frames be ſet,
Where is no way foz to eſcape her net.

The haſty ſmart that Foztune ſends in ſpite
Is hard to brooke where gladnes we embrace,
She threatens not, but ſodainly doth ſmite,
Where ioy is moſt there doth ſhe ſozrow place.
But ſure I thincke, this is to ſtraunge a caſe,
Foz vs to feele ſuch griefe amid our game,
And know not why vntill we taſt the ſame.

As

As earst I said, my blisse was turnd to bale,
I had good cause to weepe and wring my hands,
And showe sad cheare with countenaunce full pale,
For I was brought in sorrows woful bands:
A pirry came and set my ship on sands,
What should I hide, or colour care and noye?
King Edward dyed in whom was all my ioye.

And when the earth receiued had his corse,
And that in tombe, this worthy Prince was layde,
The world on me began to shewe his force,
Of troubles then my part I long assayed:
For they of whom I neuer was afraide,
Undid me most, and wrought me such dispite,
That they berett me from my pleasure quite.

As long as life remainde in Edward brest,
Who was but I? who had such frends at call?
His body was no sooner put in chest,
But well was he that could procure my fall:
His brother was mine enemy most of all
Protectour then, whose vice did still abound,
From ill to worse till death did him confound.

He falsely fayned, that I of counsaile was
To poyson him which thing I neuer ment,
But he could set thereon a face of brasse,
To bring to passe his lewde and false entent,
To such mischiefe this Tyrants hart was bent:
To God ne man he neuer stoode in awe,
For in his wrath he made his will a lawe.

Lorde

Lord Hastings bloud for vengeaunce on him cryes,
And many moe, that were to long to name:
But most of all and in most wofull wyse
I had good cause this wretched man to blame,
Before the world I suffered open shame,
Where people were as thicke as is the sande,
I penaunce toke with taper in my hand.

Ech eye did stare and loke me in the face,
As I past by the rumours on me ran,
But pacience then had lent me such a grace,
My quiet lokes were praysed of every man:
The shamefast bloud brought me such coulour than,
That Thousands sayde, which sawe my sorye chere,
It is great ruth to see this woman here.

But what prevailde the peoples pitie there?
This raging wolfe would spare no giltles bloud.
Oh wicked wombe that such ill fruit did beare,
Oh cursed earth that pelveth forth such mud,
The hell consume all thinges that did thee good,
The heavens shut their gates against thy spyte,
The world tread downe thy glory under feete.

I aske of God a vengeaunce on thy bones,
Thy stinking corps corrups the ayre I knowe:
Thy shamefull death no earthly wight bemones,
For in thy life thy workes were hated so,
That every man did wishe thy overthrowe:
Wherefore I may, though parciall now I am,
Curse every cause, whereof thy body came.

Who weth

Wo worth the man that fathered ſuch a childe:
Wo worth the bower wherein thou waſt begate,
Wo worth the breſts that haue the world begilde,
To norriſhe thee that all the world did hate,
Wo worth the Gods that gaue the ſuch a fate,
To liue ſo long, that death deſerued ſo oft.
Wo worth the chaunce that ſet the vp aloft.

Ye Princes all, and rulers euerychone,
In puniſhment beware of hatreds ire.
Before ye ſcourge, take heede, loke well thereon:
In wrothes ill will if malice kindle fire,
Your harts will burne in ſuch a hote deſire,
That in thoſe flames the ſmoke ſhall dim your ſight,
Ye ſhall forget to ioyne your iuſtice right.

You ſhould not iudge till things be well diſcerned,
Your charge is ſtill to maintaine vpright lawes.
In conſcience rules ye ſhould be throughly learned.
Where clemency bids wrath and raſhnes pauſe,
And further faith ſtrike not without a cauſe,
And when ye ſmite do it for iuſtice ſake,
Then in good part eche man your ſcourge wil take.

If that ſuch zeale had moued this tyrants minde,
To make my plague a warrant for the reſt,
I had ſmall cauſe ſuch fault in him to finde,
Such puniſhment is vſed for the beſt:
But by ill will and power I was oppreſt.
He ſpoyled my goods and left mee bare and poore,
And cauſed mee to begge from doore to doore.

What

What fall was this, to come from princes fare,
To watch for crums among the blinde and lame?
When almes were delt I had an hungry share,
Because I knewe not howe to aske for shame,
Till force and nede had brought mee in such frame,
That starue I must, or learne to beg an almes,
With booke in hand to saye S. Dauids Psalmes.

Where I was wont the golden chaynes to weare,
A paire of beades about my necke was wound,
A lynnen cloth was lapt about my heare,
A ragged gounc that trayled on the ground,
A dish that clapt and gaue a heauy sound,
A staying staffe and wallet therewithall,
I beare about as witnesse of my fall.

I had no house wherein to hide my head,
The open strete my lodging was perforce,
Full oft I went all hungry to my bed,
My flesh consumed, I loked like a corse,
Yet in that plight who had on me remorse?
O God thou knowest my frends forsooke me than,
Not one holpe me that suckred many a man.

They frowned on me that fawnd on me before,
And fled from me that followed me full fast,
They hated me, by whome I set much store.
They knew full well my fortune did not last,
In euery place I was condemnd and cast:
To pleade my cause at bar it was no boote,
For euery man did treade me vnderfoote.

Thus

Shores wife.

Thus long I liued all weary of my life,
Till death approcht and rid me from that wo:
Example take by me both maide and wyfe,
Beware, take heede, fall not to folly so,
A mirrour make by my great ouerthrowe:
Defie this world, and all his wanton wayes,
Beware by me that spent so ill her dayes.

after she had long
in loth some mis
last she dyed most la
for lak of sustin
made a stall in t
streetes as some
this record

FINIS.

Th. Churchyarde.

Of all ꝑ workes ꝑ Churchyard yet hath fond
wt wons may mend, this story ꝑ remaynes
of all the workes ꝑ yet of Churchyard yet in sight
This ꝑ methinks to me exceeds my most delight

Thers none ꝑ thinke ꝑ carpes, at this which he hath penn
but yꝑ he read aduisedlye, might rather it commend
Who for his countrye good did take this taske in hand
& ꝑ to shew how we deserue euils wrath beeing thus stand
of Churchyardes workes ꝑ saye this seemes to me most meet
of sweetest all ꝑ saye this seemes to me most sweet
Churchyard may church you may sing better call
Who tooke this taske in hand to saue vs all from